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THE HISTORY  
OF THE  
FRENCH REVOLUTION,  
1789 TO 1795;  
OR  
*A COUNTRY WITHOUT A GOD.*

BY  
HENRY H. NORTHROP.

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*ILLUSTRATED.*

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CARL MARX OF THE FUTURE OF 1848-1849.



gave Christianity and the beginnings of civilization to Germany, and died a Frank Emperor.

The Carolingian dynasty was *Teutonic* by descent and haughtily ruled the *Celts* of France. The empire of Charlemagne stands out like a beacon above the barbarian gloom of the ninth century, and in its laws, courts, and letters casts the light of a beneficent and scholarly influence over Western Europe. The Ebro on the south, the Elbe and Danube on the east, the Duchy of Beneventum in Italy and the Greek empire,—these alone marked the limits of the rule of the mighty Emperor of the Franks. Charlemagne was a great warrior, an earnest scholar, legislator, and religionist, and made possible a hopeful future for discordant Europe.

But through his paternal fondness Charlemagne made a fatal political mistake. He very unwisely divided his vast empire among his sons, and the dissensions, changes, and wars that followed abundantly prove the greatness of the error which he then committed.

The whole tenth century was occupied by the selfish and ambitious conflicts of the descendants of this powerful monarch.

The power of his imperial successors wasted away rapidly under Charles the Bald, Louis the Debonair, and other sovereigns. The feudal system was inaugurated, which led to a total disintegration of France, and, by the year A.D. 1025, we have a congeries of almost independent provinces, under their own dukes and counts, surrounding the monarch who claimed at Paris to be King of France. All these sovereigns, except those of Brittany and Normandy, were Germanic in tendency and distinct from the millions of *Celts* whom they ruled.

It was the law and power of conquest,—the sword of the victor,—which created for the French nobility those *exclusive rights* which existed in feudal forms a thousand years. The Normans who conquered England were lost after three centuries in the Englishmen whom they had subdued. But the Franks who conquered Gaul formed a noble class which, with all the modifications and immense changes of fifteen hundred years, rejoiced, even until 1789, in tracing their long descent back to the warriors of Germany. Conceive of the Normans, after eight centuries of rule, maintaining at this day their insolence, domination, and feudal rights in England, and we have a fair picture of the relations of the



WITIKIND SURRENDERING TO CHARLEMAINE.

nobles to the people in France at the opening of the Revolution.

There were three hundred thousand aristocratic tyrants in central and eastern France, under all the forms, changes, collisions, and wars of Francis I., of Henry II., of the expiring Valois dynasty, of the Bourbon rule under Henry IV., Louis XIII., Louis XIV., Louis XV., down to 1789 in the reign of Louis XVI., and these despots were harrying, grinding, depressing, starving, and ill-treating twenty millions of the French people with *tailles*, *corvées*, *gabelles*, detestable feudal rights and innumerable feudal claims.)

In Brittany and La Vendée (or Poitou) and Anjou, the rule was different. Those countries had for centuries been distinct from France. The Duke of Brittany ruled in independent pomp and splendor at Rennes as late as the time of Charles the Eighth (1485) and it was only in the last decade of the fifteenth century that, by the marriage of its heiress Anne with the ruler of France, Brittany became a part of the French Monarchy. The nobles who dwelt on the banks of the pleasant Loire and all through the seacoast provinces of France were of the same blood with the people; and there we see those paternal relations which made the life of the Vendean almost an idyl. In the body of our history they are fully described

(In seeking the causes of the French Revolution the growth and power of the feudal system must always be carefully considered. The Monarchy which was destroyed in 1789 existed from the time of Hugh Capet (A.D. 987). Within two centuries the empire of Charlemagne had been broken into pieces, and the tenth century was a century of disorganization. It was then that Germany separated from France and became the Holy Roman Empire, which in its successive Saxon, Swabian, Franconian, and Austrian dynasties existed with varying powers until 1806. In A.D. 1000 Burgundy, Aquitaine, Normandy, Gascony, Flanders, Champaign, and Toulouse were all practically independent of the King of France. France was a name but not a real power. All the great feudal lords had become supreme rulers in their own domain, held their authority by hereditary right, and were only nominally subject to the throne at Paris. If we gaze on the map of France as it was in A.D. 1150, we observe the vast dominions of the Anjouan King of England, Henry II. Normandy, Poitou, Anjou,



CHARLEMAGNE.



and many other provinces are his. The south is under the control of the Counts of Toulouse. The east is yet German, and only the Isle of France, Champaign, and Picardy are actual royal domains.

Through the constant changes produced by the conquests of the English during their wars with the French from 1340 until 1440, the France of one decade was not the France of another. It was only in 1475 that the country began to assume its present form. Then Louis XI. consolidated his power, added many provinces, and enabled Charles VIII., his successor, to place France in the position of a great nation and to acquire Brittany as Louis had obtained Burgundy. But in all these changes, the laws and the surroundings of the peasantry greatly and constantly differed, because of the collisions, independencies, and transformations of a hundred years.

France in 1789 was, as it had been for two hundred years, a congeries of provinces with several internal revenue lines. But as a result of the religious wars of the sixteenth, and by the success of the despotic and concentrating policies of Richelieu and Mazarin in the seventeenth centuries, it was governed by an absolute King and an army, and had changed from a feudal state into an autocratic monarchy. It possessed its parliaments, but they had no power as against the will of the monarch.

The inhabitants of Central and Eastern France were badly governed. There the corvée, the gabelle, and the oppressions of the bailiffs were great and terrible, and there the cases of absenteeism surpassed those of Ireland in 1886. (The poverty of the peasants and the oppressions which they endured were heart-rending. These abused men were compelled to make those beautiful roads over which Arthur Young traveled in 1787. For all their toil they received no recompense. They were ground to the dust by salt duties and bridge duties, by the nobles when hunting destroying their crops, by church tax, nobles' tax, and King's tax. It was natural that in those frightfully oppressed provinces there should be the most terrible revolt, and that from those parts of France should come those republican armies which awed Europe, conquered La Vendée, and overthrew all revolts against the Commune in Paris during 1793 and 1794.)

Passing from the German conquest, and from the separations and diversities created by feudalism, to the period of

the growth of the *absolute* monarchy,—we find that growth associated with the continuance of all the social and property powers, rights, and results of *feudal* manners and laws. In this fact we detect a third cause of the French Revolution. Only Ireland as it exists to-day, infected by the conspiracies and discontent of its people, can afford to us any parallel of the awful sufferings of the French peasants as the result in Central and Western France of the development of a feudal system into an absolute monarchy with the rights of feudalism over the *people* continued. That development was not with such equalities as were visible during the imperialism of the mighty Napoleon, but with all the rights, vexations, and oppressions of the cruel past still left to the nobles, yet with the military power and concentrated autocracy of the King supreme.

The absolute monarchy of France was the creation of Richelieu. It was fostered by the faithful regency of Mazarin, and found its full development when, in 1661, Louis XIV., young, handsome, and proud, slapped his boot with his riding-whip, before the Parliament of Paris, and said imperiously, "L'État, c'est moi." "The State, it is I." Louis XIV. was the greatest of all autocrats. He ruled the literature, he ruled the arts, he ruled the sciences, he ruled the religion, he ruled even the thoughts of France. He was a tyrant, but in every fiber a *gentleman*. Despite the detractions of these days, we venture to assert that Louis XIV. was a great King and a great man. He was thoughtful, appreciative of literature, and a generous friend of material improvements. He was candid, and at times tolerant. He gathered around him a galaxy of the greatest men France had ever seen. In material improvements, Colbert; in the church, Massalon, Boudaloue and Fenelon; in letters, Molière and Racine. Those imperishable men were all his protégés. He was cruel, intolerant, and persecuting in religion, extravagant in life, and execrated after his death; but after all he was a monarch of more than ordinary endowments. He was courteous, affable, and even forgiving when his creed was not involved.

All the appointments in the state and army, and all the offices of France were in the hands of Louis. He distinctly claimed as monarch that he *owned* France and *all* in France. His smiles were life and wealth, his frown banishment if not poverty. He was the "Grand Monarque," and the



LOUIS XIV.

genius of Macaulay, of Thackeray, and the memoirs of the age have revealed his hollow grandeur, tiresome etiquette, and splendor. Louis XIV. by his constant wars and his prodigal and interminable expenses, laid the foundation of the Revolution. When he was dead his funeral procession was almost hooted by the people.

To acquire the money for Versailles, for Marly, for his many expensive campaigns against Austria, Holland, William III., and Europe, Louis starved and taxed all Central and Eastern France, and even carried his tyranny into Brittany.

For many years he stood on an exalted pedestal of splendor and power, from which he could alone be hurled by the combined armies of Europe, directed by the genius of Marlborough and Prince Eugene.

After the dissolute, atheistic, speculative, and yet good-natured regency of the Duke of Orleans, and the ministry of Cardinal Fleury, the aristocratic despotism which succeeded has never been surpassed in its meanness. Louis XV. was the vilest of men. He ruled France by harlots like Pompadour and Du Barry. He reveled in lust, and the infamy of his *Parc-aux-cerfs* shall not be detailed by me. His horrible reign is a key corroded by grief, tears, and despair, which unlocks many a secret cause of the "holy" Revolution, as Carlyle calls it. Such infamies of lust have no parallel except in Tiberius, Caligula, and Nero.

Louis XV. rivaled those heathen monsters in debauchery, but was not cruel, as they were. He was humane and kind. The court was magnificent, the nobles were splendid, there were art, science, history, poems, essays, the resplendencies of a really foul, but outwardly a decent and even elegant court. To maintain this court in marvelous splendor all Central and Eastern France toiled like galley slaves. The aristocracy reveled while the nation was groaning in starvation, oppression, and direst misery. (Louis XV., wicked as he was, possessed brains, and indolent as he was, could discern the signs of the times; for it was he who said, "After me the deluge."—"Après moi le deluge."

The condition of the church and of what was called *religion* also entered as a factor of the greatest importance into the causes of the French Revolution. (The French church developed into a powerful hierarchy through the superstition and liberality of the Middle Ages. Though at



*J. B. de*

LOUIS XV.

first primitive under Irenæus and the apostolic teachers, yet in four centuries it became Papal.

Its bishops were, as Guizot well shows, powerful centers of law and order during the barbarism and disintegration which immediately followed the fall of Roman authority in the West. The Merovingian and the Carolingian monarchs were its liberal patrons. Charlemagne was what the ninth century termed a very pious ruler, and his gifts and those of his predecessors and successors established great ecclesiastical authorities not alone in Germany but in France. The piety of Louis VII. and of Louis IX., the gifts of the people and the nobles, added to the superstitious devotion of a thousand years, made the Catholic church in France a mighty estate.

It has been said that in 1788 that church owned half of the land of the monarchy. Convents and monasteries were everywhere. The monks swarmed like the frogs of Egypt. They were a lazy, selfish crowd, and especially those of the Capuchin order. They were plunderers, debauchees, robbers, sycophants before the rich, and threateners of the poor. Many of their buildings were in Paris, where these idle hordes nestled. When the monks and nuns were driven out in 1791, nearly forty of these convents and monasteries were appropriated for the imprisonment of its victims, or for the debates of its clubs, by the Terror which succeeded.

(The Roman church in Central and Eastern France was an oppression. It ground the peasants to despair by its rates, tithes, and excessive demands. The poor laborer found himself the rough foundation upon which rested the whole triple weight of the Church, Nobility, and King. His condition became intolerable. He was plundered, abused, starved, and lived and died like an unpitied dog. Arthur Young in his travels gives many vivid pictures of the condition of things in the French Provinces in 1789, all of which prove the accuracy of what we have described.)

The Roman Hierarchy had quelled the Huguenot revolt of the sixteenth century as a *religious propaganda*, and it had been subdued as a *political power* by the genius and armies of Richelieu in the seventeenth. After the fall of Rochelle Protestantism was tolerated in France as a worship, but under a cloud until the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1683. (That story of cruelty and tyranny is one of the most terrible in the history of the terrible religious persecutions of France. Thousands of noble men and women fled

from their country, thousands were tortured, abused, and killed, thousands were sent to the galleys, and other thousands died in prison. But the persecution seemed to attain its object. For a hundred years, and until 1789, external Catholicism had an absolute uniformity of authority and worship throughout France.

The leavening piety of two millions of Huguenots was largely withdrawn, and the persistent attacks on Christianity in every form, which commenced under the regency of the Duke of Orleans in 1715, soon undermined in Paris and in Central and Eastern France all faith in the supernatural and even in a God.

Many bishops, prelates, and abbés were vain triflers; the religious institutions were often the refuge of immoral persons who by kingly authority were vested with power, and the hierarchal church in 1775 was despised. Nothing was more common than for the King's repudiated harlot to become an abbess or a prioress.

Louis XV., the "most Christian King," was an atheist at heart, and many even of the higher clergy secretly ridiculed a faith which they had learned to employ for financial or political support, but which they secretly condemned. Tallyrand, Sieyès, Gobel, and many others were examples of such men.

Despite all these iniquities in Central, yet in all Western France there existed an entirely different state of affairs. La Vendée (which is described as to its condition and peculiarities very fully in the body of this work) was devoted to its priests, its church, and its nobility, because of the goodness and fidelity of all these classes. The great body of the Roman parish clergy of France, the humble pastors, were a pure, upright, hard-working class of men, willing to suffer and die, as they proudly did, for conscience and God. But to the fevered mind of Central and Eastern France which associated together church and state, the hierarchy had become in 1788 a symbol of vile superstition, falsehood, hypocrisy, and of oppression.

Yet another potent force at work at this period in France was in the influence of England and her liberal institutions. A journey of only thirty-four miles from Dover to Calais, placed the free Englishman upon the soil of an intolerable despotism. During the eighteenth century many Frenchmen of education and enlightenment traveled in England,

and crowds of the English swarmed into France and were fascinated by Paris. Both Voltaire and Rousseau lived some time in London, while Walpole and Burke, Fox and Wilkes, were as familiar with the French capital as with the British metropolis itself. Let the student of the Revolution read carefully that elaborate chapter in Buckle's History of Civilization, in which, by a profuse mass of proof from writers of the times, he reveals the great and increasing influence of English ideas, freedom, poetry, and literature upon the French mind. Buckle declares that it was common for gifted Frenchmen to understand English in 1775, whereas in 1710 hardly one in a hundred understood that language.

These free institutions, that powerful Parliament, the increase and progress of wealth and comfort in Great Britain as contrasted with a Louis XV., a debauched court, and a poverty-stricken and abused people, were most potent factors in producing the Revolution.

(To all these causes must be added the growth of a *democratic literature and infidelity*. The literary influence of Voltaire upon his age was immense. Outside of France, kings and autocrats hailed him as a friend. (In France he became a mighty power against what he called tyranny and all religion.) He assaulted every form of faith, and infidelized Paris and great masses of the French. He was aided by Rousseau and his "Contrat Social," by Diderot, Helvétius, Condillâc, D'Alembert, and the Encyclopædists, and by a host of obscure writers or pamphleteers. D'Alembert possessed great powers, and he with Diderot and Voltaire undermined all faith in miracles and prophecy, and prepared the way perhaps unconsciously, for the atheistic outburst of 1793.

It must also be realized that the prejudiced minds of the bourgeois and of the professions had come to associate with Christianity—and most *naturally*—tyranny,—but with heathen Greece and Rome true liberty. These men saw the Christian religion in its corruption, its pomp, its hierarchical apostacies. "Destroy Despotism," they cried, "Abolish Christianity, substitute reason! Away with churches and ministers of religion, Catholic or Protestant, and the era of true freedom will dawn." This was one of the most widespread illusions of all classes in Central France and of the learned professions in Paris, and even of many protri-



nobles, in 1788; and with the debaucheries, the tyrannies, the wicked men, the splendor they witnessed in the church, and all in the name of Jesus, it was, we repeat, natural.

UN 1789 it could be said that discontented France was influenced by four classes of aspirants for change: 1. Those who wished a very limited reform in the despotism of the state, because this class was already rich, protected, and noble. 2. Those who aspired to inaugurate a constitutional monarchy, such as existed in England, with a legislative body as powerful as the British Parliament, because belonging to the ranks of scholars, merchants, and men comfortable in money, but deprived of official advancement and rights. 3. Those who made the end of their goal a Republic with throne and church abolished, because able, gifted, aspiring, but kept down by Hindoo caste and laws. 4. And finally a large class whose secret inclinations were toward anarchy, because dissolute, idle, and hating law, order, and work. In the beginning of the Revolution now to be described, we shall see how the Constituent Assembly represented the first and second of these classes; how in the Legislative Assembly the third came to the front, and how in the Convention the conservative Republicans contended with anarchy and for a period were overwhelmed by the triumph of the last class and by the blood and horrors of the Reign of Terror.

The army itself was demoralized and infected by a spirit of insubordination and liberty.

TO these causes many others, because of ethnical idiosyncracies and peculiarities, might be added. A reader must be versed in the philosophy, the literature, the religious life, the contiguous foreign life of the eighteenth century,—the frivolity and atheism of the higher classes,—the aspirations of degraded and oppressed human nature to break its chains,—the secret societies such as the *Illuminati* and others,—and he must clearly apprehend what was the travail for a thousand years of feudal, chivalric France, and later of despotic and literary France, in order to clearly arrange in his mind all the open, the occult, and often the obscure forces which produced that stupendous eruption which overwhelmed Europe for twenty years with its lava tides.

Louis XV. died in 1774, of the small-pox. He was universally despised. He was succeeded upon the throne by his grandson Louis XVI.; an amiable, feeble-willed, but

virtuous Prince. Louis in 1770 had espoused the beautiful Marie Antoinette, Archduchess of Austria. Amid the ringing of bells, over roads lined with flowers, and greeted by the applause of the people, the beautiful Princess entered France. Gay, lively and frivolous, at first she bewitched but soon tired the hearts of the French by her German manners, her indiscretions, and her hatred of etiquette.

Louis XVI., with all of ancient pomp, was crowned King of France and Navarre at Rheims in 1774. As the crown was placed on his brow he murmured, "It hurts," and it is said a gem from the diadem fell to the floor.

From his accession Louis XVI. was troubled by his finances and the discontent of the people. In this brief and compact introduction we do not design to enter into the full details of the efforts made by various ministers to cure the evils of the state, which a hundred years of changes since—on the whole beneficent to the people—have not wholly rectified.

The great minister Turgot was a remarkable man. He had introduced the potato,—that foe to starvation; and had suppressed as intendant of Limoges the *corvées* and the *gabelles*, and had ameliorated in many ways the conditions of the poor. When he became prime minister in 1774, he urged upon Louis XVI. the great and sound maxims: "No bankruptcy, no increase of taxation, and no borrowing." He paid off, by wise financial regulations, in twenty months one hundred millions livres of debts. He proposed many good reforms, afterwards introduced by the Revolution, such as the imposition of the land tax on the nobility and clergy, the recall of the Huguenots, liberty of conscience, equalization of taxes by truthful land surveys, and freedom of commerce and industry, with freedom of thought and expression. Such radical ideas awakened the hatred of the Queen, then careless and profuse, and the opposition of the Parliament.

Maurepas, the chief minister, undermined the power and the influence of this great and wise reformer, and in 1776 Turgot was dismissed. Malesherbes resigned, but Turgot awaited dismissal, with the memorable words to the weak Louis XVI.: "My only desire, sire, is that you shall always be able to believe that I have been mistaken and that I have warned you of fancied dangers. I hope that time will not justify my fears, and that your reign may be as happy

and as peaceful as your people have expected from your principles of justice and benevolence."

Neckar, the Swiss banker, now took the helm of affairs from 1776 to 1781. Contending against the indolence and weakness of Louis XVI., and the antagonism of the Court and of the Queen, pressed also by the necessities of the American war,—Neckar, Duray says, "acquitted himself with ability;" but many historians can deny that assertion. In 1781 he issued his Budget, which created a great sensation. He made in this report the receipts of the government to be *ten millions* above its expenditure, a false and deceitful statement. Neckar retired in that year, and did not appear again until 1788.)

Meantime the American colonies, brave and Christian, had revolted against the tyranny of Lord North and George III. They had resisted taxation without representation, and now took up arms against further British aggression. At Concord Bridge the "embattled farmers" stood and fired the "shot heard round the world," while Bunker Hill revealed to the whole nations what a heroic yeomanry could do when roused to battle for home, for country, and for the rights of man. Washington had reached Cambridge in the summer of 1775,

"Whose streaming flag, 'mid storm or sun,  
Had never known disgrace."

and the great Virginian, with a Fabian wisdom and the determination of a Cæsar, had taken command of the American armies.

The first foreign effort of the revolted colonies was to secure the succor of France, always England's enemy, and the astute Franklin was the envoy of the new republic of the west, which declared its independence on the 4th day of July, 1776.

Franklin made a powerful impression upon the excitable French. He was received as a sage and a philosopher by the lovely Marie Antoinette, then in the blossom of her superb beauty. The Yankee Scotchman, John Paul Jones, in 1777, through Franklin's influence and that of Silas Deane, obtained that *Le Bonhomme Richard* with which he fought the British man-of-war *Serapis* off Flamborough Head on the North Sea coast of England, and after a contest unparalleled in naval annals for its ferocity and carnage captured his enemy

Franklin pens, images, busts, shoe-ties, electricity, philosophy, almanacs, were everywhere, and through his influence and that of Lafayette, in 1777 Louis XVI. joined the American Colonies and declared war against England.

The French fleet and army which lay so long at Newport, R. I., with the gallant Custine, the gay Lauzun, the brilliant D'Estaing, the noble Rochambeau, the flower, chivalry, and manly beauty of France, wooed liberty to their hearts, and all these warriors returned after Yorktown and peace to their own land, devotees of new ideas and new changes.)

(The influence of the American war through the propaganda of liberty by the French army and navy among the régiments of France can never be over-estimated. It is sufficient to show that Custine, Lauzun, and Rochambeau all became Revolutionary generals, and that Custine and Lauzun, then called General Biron, perished by the guillotine.

The American war was a success for France as a military power, but it was fatal to her as a despotism.

The student of history must be referred for the great progress also of the human mind in electricity, air-ships, magnetism, steam, and other discoveries, to other pages than these. The influence of the Free Masons, of Cagliostro, of the Illuminati as they were called, upon the French intellect of that period, is left to Alexandre Dumas in his historical tales, and to speculative writers on demonology and ghostology, if it is allowable to coin such a word.

Calonne, the spendthrift, held the ministry from 1781 to 1787. He blew golden bubbles, inaugurated new South Sea schemes and Mississippi enterprises, not of that kind which ruined Law, but as vain and weak and unsubstantial. He seemed to possess a Fortunatus pocket-book, and he filled the purses of courtiers, Queens, nobles, pensioners, and all, with gold—gold for festivities, gold for orgies, gold for lust, but presto! demand came for the payment of the loans he had contracted, and this charlatan vanished amid curses. Then came Lomenie de Brienne, and other vain efforts in 1787, followed by the stern contest in the Assembly of Notables and Parliament of Paris, where the boldness of D'Espremenil and the impudence of the Duke of Orleans were alike manifested,—and still other futile plans which failed to fill the jaws of the terrible deficit with cash, until finally in 1788 Necker once more loomed up from

Switzerland, and with Neckar the necessity of the States General.

The States General had never been called together since 1614. Neckar now recommended to the King that they be presently convoked and the aggravated evils of the state be considered. We believe for the ordinary student that the best discussion in our language of these many events,—the most comprehensive and full,—is to be found in the first volume of the celebrated lectures of William Smythe on the French Revolution. There can be found the whole outline of the peculiarities of the ministers, the efforts of Malesherbes and Turgot, of Neckar and Calonne, of Lomenie de Brienne, of the Parliaments, and the Notables of 1787, and of the stand made by D'Espremenil. The design of this history has rendered such a discussion here impossible.

Before the assembling of the Third Estate, a notable scandal had occurred as far back as 1785, which was extremely ruinous to the reputation of Marie Antoinette, though beyond question she was innocent.

The Cardinal de Rohan, a relative of the monarch, a great prelate but a depraved and excessively impure man, was in disgrace. Marie Antoinette, despite the foulest libels against her chastity, was a pure woman, wife, and mother. She abhorred a licentious prelate. But De Rohan, blinded by depravity, believed the beautiful Queen to be as debauched in secret as himself, and ardently longed to be restored to her favor. A designing woman called the Countess La Motte took advantage of this desire, and undoubtedly made him the victim of a swindle. La Motte beguiled the Cardinal with the assertion that the Queen secretly favored him. The Countess was almost a physical likeness of Marie Antoinette. Disguised as the Queen she obtained an interview with the great jeweler of Paris, Boehmer, and negotiated for a diamond necklace of immense value. She agreed in her character as the Queen to pay for it in instalments, but said that she was compelled to keep the purchase a secret, on account of the King's antagonism to what he termed her "extravagance."

Boehmer was completely duped and readily agreed to keep the secret. The Cardinal de Rohan was himself deceived into believing that it was Marie Antoinette who really purchased the valuable jewelry. That prelate confidently assured Boehmer that all was correct. The merchant,

satisfied by such an endorsement, for a while was silent. But when months passed by and no portion of the purchase-money was paid, Boehmer became uneasy, and finally very much alarmed.

In his desperation, he sought an interview with the Queen, and appealed to her for payment. Marie Antoinette, who was totally innocent of any part in the infamous conspiracy, was astonished and indignant. She denied ever having purchased or ordered to be purchased the diamond necklace. Boehmer was overwhelmed, and ruin stared him in the face.

The Queen revealed the whole plot, as it unfolded itself to her, to the King. La Motte was arrested, tried, the swindle discovered, and she was punished by a whipping, branded as a thief, and banished from France.

The Cardinal de Rohan was summoned into the presence of Louis, severely rebuked by the enraged monarch, and banished to his estates. This scandal greatly increased the unpopularity of Marie Antoinette. The prejudiced French believed that she was guilty, that La Motte was a victim, and that Cardinal de Rohan was the Queen's dupe. A hatred resulted, and a contempt which increased the secret ferocity of the people toward a Queen whom they believed to be a common swindler, and this untoward fraud had the most powerful influence upon succeeding events. "Mark that miserable affair of the necklace," said Talleyrand, then bishop of Autun. "I should not be surprised if it overturned the monarchy."

The verdict of investigating history has been that Marie Antoinette was an entirely innocent victim.

The winter of 1788 and 1789 in France was extremely severe. The poor suffered greatly. In Paris want and famine pinched many homes. The cry of the nation increased for the amelioration of their sad and cruel condition, and for the immediate convening of the States General.

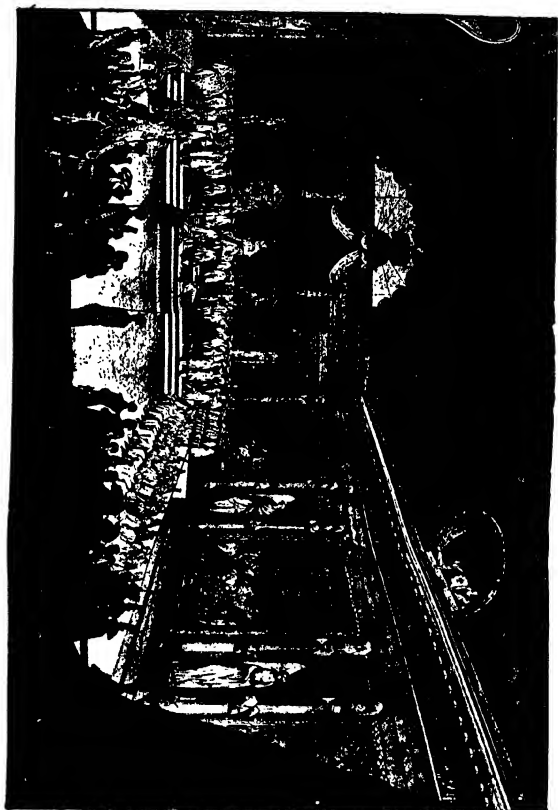
The people were filled with illusions as to possible remedies. They were enchanted by visions of an era of reason and benevolence, of progress and of prosperity, to be inaugurated by this Assembly—an era which, alas, was only to come after the deluge of a bloody Revolution, and during future slow progress which was to go on for nearly a century.

France awaited with anxiety and anticipative joy the approaching session of the States General, and with touch-

ing and increasing hope. All classes save the Court were intoxicated by dreams of a new paradise, and even the army as well as the people were pervaded by sentiments and aspirations, which looked joyfully forward to the establishment of liberty and to the overthrow of the feudalism, privileges, and despotism of the absolute State.

It was amid such deliriums of expectation, and after such experiences of the past, that the great drama of the Revolution commenced, whose honest and truthful record we shall now undertake to give.)





THE ASSEMBLY OF NOTABLES, 1787.





LOUIS XVI.



MARIE ANTOINETTE.



NAPOLEON — EN PEROR.



DUKE OF ORLEANS

# THE HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

## CHAPTER I.

### THE OPENING OF THE STATES GENERAL AT VERSAILLES.

ON the morning of the 4th of May, 1789, the day before their legal opening, the States General, headed by King Louis XVI. and the Royal Family, proceeded with great pomp to the splendid and antique Cathedral of St. Louis in Versailles. The sanctions of the solemn and magnificent rites of the Catholic church were to inaugurate the hopes of liberty.

The day was mild and beautiful. The city was gayly decorated with rare tapestries, which hung from the many windows, and with fragrant festoons of early flowers, encircling pillars, arches, olden gables and balconies, and making a floral bower of sculptured doors.

Long and brilliant ranks of Royal infantry lined the great avenue leading to the Cathedral. There, could be seen by the exultant and admiring multitudes the haughty and loyal Swiss Guards arrayed in red and gold uniforms. On their heads were great black bearskin shakos surmounted by enormous white plumes, and their buff lower dress was of buckskin and doe. On the opposite side stood the serried array of the French Guards, the heroes of Fontenoy, attired in red and blue uniforms, cocked hats, and snowy cockades. The white banners of Bourbon absolutism flaunted in the faint breeze, and from the lines of soldiers came the swell of martial music and roll of drums. Every window along the line of procession was crowded with elegantly attired ladies and opulent or devoted citizens, whose countenances were radiant with joy and illusive

hopes. Each face wore a sunlit expression of the most confident happiness. Each eye sparkled with rapture, and every heart was intoxicated with the most extravagant yet philanthropic ideas of a Utopian era now about to commence. The music from many bands filling the air with melody, the life, the color, the expectation, the splendor of the whole scene added to the momentary delirium of the spectators.

The States General marched through the avenues thus crowded and decorated, in the midst of a constant storm of the most affectionate and enthusiastic applause.

First came, preceded by a company of the French Guards, the benevolent monarch, Louis XVI. He was portly in person and had a full face, receding but wide brow and the Bourbon nose and lips. His mien was affable; his countenance, while kind, showed some traces of care and anxiety, and his royal robes of violet and crimson gave dignity to his otherwise commonplace personality. He wore on his head a jeweled hat surmounted by the plume of his warrior ancestor Henry IV., and carried in his hand a regal scepter. A canopy was borne over his head, and as the King moved along with slow and stately step, he was greeted by incessant cries of "*Vive le Roi.*"

Immediately behind Louis came his wife, Marie Antoinette. She was in all the pride of her maternal loveliness, with beautiful eyes, a complexion of rose and snow, a superb but somewhat voluptuous form, and a royal and autocratic manner. After this royal pair followed the Count de Provence, who was the Queen's enemy. He was the brother of the King. That slim, austere young libertine, the Count d'Artois, was by his side. D'Artois was a man of the most despotic ideas, and was the younger brother of Louis XVI.

To this gorgeous group succeeded the Princes of the Blood. Their leader was the Duke of Orleans, afterwards the celebrated Philippe Egalité. He was a merely tolerated presence. He was hated by the Queen and despised by the Court as a man drunken in habits and as one who had made his mistress, the talented but frightfully licentious Madame de Genlis, the educator of his children. The Duke was clad in royal habiliments, and was received by the people with applause as a sympathizer with liberty. The spectators could discern upon his unprincipled face a

smirk of insolent contempt and satisfaction. The Queen heard the exclamations which greeted her bitter enemy, and it is asserted that she was so affected as almost to faint.

The clergy came next, preceded by a splendid cross. The Bishops displayed the pomp of the Catholic and Apostolic church. They wore purple, scarlet, and violet robes; aprons of white lace depended from their girdles, while various caps accurately designated their hierarchal rank. The curés and common clergy, clad in long robes of simple black, marched behind these exalted dignitaries.

And now succeeded the French Nobles in all the pride and grandeur of their rank. They were arrayed in garments of black decorated with gold and diamonds. An abundance of feudal orders adorned their breasts, and white plumed hats covered their heads. Their looks were assured, their faces wore a haughty and cold expression, and in every movement they exhibited the pride, confidence, and power produced by six centuries of arbitrary rule over the French People.

But the eyes of the spectators turned with curiosity and devoted love to the great body of the Third Estate, who now came into view, and who marched in crowded sable ranks; no gold, no white plumes, no jewels, but in their plain garbs a united and imposing body nearly eight hundred strong. In black attire, with short black cloaks and black hats, as they moved along they were constantly greeted with the loudest acclamations.

In those firm ranks could be seen Mirabeau, a quiescent volcano, a man of most immoral life and atheistic ideas, but of such terse and sublime eloquence as the world had not heard since Demosthenes uttered his Oration on the Crown. Kings were to tremble and nations turn pale under his burning words. There also might be observed the scientist Bailly, who in the crisis of his country's fate had forsaken his astronomical studies for the tribune; a man of a superior, pure, and intellectual countenance, and a calm, courageous, and indomitable mind. Far off and unknown was that awful day of horror and outrage, on which this very revolution was to lash him, cold and half-naked, to the guillotine. In that dense array appeared Robespierre, then a young and modest deputy from Arras, and unknown except as an advocate for the abolition of all bloodshed. Barnave was there, that impulsive genius, "so young, so

beautiful, so brave," and all the best elements of scientific, learned, philosophic, legal, and commercial France.

Thus, amid the enchanting strains of martial music, the shrill notes of the trumpet, the beating of the drums and the diapasons of far-off harmonies, this magnificent body moved on with stately steps to the vast and splendid Cathedral of St. Louis. The edifice was magnificently adorned with white banners and festoons of flowers. Within this storied building, wondrously wrought draperies of azure, of Tyrian and crimson dyes hung in stately folds dependent from its walls. These hangings were covered with the golden or silver lilies of France. At the dim end of the Cathedral rose a throne provided for the King, and on either side of the royal chair were dais and seats for the monarch's family.

The vast multitude soon filled the Cathedral, while their forms were illumined by the obscure and variegated light cast by the stained windows of the historic edifice. The scene was magnificent in the extreme. And now the King was seated upon his throne, and the superb Queen and nobles were grouped on either side, in a splendor revealed alone by flashes of diamonds and the sparkling of gold and silver amid the sacred gloom. The Princes of the Blood, with their white-plumed hats in their hands, stood upon the purple-carpeted steps. The nobles were ranged below in a solid and imposing body. The royal ladies and noble dames were seated on adjacent benches. They were a galaxy of beauty. Clothed in various colored and gorgeous robes, their haughty brows radiant with gems whose immense value might have relieved all the starvation of Paris, if not of France,—they seemed like a bower of female loveliness. Many of those beautiful heads before many months were to be severed by the keen knife of the guillotine, nor were that absolute King and proud Queen to escape. But this was for the future.

Below, and in the background, stood the immense mass of the Third Estate, stern, calm, silent, decorous, a great multitude of uncovered heads and black attired men, the very present hope of France.

The impressive services commenced. Thrilling and dulcet arose the solemn "*Veni Creator Spiritus*," and as its penetrating strains of sweetness warbled through those "dim historic aisles," they affected every heart, and,

inspired, as music alone can inspire, every soul. Then followed the mighty hymn of Ambrose, the "Te Deum." All that vast audience, whether clinging frantically to the monarchy as it then was, or looking fondly at the alluring visions of freedom and happiness which they expected immediately to be realized, were alike affected and subdued by its tremendous strains. When the splendid rites of the Catholic church had been consummated, the Bishop of Nancy ascended the pulpit and delivered a striking and almost prophetic sermon. He was heard with interest and respect. The august ceremonies finally closed, and the procession, returning in the same state and magnificence to the Palace of Versailles, there dispersed, that its members might prepare for the more important duties of the next day.

All were not carried away by the enthusiasm of that ecstatic hour. Madame de Staël, who was at this time the wife of the Swedish Ambassador, tells us that she was a spectator of the imposing scene. Being the daughter of the Minister Neckar, she was naturally filled with boundless enthusiasm. The lady by her side was Madame Montmorin. Madame de Staël spoke to her in the most confident and rapturous language of the hopes and prospects of the coming States General. "You are wrong," said Madame Montmorin sadly, "you should not rejoice. In this event I see that which forebodes much misery to France."

The words of Madame Montmorin as to herself were true presentiments. She perished, together with one of her sons, on the scaffold; her husband was massacred on the second of September, 1792; a son was drowned; her eldest daughter was destroyed, after frightful outrages, in a revolutionary prison; and her only remaining child, horrified by the past terrors, lived for a few mournful years, and then died broken-hearted. He was only thirty, and had experienced an "Iliad of woe."

But such as to that day was the splendid, the peaceful, and the joyful inauguration, amid tears of Utopian happiness and the ecstatic illusions of a fervent and emotional people, of the most dreadful Revolution that has ever devastated Europe. From the pompous and gorgeous scenes which I have so minutely described commenced that striking series of Revolutionary events, which so soon over-

turned the absolute throne ; scattered or destroyed the nobility ; obliterated a feudal and ecclesiastical system which had existed from the age of Charlemagne ; and which swept away, as by a flood, the boundaries of provinces, the authority of the ancient laws and institutions, the terms of property, and the whole mediæval and royal past. The Revolution was a deluge ; but like the deluge of Noah, when its appalling waves had subsided, there presently could be discovered an Ararat, and overarching the summits of that new mountain of hope and peace, a rainbow of promise which spoke of true freedom and of a just and holy God.

While neither bigoted nor narrow, the writer of this book will keep constantly before him Sinai, with its legal code, and Calvary, with all its divine possibilities.

On the 5th of May, 1789, the States General were formally opened. The great Hall des Menus had been selected as of a size sufficient to accommodate more than a thousand deputies. It was magnificently hung with blue and violet velvets, adorned with the lilies of the Bourbons. Its upper portion was splendidly furnished for the King and royal family. Its floors were covered with rich carpets, and its windows blazed with gilded decorations. Art was exhausted to make it a place worthy of the great event about to be inaugurated.

A throne had been erected, canopied by crimson and blue curtains, and adorned with the arms of France. Stalls of fine wood ranged upon either side of the throne were to receive the nobility and higher clergy. The lower portion was set apart for the Third Estate, and was occupied by plain benches, while a broad aisle ran through the center of the hall, ending at the steps of the throne.

The States General had not been assembled since the year 1614. A hundred and seventy-five years of civil and military despotism had since ensued. The long reign of Louis XIV., splendid, warlike, and oppressive ; the vicious rule of the licentious Louis XV., with its infamous supremacy of mistresses like Du Pompadour and Du Barry ; the great and bloody wars of the Succession ; the victories of Marlborough and of Frederick the Great, all had become past history during the long interval. There had been the struggles of France in Canada and in the Indies, where British valor had prostrated Montcalm on the plains of Abraham, and Duplex among the nations of the Carnatic ;

there had been the American war, with the advent of the sage Franklin, and the hero Lafayette ; and from 1774 Louis XVI. had experienced, after his dismissal of Turgot, the folly or failure of a series of ministers such as Calonne, Malesherbes, and Brienne. The deficits in finances had grown more threatening, and the fever of discontent became daily more violent. The infidel writings of Voltaire and Rousseau, of Diderot and the Encyclopedists, had penetrated and stirred masses of the French people ; and now, finally, as a last expedient, Neckar had wrested from the reluctant King the mandate by which the States General were to assemble.

The Third Estate was a dignified and able body of men. It numbered many lawyers of eminence, and in its ranks were scientists of European celebrity. But its marked personage from his entrance was the Count de Mirabeau.

Mirabeau was already a man of European celebrity. His adventurous career and his immoralities had attracted the attention of France. He was an atheist in religion, and so licentious, that even the dissipated nobles of the Court turned from him in disgust. His personal appearance was striking, and in height he was above the average Frenchman. His head was immense, and was covered with a profusion of curling black hair, which he proudly called his "lion's mane." His face was ugly, and pitted with small-pox ; but his eyes, protruding and large, were beautiful with the bright fires of passion and genius. His chest was broad and his structure massive ; while his deep bass voice had the rumble of thunder among the mountains. In his intellect, he was clear, prophetic, and penetrating, of giant grasp and profundity. In temper he was an aristocrat and a patrician ; but both a sincere desire for the amelioration of the despotism of the past, and an instinct of pride and ambition, transformed him into a popular leader. He was intensely in earnest, to establish a constitutional monarchy with the dignity of the King unimpaired ; but guarded and restrained by the same forms employed in the British Islands. With no conception at this time of the radical horrors to be revealed by the future, Mirabeau took the lead as the most courageous, gifted, and determined of all the Third Estate. By his magnetism and wonderful oratorical powers, united to an audacity that never failed, he either charmed or terrified all opposition.



Mirabeau was not an unselfish Pym nor a devoted Hampden. Such a man as he, in the English Parliament which tried Strafford, and defeated Charles the First, would have been to those calm, stern, religious Saxons, as a brushwood flame in the light of a star, or a sun ; but in a body largely composed of ideologists and infidels, and poisoned against Christianity by the satires and disbelief of a host of superior men who laughed at the Bible, and secretly ridiculed the very clergy who formed a part of themselves,—Mirabeau was a power soon to be manifested, and never to be quelled, except by death.

Mirabeau had visited Frederick the Great, that laughing scoffer at the head of a Lutheran church ; he had seen him at Sans Souci in all his royal abandon of flutes and grayhounds, of poets and musicians ; he had witnessed the aged warrior as, staff in hand, he had drilled two hundred thousand automatons and military slaves, called the Prussian army. The Count had written a eulogistic book upon Frederick which was as courtly as the letters of Pliny to Trajan ; and now he was about to appear in the rôle of an iconoclast of despotism against the mild, peaceful, and benevolent Louis XVI. It was he who was, with his words of flame, and volcanic and eruptive eloquence, to apply the match to the combustibles of Revolution, and cause the explosion already fully prepared by a nation on the very borders of social convulsion.

On this memorable 5th of May, 1789, the King seated himself on his elevated throne. He was arrayed in violet velvet adorned with gold and jewels ; and his head was covered by a heavy white-plumed hat. His attitude was that of dignity and interest. The Queen, the Princess Elizabeth, and his brothers, with the strictest attention to etiquette were stationed near his side. On his left were the Princes of the Blood, and the higher nobility clothed in their robes of state. The clergy, composed of princes and bishops of the Catholic church, were seated upon his right.

The Third Estate, nearly eight hundred in number, were placed in front of the monarch, and formed a foil, by the plainness of their attire, to a scene of almost monotonous magnificence. They filled all the seats to the extremity of the hall.

Guards in gorgeous uniforms, and ushers in blue and silver, crimson halberdiers, and the scarlet of the Swiss

Grenadiers, gave color and additional life to the deeply impressive and splendid spectacle.

The galleries were thronged by an ardent multitude of the female aristocracy and a host of all that was learned, wealthy, and noble in France. "*The great, the eventful day had come !*"

The King arose, his countenance illuminated by kindness and benevolence. He gazed for a moment with evident emotion upon the impressive scene, and then said : "The convocation of this assembly has fallen into disuse ; but I have not hesitated to establish a custom from which the Kingdom may derive new force, and which may open to the nation a new source of happiness. I have already ordered considerable retrenchment in the expenditure. I shall direct the exact state of the finances to be laid before you. The public mind is agitated, but an assembly of the representatives of the nation will, without doubt, only listen to the dictates of wisdom and prudence. You must yourselves have felt that these counsels have been swerved from on many recent occasions, but the reigning spirit of your deliberations will correspond with the true sentiments of a generous nation, whose love for its King has been its distinguishing characteristic. I discard every other recollection," said Louis. "All that can be expected," he continued, "from the tenderest interest in the public welfare ; all that can be asked of a Sovereign, the firm friend of his people, you may and ought to hope from me. That a happy harmony may reign in this assembly, that this epoch may become ever memorable for the happiness and prosperity of the kingdom, is the wish of my heart, the most ardent of my vows ; it is, in short, the prize that I expect from the rectitude of my own intentions and my love for my people."

Barentin, the keeper of the seals, then made a long address, and was followed by the Minister Neckar, who gave a delusive and prolix exposé of the finances of the State.

The Third Estate listened with gloom and interest, as the Minister confessed a deficit in the treasury of fifty-six millions of livres. They recalled bitterly the profusion of the Court at Versailles ; the useless pensions ; the vast sums squandered on the Queen's rural palace of little Trianon, on the debaucheries of the nobility, and the extravagancies

and pleasures of the King's brothers ; and they were in no compliant mood.

Finally the Monarch again arose. He announced that the session of the States General had commenced, and commanded them, that, retiring to their several halls, they should verify their powers, and begin their legislative work. He placed his hat upon his head, the nobility followed his example, and, with their slouched hats, the Third Estate dared to do the same. The nobles observing this dangerous innovation, expressive of the new spirit of the new times, cried out in anger and indignation, "Hats off ! Hats off !" The Third Estate heard their exclamations, calm and unmoved, and remained seated in the hall, after the higher orders had departed, with *hats on*.

Small as this incident was, it caused a sensation in Versailles and Paris, and betokened plainly, to both the King and Court, the mettle and purpose of the representatives of the people.

A struggle now commenced which excited the profound interest of the nation, and greatly increased the political ferment so intensely agitating the popular mind.

The unfortunate and short-sighted policy of the narrow and foolish Minister Neckar, which, however, he claimed was originated by necessity, immediately bore its fruit.

He had consented to the representation of the Third Estate being double that of the nobility and clergy. By this expedient he had hoped that while in all general matters the Third Estate would consent to act in a separate hall, and by the vote of each order, yet that nevertheless, in the consideration of *financial* affairs, when it might be expedient in a momentary crisis to appeal to them, he could carry any plan he might form, by holding a *special* session of all orders of the States General and falling back on the majority vote of the Representatives of the people.

It was the delusion of a statesman who understood neither the deplorable condition of France, the hopeless situation of the finances, nor the aggressive and revolutionary spirit of the age.

The Abbé Sieyès had just published an able and caustic pamphlet, "What is the Third Estate?" He had defined what the power of nobles and clergy had become, and he had asked pungently, "But what is 'the Third Estate' ? *Nothing* ! What does it desire to become ? *Something* !"

Yet deaf and blind to all the sounds and sights of a threatening storm, Neckar had, like a dreamer, placed a powerful weapon in the hands of an exasperated people, and then conceived that he could direct its blows, and that it would not be used to overthrow and destroy.

The consent of the King to this fatal and infatuated step of double representation was not obtained without a most vigorous remonstrance from the nobility ; but when, despite all their representations, the plan of Neckar was triumphant, a great victory was achieved for the cause of reform.

The Third Estate perceived the immense advantage it had obtained, and resolved to win success by aggressions of the most radical character upon the ancient order of business. If the States General remained as a single body in one hall, then, as a numerical majority, the Third Estate could always rule ; but, on the contrary, if they consented to legislate in different chambers, and by orders, then, as they constituted but one of three orders, two of which could be depended upon to give the King their suffrages, the Third Estate would remain in a helpless and hopeless minority. The Commons in the States General as a *single body* might hope to achieve everything for the regeneration and freedom of France. The nobility and clergy, in the States General as a body divided *by orders*, could withstand the utmost efforts of the advocates of reform, and bestow only those changes which a reluctant despotism might feel that it was wise to permit.

The conflict was vital, and at once became determined. The Third Estate was animated by high motives, but their position as an historical truth *was revolutionary*.

This fact, however, did not daunt those talented, eminent, and enthusiastic men. They were stimulated by the knowledge that back of them were *twent millions* of the French people. Patriotic men, they believed that they were now to be the mouth and hands of a France for so many centuries abused and dumb ; that on them rested the solemn and sacred duty to break the iron chains of a dreadful feudalism ; that a thousand years of tears, despair, suffering, and injustice called on them for reform ; that earnest eyes and anguished hearts looked on them *alone* as the sufficient authority to abolish or modify that despotic rule, which had beaten the nation into the dust ; which had sent its sons to useless wars ; which had consigned its daughters to foul

parc-aux-cerfs ; which had starved the peasants, and repressed by Hindoo barriers every rank of society belonging to the people, in order that *two hundred thousand effeminate nobles*, and a dissipated and reckless court, might riot in splendor and revel in lust and folly, while the millions toiled, suffered, and died.

These considerations infused into their hearts a sublime courage, and nerved them to dare all and endure and meet all in order to achieve their country's salvation. France looked up to them for liberty ; but it was only by a single chamber, in which the power of their numbers would be decisive, that the expectations of the people could be realized.

A life or death struggle immediately began, a battle between the absolute throne of the past and the resolute purpose of the Third Estate to achieve a position where they could surely change a despotic into a constitutional monarchy, legal, just, and free.

Across the English Channel, and only separated from France by a few miles of sea, was the prosperous Kingdom of Great Britain. English ideas, English dress, English books, and love of liberty, had penetrated France and divided into new channels of thought and purpose the life of the French people. That great land had in its Parliament, its constitution, and a King restrained by law, presented for a century to the degraded and oppressed masses of France a constant example of the happiness, the wealth, the power, the prosperity in all orders of society, enjoyed by a nation subject to a liberty regulated by law. While in France the King's will was absolute, in England it was restrained by legislative authority. While in France any subject could be arrested by a *lettre-de-cachet* of the King, and, without trial or jury, could be arbitrarily hurried to rot and die forgotten in the dungeons of Vincennes, or the Bastille, just as a Russian Socialist of to-day can perish in the mines of Siberia,—in happy England, on the contrary, the house of the poor man was his castle ; the right of *habeas corpus* his protection ; and though without a physical defense, yet that poor man well knew that his King at the head of all his armies would not dare to enter in or arrest him without the regulated authority of a free and just court.

The Third Estate understood all these contrasts ; they had read, traveled, seen, reflected, and, full of ardent aspirations to give to France such a liberty, small wonder that

they dared, in the only way possible to them at that moment, to make an effort for freedom. What American citizen can refuse his sympathy to these struggling patriots at this hour? They ventured all, that they might win all for the people!

When Louis XVI. on the 5th of May retired, the nobility entered the hall to which they were assigned and verified their powers. The clergy followed their example. The Third Estate remained in the Hall des Menus, as on account of its size this splendid chamber had been appropriated for their sessions. A revolutionary position was immediately taken. Assuming the attitude that they were not yet a verified power, *and were not able to become one* without the presence of the nobles and clergy, they sent to the other two orders an invitation to unite with them and organize. Then they remained quiescent. They did not verify, they transacted no business, and remained in expectation. They declared that they could not organize and form a regular body, and that they could not engage in any legislation whatever, until they were united as one body in the same hall with the other orders.

The sensation caused by this attitude was indescribable. The King was perplexed and confounded. He realized for the first time that his distinct commands were disobeyed and defied. The nobles were furious, and they were loud in language of the most intense indignation. Those haughty aristocrats trembled for their privileges and estates, and in this attitude of the Commons they saw, like Belshazzar, the handwriting on the wall, not only declaring that they were "*weighed in the balance and found wanting*," but that "*their Empire was about to be given to another*."

Only forty of their number possessed any generous or liberal tendencies, and the leaders of this little band were Lafayette and Lally Tollendal.

Those heroic nobles courageously avowed their opinions and asserted that a union of the clergy and nobility with the representatives of the people would hasten the emancipation of the monarchy. But the haughty and frivolous advocates of autocracy—coxcombs, yet brave—resolved to the utmost extremity to maintain the ancient method.

The clergy were also divided. The common curés, sprung from the *people*, well knew the poverty, the oppressions, and the galling chains which bound and depressed the energies of their parishioners and themselves. They secretly

resented those impassable barriers, which separated by blood and rank virtuous and learned ecclesiastics from the bishoprics and loftier positions of the church. They were of the Commons and naturally clung to the Commons. They would have responded at once to the invitation of the Third Estate ; but the haughty, godless, and licentious clergy of noble birth threatened, frowned upon, and terrified them. Yet even in the highest ranks were many beautiful-souled and saintly priests, like the Bishop of Arles, whose princely blood was sanctified by the utmost fidelity and purity, and by a truly Christian love for humanity and righteousness. These good men began to exercise a great influence over the proud and careless ecclesiastics, whose sole aspirations had been and were now for the pomp, power, and money of their positions. But as yet the clergy as well as the nobility outwardly adhered to the King's commands.

A complete and sudden stop, as of an arrested world, now took place, not alone to the legislation of the States General, but in its reactive influence to all the ordinary wheels of civil government. France rocked and trembled to her very center in convulsions of anxiety, wrath, and despair. The monarchy, society, and the state were loosened down to their foundations ; and the lines between parties were as distinctly drawn as, in the American war, between the Union men and Secessionists.

On the one side stood the absolute King and the hoary, ancient monarchy, with its feudal lords, its class privileges, its unjust laws, its Bastiles and police, its intolerable repressive restrictions and tyrannies, and *seemingly* yet controlling an army of three hundred thousand disciplined soldiers.

On the other side was the New France of untitled men,—of austere thinkers, scientists, orators, merchants, great not by birth nor privilege, but by brains, culture and energy. Pitying their fellow-sufferers among the peasantry of the country ; despising and hating the innumerable divisions and differences in the local government of the kingdom, and panting to cast aside all this slavery, they were resolved to never yield until they secured equality before the law, equal taxation for equal burdens, constitutional rule, all offices open not alone to blood, but to merit ; and a monarchy secured by an assembly of the people, and a constitution.

While the exigencies of their position made it necessary that their efforts should for the present be directed to obtain

a single chamber, in contrast with the two chambers of free England, a House of Lords and a House of Commons, yet when freedom should be secured, such an arrangement as that in Great Britain was the *ultimate* purpose of some of the most honest and faithful members of the Third Estate. But now it was either to contend firmly for a single chamber, or to witness the destruction of their most cherished hopes and those of the nation which had sent and which trusted in them.

The Deputies of the Third Estate were not alone ; they were backed by a tremendous constituency. The masses of France were with them. The scholarship, the intellect, the patriotism of young and old were by their side. Many of the soldiers of the army and of the royal French Guards espoused their cause and cheered and encouraged their fidelity.

For three weeks, from May 5 until May 27, earnest efforts were made by conciliatory and timid men to arrange matters, to bring together, on an accepted basis, the different orders, and to reason with the recalcitrant Third Estate. It was all in vain.

One of those attempts came from the clergy. They sent an invitation to the Third Estate to hold *with them* a conference on the distresses of the poor. The Representatives saw in this request a subtle effort to compel an acknowledgment of the clergy as an order separate from themselves. To acquiesce would be to acknowledge also the nobles, and to retire vanquished from the position they had taken. The deputies were greatly embarrassed. They feared the effect upon their constituencies of the refusal of so plausible and charitable a proposition, at a moment when Paris and France were in the greatest distress through poverty and suffering.

In this crisis Robespierre arose. His words, uttered in a sententious voice, relieved the assembly. Addressing the ecclesiastical deputation he said : " Go tell your colleagues that if they *are* so desirous of ameliorating the distress of the nation, they should hasten to unite themselves in this *hall* with the *friends* of the people. Tell them no longer to retard our proceedings and the public good by contumacious delays, nor to try their point by such stratagems *as this*. Rather let them, as ministers of religion, as worthy servants of their Master, renounce the splendor which surrounds them and the luxury which insults the indigent. *Dismiss* those insolent lackeys who attend you ; sell your



gaudy equipages, and convert those odious superfluities into food for the poor." These remarks were received by the Third Estate with a strong and flattering murmur of approbation, and the clerical deputies retired, blushing at the just contrasts of the higher French clergy of the day with the poverty and humiliation of their God and Saviour Jesus Christ.

"The die was now cast." No retreat to faithful and high-spirited men was possible. Day after day the beautiful May mornings lengthened, and the trees and flowers brought forth new blossoms. The Deputies were in sight of a magnificent palace. They were in view of the finest cascades, fountains, statues, walks, and esplanades. They were near the most magnificent gardens in Europe, and could hear from their leafy depths the gentle songs of those birds who loved the half rural, half city life of the storied and splendid Versailles. Day by day amid these beautiful scenes that vast body of black-attired men marched slowly to their hall. Always themselves dignified and calm, they were sometimes greeted by applause, and now and then, when the partisans of the Court were in the majority, by violent hisses; but, steady as the Roman Senate when in the white marble temples of Rome it awaited Brennus and his Gauls, daily the Commons proceeded to and fro and heeded not. Each morning they took their accustomed seats, and sent invitations to the other orders to unite with them, which as often met with a refusal, and at intervals with contempt.

The Third Estate had no thought of retreating; it was victory or destruction. It was "All or nothing," in an infinitely nobler sense than when used by Napoleon in Germany in 1813.

The nobles were now almost insane with blinded wrath. How much did they dare to do? France was a match; should they light it? Before the actual and the probable even they paused and hesitated. But they hurled their anathemas of words at the assembly, and yet, confident in the loyalty of the army, they urged the vacillating King to bring his troops up to Versailles and Paris and to vindicate his authority. "Dismiss, Sire," they cried, "these rebels against the just and ancient laws of the monarchy and commands of your Majesty."

The nobles *did* have the *right* of the old method and law

on their side. It *was* as *three orders* that the States General had met in 1614, but what were brown and ancient parchments when employed to hinder the determined resolution of the patriot Third Estate to correct the abuses of the past?

The clergy, diversely agitated as their blood was aristocratic or plebeian, on the one side heard approvingly the strenuous debates of the nobles, and on the other listened with delight to the pointed arguments of the Third Estate.

The people of France in all their great centers were profoundly excited. The citizens of Nantes and Norman Rouen, of Bordeaux and Toulon, those cities of the fervent south, of haughty Lyons and commercial Marseilles, were alike stirred; and restless throngs filled their streets, in imitation of Paris. Young officers in garrisoned towns (like Napoleon Bonaparte, who was then at Valence) began to argue as to the rights of man. Storied and German Strasbourg, over its beer and sausage, was agitated as only a half-French inoculation could agitate Teutonic phlegm. But the blood-heat of excitement was most terribly manifested in those provinces where the peasantry had been the worst abused and harassed: Burgundy, Auvergne, Champagne, Franche-Compte, Berry, and other feudal divisions of old France. There the fierce and enraged inhabitants were already on the extreme verge of those fearful outbursts so soon to come.

Over twenty days had now passed in this stern conflict, and not one thing had been attempted nor accomplished for legislation or reform; and all this time the Third Estate remained in dogged quiescence.

The streets of Versailles became thronged with anxious and excited multitudes. Paris was filled with crowds, who gathered at the Palace Royal and in the gardens of the Tuileries and Luxembourg. Orators were heard, and debates resounded on all sides. You could not wash nor shave, nor go to the laundry, nor purchase at a greengrocery, nor enter a hall, nor visit a friend, nor go to a public hotel, nor walk a street, nor lounge in an alley, nor sail on the river Seine, nor ride, nor sit, nor eat,—but what some patriot or royalist engaged you in a hot debate, as to the attitude of the Third Estate, the position of the King, or the obstinacy of the nobles and clergy. It was a Macbeth cauldron, with “Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble.”

Strangers congregated from all parts of the kingdom, and especially from England and the nearer states of Europe. Englishmen were visible in clubs and vehemently engaged in argument. Almost unanimously and noisily they were on the side of the rebellious Third Estate. From Prussia hurried Anacharsis Clootz, and from Italy came the talented Alfieri, while even remote Sweden had its representative in the Queen's friend so intimately associated with the scandals of her life—the Count de Fersen. Delegates from Paris and other cities of France exhorted the Third Estate to remain firm. They implored them not to abandon the nation by submission again to bondage.

The King was like Mohammed's fabled coffin in Medina. As the contending forces reached him he went up to the nobles or down to the people. Everything, to the calm eye of reason and common sense, seemed about to fall into inextricable confusion and discord. This astonishing and lamentable spectacle, the seeming collapse of a great and dominant state, excited the fear and amazement of Europe.

The tension in France and Versailles at length became intolerable; some step to untie or cut the Gordian knot of the existing condition became imperative. On the 27th of May the Count de Mirabeau arose in the Third Estate and made an impressive and eloquent speech. He besought the representatives "*to decide upon something*," and no longer delay to satisfy the just desires of their vast constituency. He urged the Third Estate to send a message immediately to the clergy, requesting an explanation of their course, and earnestly soliciting them to unite with the Commons. The proposition was eagerly adopted. Target—who was afterwards rendered infamous by his cowardly refusal to become one of the defenders of Louis XVI. in the trial of that fated Prince—was selected as the spokesman of the deputation to the ecclesiastical body. It proceeded at once to the hall of the clergy. "The Third Estate," said Target, "invite the clergy in the name of the God of peace, and for the national interest, to meet in the hall of the assembly, to consult upon the means of effecting the concord so necessary at this moment to the public welfare." The ecclesiastics were moved. The lower orders in their ranks received the invitation with acclamations, but the bishops and archbishops, true to the instincts of their noble and royal blood, were cold and reluctant, and restrained by

their attitude any movement toward the union proposed. The clergy finally answered Target, "that *they would deliberate*," and with this ambiguous answer he was compelled to return to the Third Estate.

The sending of this delegation only served to increase the anger of the nobles, the dismay of the Court, and the exasperation of the royal party. At this moment also, by a domestic calamity the aristocracy were temporarily deprived of the presence and counsels of their firmest supporter, the fascinating, proud, and courageous Marie Antoinette. Though the Queen was excited and indignant as daily tidings came to her of the audacious attitude of the Third Estate, yet her mind was now largely preoccupied by her tender and maternal solicitude for her eldest son, the Dauphin. A noble but sickly child, he had always been in delicate health. In the midst of the conflicts and crises we have described, he fell ill, and after a few weeks of suffering, in the early part of June, 1789, he suddenly expired. The Queen was overwhelmed with grief by this unexpected event. She was prostrated, and remained in seclusion for several weeks. It was a most vital period.

The King partaking of her grief, for he was a tender father, was deprived of her counsels and advice so important to him in the hour of his greatest need. The consequence was that he fell into a state of the most miserable perplexity and indecision. With a heart wounded by domestic affliction Louis XVI. eagerly looked around for some wise, some sufficient, some friendly support, or for some method of action which would be available in this trying hour. Alas! he found partisans and friends, but no guiding hand or directing mind to assist his efforts. The intellect, wisdom, and culture of France were, at this moment, almost unanimously arrayed against the absolute throne.

The King's most bitter enemy was the Duke of Orleans, his nearest blood relative out of the direct royal line. We have already incidentally referred to this prince. He was ambitious, but unprincipled. A writer of great genius, Macaulay, has said of his grandfather the regent, that he looked upon all men as the embodiment of Swift's "Yahoos." The same temperament was prominent in the present Duke. He was constantly tormented by his vile appetites, his insatiable love for brandy and lewd women, and the contempt of

the Court, but he was a man like all of the family of Orleans, of intrepid courage. He had offered to go up with Montgolfier in the first balloon ascent of that adventurous man in 1785, and was ridiculed by France as the "Aeronaut." The wealth of the Duke was gigantic, and the Palace Royal was his private property ; but he was penurious and avaricious. He had no tact to conceal his vices nor shame to hide his sins ; he was inconsistent and vain, and felt the rebuking power of the virtuous and honest life of Louis XVI. His only redeeming trait was his strong affection for his children.

The Queen was a pure woman, though so foully slandered by the Duke of Orleans, and, during its frenzy, by Paris also. She had been indiscreet and often reckless, but she detested the constant immoralities of a prince who was so near to the throne by blood. With a mind which had now developed from frivolity into astuteness, she penetrated his ambitious purposes and recognized his courage, craft, and talents, but yet could not reconcile herself to conciliate so formidable an enemy. Taking their cue from the Queen, the courtiers daily slighted, outraged, or repelled the Duke. The Prince was continuously wounded in his sensibilities by this treatment, and he was as constantly enraged. He kept aloof from the Court, sought favor among its most violent assailants, and though treated with distant courtesy by the King, his anger against Marie Antoinette could not be placated. He permitted the lowest pamphlets to be published against her purity, pamphlets which, with their vile illustrations, made all the foul in Paris laugh.

He had cajoled by his flatteries and subsidized by his wealth a host of obscure but malignant writers, who being dependent on his bounties, while they glorified him to the skies, exhausted the language of vituperation and invective against the Queen and Court. He had opened freely his gardens in the Palace Royal to the most seditious meetings, and encouraged the most violent oratorical assaults on the monarchy. He constantly *posed* before the restless Parisians as a second Brutus, a kind of royal apostle of liberty, ready to sacrifice his rank, titles, and even his life for freedom. But all his secret aims were toward the throne : efforts which led him to the scaffold, but which were realized in his eldest son, when that astute Prince became "Louis Phillippe, King of the French." At this moment-

ous period he held aloof from the tormented and grief-stricken King, and used all his power and wealth to aid in the downfall of Louis XVI. His course is one of the most solemnly instructive to be found in history, and proves that there is a God who punishes the turpitude of men. He was an atheist, and despised, with the cynicism of a Voltaire, Christ, the Gospel, and all Divine truth.

¶ The collisions which had taken place between the Third Estate and the other two orders now threatened anarchy. Hordes of armed ruffians infested the country as soon as the ordinary restraints of royal authority were removed, and taking advantage of the preoccupation of the public mind in watching the supreme struggles at Versailles, they began to pillage farms and rob the lonely country villages. The ordinary protections of society became insufficient, and the citizens in many localities felt compelled to form themselves into "leagues of order," in the interest of their homes and property. Such was the practical effect of even the *threat* of a Revolution to abolish a grossly tyrannical power which had been established for centuries, and which was fairly civilized.

Events hastened rapidly toward decisive action. Six weeks of intense strain had racked the mind and hearts of all. Some solution must be found. For the Third Estate retreat meant the destruction of all their hopes of a constitutional government. The nobles were equally obstinate, and believed that their resistance was essential to their future existence. The clergy wavered.

Louis XVI., the last of monarchs to rule a storm already so threatening, was at the head of all. As a man he was just, benevolent, and upright; he had a true, tender, and amiable heart. He was sincerely religious, according to the best life of the Catholic church. He was fondly attached to his wife and children, and an irreproachable husband and father. His understanding was good. He excelled in geography and history, and had sketched in 1786, for the unfortunate mariner La Perouse, the course of his cruise around the world. Of a retired and peaceful temperament, he delighted in mechanics, and was never so happy as when, in a little shop which he had constructed for himself in Versailles, he donned the apron of a locksmith and engaged in fabricating keys. He became an expert workman. He was timid and fickle in his personal distrust of his abilities,

but a man of complete physical courage in any dangers that threatened him or his family. His supreme fault was *his instability under pressure*; he relied too much on the opinions of others, and was greatly swayed by his autocratic Queen. Hence his course in the Revolution was fluctuating to such a degree as to discredit with the people his sincerity, and to lead to some of the worst excesses of the future.

It was human nature in the King to cling to his prerogative and to resist assaults which meant an entirely new era. Had he occupied a stable constitutional throne like that of England, he would have been a model ruler. But his weak and vacillating hand possessed no skill nor power to guide the barque of the French State over the stormy seas of revolt, which now began to surge against it. It is in the personal temperament of Louis XVI. and his mental structure, that we find one cause of the disasters which now became inevitable.

Indignant at what he considered the obstructions of the Third Estate, he listened with conviction to the pleadings of the nobility and courtiers to bring forward his armed forces. He began to gather troops from various parts of France. At first only a few regiments appeared, but the rumble of artillery and the tramp of cavalry became a portentous sound in the people's ear.

The upheaval of society was more evident each day. Arthur Young, the celebrated and critical English traveler, was at this time in Paris. A candid observer and practical thinker, his pages are of the most vivid interest to the honest student of the French Revolution. He entered the book-stalls of the Palace Royal, owned and rented by the Duke of Orleans, who resided in the main building. All Paris was like a bubbling, boiling cauldron. The book-sellers issued swarms of pamphlets; these were almost universally filled with the most violent attacks on the King, the nobles, and the clergy. On one day thirteen, on another fifteen, in a week as many as ninety-two of these productions, witnessed the effervescence of the public mind. Everything that was *old*, laws, institutions, rank, must, they asserted, be abolished. Sentiments were presented as to social equality, popular rights, and governmental changes which verged on anarchy, and could only be realized by a total destruction of the Monarchy and an entire transformation of society.

In the coffee-houses of the Palace Royal, the most extravagant and exciting debates were of daily and even hourly occurrence. These were secretly encouraged by the Duke of Orleans, as a means of increasing his popularity. Crowds assembled ; they filled even the doors and windows, and listened with loud applause to orators, who, from a table, a chair, or a bench for a rostrum, uttered rabid and insurrectionary sentiments. Neither the King, nor the Minister, nor any of the authorities made an effort either to answer or stop any of these revolutionary harangues. It is, moreover, a striking fact in the character of Louis XVI. that with all his anxieties he did not omit his days of hunting in the adjacent forest of Meudon. The King now drew yet more closely toward his nobility, and began also to have the company, and once more the advice, of his indomitable wife.

At length the patience of the Third Estate was exhausted. Seven weeks had passed, and it was the middle of June. The dead-lock still continued, and threatened to become interminable. The time had come for either a total surrender or an audacious exertion of revolutionary power. The Commons chose the latter, and took that decisive step which was to have such vast results upon France and Europe for the next hundred years.





BAILLY.



NECKAR.



MIRABEAU.



LAFAYETTE.



MALESHERBES.

FAMOUS MEN OF THE STATES GENERAL.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

ON the 16th day of June the Commons met for the last time under the name of the Third Estate. The uncertainty which was rapidly drifting France into the vortex of anarchy, they were convinced must now be stopped, and stopped at once. The situation was alarming in the extreme, and the bonds of society were already loosened. The decisive moment had finally come.

In the national body was that Abbé Sieyès, to whom was reserved the singular destiny of taking an important part in both the commencement and close of the Revolution. It was he who, impelled by a sense of the danger and critical situation of both France and her representatives, now determined to inaugurate a vital change; and if we look down the vistas of ten terrible and warlike years we shall see him in 1799 one of the leaders in that 18th Brumaire, which placed Napoleon on his Consular throne. In 1789 Sieyès was about forty-five years of age, and had already made a deep impression by his pamphlet upon the Third Estate. On this eventful day the Abbé arose. His voice was weak, and he was no orator, but his mind was as sharp as a Damascus sabre. Amid the deepest silence, he averred that, "since the opening of the States General the deputies had displayed calmness, patience, and dignity; that they had exhibited all respect—compatible with their character—for the nobility and clergy. They had been repaid by subterfuges and hypocrisy." He declared that the Assembly could not remain idle for a longer period without betraying its duties to the most pressing interests of its constituents. "We must now verify," he declared, "our powers. We represent ninety-six hundredths of the nation."

It was decided in the most solemn manner, in response to this speech, that the Third Estate should immediately proceed to verify their powers, and to invite, collectively and

individually, their fellow-deputies to unite with them. This whole action was momentous, new, and revolutionary.

When the Third Estate had verified its powers, Abbé Siéyes made another motion which was still more radical. He declared that the Third Estate should repudiate that badge of slavery, its name, and assume the title of "*The National Assembly*." "Firstly," he argued, "because the members of which it was composed were the sole representatives of the mass of the nation; secondly, because nearly the whole people had elected them; and thirdly, because *their representation* was one and indivisible, no deputy, no matter in what order or class he may have been chosen, having any right of exercising his functions *apart* from the present Assembly." Although the Count de Mirabeau, by an extraordinary inconsistency, opposed the resolution, it was carried by a majority of four hundred and ninety-one to ninety, amid vehement applause. The minority were, however, extremely violent. They were noisy and furious, and they employed every expedient that disorder and sound could furnish, to delay this tremendous step. But all their efforts were futile. The new National Assembly in dignified language voted an address to the King, explaining and justifying its actions; and then, with great determination and dignity, from that important moment it calmly proceeded to assume and exercise the *whole legislative power*. It legalized by a vote the taxes then being collected, and declared the national debt to be under the safeguard of the State.

To affirm that the King, the Court, and the nobles were astounded is but to use a most feeble expression. Such an extremely audacious and revolutionary course the absolutists had never conceived possible. Their surprise was as great as that of Dathan, Korah, and Abiram when the rod of Moses was uplifted and the rebels saw the pit yawn for their destruction. This move of the Third Estate was of the most formidable character. The humble representatives of the people began to loom up as the mighty "*National Assembly*," armed with the representative authority of twenty million French who stood behind them. The Royal party was still more dismayed, when on the next day three of the clergy from Poitou joined the nation's ranks and, day by day, amid enthusiastic shouts and embracings, from two to six ecclesiastics were added to the Commons. The National



Assembly was profuse in its compliments to the patriotic priests. One of the first to enter its hall was the Abbé Gregorie of Embermeine, and he was greeted with an ovation.

On the 17th of June the National Assembly declared itself constituted. It took the oath, "We swear to fulfill the duties committed to us, with zeal and with faithfulness." Bailly the scientist was declared President.

On the 18th of June, a procession of the Holy Sacrament moved through the crowded streets of Versailles. The stern deputies were present in a body, and marched between the ranks of the Royal Guards, many of whom scowled at them as they passed. The people were sombre, anxious, and restless. They were subdued by the electric forces of the coming storm, and nowhere could be witnessed that enthusiasm and abandon of joy which had so strikingly characterized the ceremonies of the 4th of May. Many faces in the ranks of the Assembly wore a jaded and haggard expression, but the fire of determination gleamed in every eye.

On Friday, the 19th of June, the National Assembly proceeded to form its committees, and on that day, at six o'clock in the evening, another portion of the priesthood entered the hall.

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Neckar, the Minister of State, was in a pitiful condition of dismay, astonishment, and perplexity, on learning of these decided steps. He saw the Abyss of Revolution opening at his feet, and trembled at the dark shadow of the anarchy ahead. Greatly agitated he interviewed Louis XVI., and besought him to call without delay a royal sitting. The enraged and trembling courtiers and nobility for a moment joined their efforts to those of a minister whom they hated and despised. They advised the monarch to suspend the sitting of the States General for three days, and then, in a special séance, to give his authoritative commands to the recalcitrant Commons. It was their plan to have the King appear surrounded by the utmost pomp of feudal splendor, and to thus awe the National Assembly into submission. But they manifested their infatuated pride by the malice, ignorance, and folly of their methods. They had been taken by surprise by the unexpected actions of the Third Estate, and *time* was now to them of the greatest importance, in order that they might formulate their plans and arrange for a victory over the "*rebels*."

The King, vacillating and weak, was captured by his wife and his nobility, and readily submitted. He agreed to carry out all their purposes.

On the morning of the 20th of June, a battalion of the French Guards took possession of the Hall des Menus. Sentinels were posted at the doors, and their white and red uniforms, bearskin caps, and the gleaming of their bayonets, could be plainly seen as they were scattered through the people's sanctuary. At nine o'clock, seemingly or actually ignorant of this event, the National Assembly began to arrive in front of the hall, and Bailly, its President, approached the awkwardly closed doors. As Bailly with a dignified manner appeared, an officer of the French Guard quickly stepped forth, and confronted him. It was the Count de Vertans. The President of the National Assembly indignantly addressed him, and in a loud and earnest voice demanded admission for the deputies into their own chamber. The Count became very pale. The members of the Assembly were calm, but their flaming countenances revealed their restrained wrath. The Count declared that it was his orders from the King to close the hall until a special session, which was announced for the 23d. When Bailly endeavored to press forward, he was politely but firmly hindered by the soldiers. The formidable shakos of the French Guards and their bayonets appeared behind the Count, and barred the entrance of the nation's representatives. *This was indeed despotism.* For twenty minutes many of the Assembly remonstrated and persisted, but it was in vain. Finally, in great indignation and confusion, the Commons descended the steps before the hall, and Bailly having obtained the papers of the Assembly, they all crowded down the avenue of Versailles. As they marched in groups they were greeted by the pibes and jeers of the reckless courtiers who lined the stairs, but they passed these infatuated scoffers in silence and with contempt.

The King had proclaimed through the streets of Versailles a royal sitting for the 23d of June, but he had sent no notice to the President of the Assembly. This flagrant neglect, to use no harsher term, added to the aggravation of feeling experienced by that able and august body. The Deputies esteemed themselves scorned and rejected. They gathered in angry groups—while workmen entered their hall,—and conferred with each other what they should do

Versailles shook with wrath as it heard of their treatment, while agitated crowds gathered in the streets and cheered the homeless representatives.

Suddenly a cry was heard, "Let us proceed to the Tennis Court." This was a long and wide building, plain and unfurnished. It had been used by the Count d'Artois in former times for his games of skittle and tennis. It was now unoccupied. The room within the court was spacious, but the walls and floors were bare. The incensed Assembly immediately hurried thither. An arm-chair was provided for the President (as there were no seats in the hall). The eight hundred deputies and the clergy grouped around Bailly, in indignation and filled with contending emotions. It was a sublime and striking scene. It was as impressive as when the heroic Long Parliament cried "Privilege, privilege!" into the despotic and reluctant ears of Charles the First, when seeking the five patriotic members who dared to denounce his treachery and his tyranny. It was as sublime in the political world as Luther's stand at Worms when he was ready to die for religion, and when he said, "I will not," to the Diet who called upon him to abandon the Reformation. The majestic attitude and lofty look of Bailly; the earnest manner of the excluded deputies, whose black attire was rendered more sombre by the dim light of a clouded and threatening day, and who represented the genius, culture, intelligence, and patriotism of France; the thronging, sympathetic, and earnest masses of people, and without the voices of excited and debating multitudes,—all formed a spectacle of fervor, of devotion, of firmness, of enthusiasm, forever to be engraved upon the mind. There, as the rain began to beat against the windows, and the fury of a rising storm to assail the walls; there, in that darkening hall, arose Bailly. Raising his hand toward heaven, he cried to the deputies: "You swear never to separate, and to assemble wherever circumstances will permit, until the constitution of the kingdom is established, and founded on a solid basis." His voice, loud and distinct, was heard outside of the building. The deputies lifted their hands toward him and shouted in response, "*We swear, we swear.*" Art has delineated the scene and the spirit of the event. The memory of the "*Oath of the Tennis Court*," from that hour became an inspiring power in the history of the Revolution. The people as they heard the cry of the deputies were filled

with enthusiasm. "Long live the National Assembly!" rang through the hall and out into the rain-swept streets, mingled with a few cries of "Long live the King."

Baffled and enraged, the shallow but malignant nobles now resorted to every form of meanness and manifested the most petty spite. Burning with anger and defeated in their plans, they became still more vindictive, and descended to the incredibly contemptible step of secretly *renting the Tennis Court*, that they might exclude from that place also the National Representatives.

The Assembly, when excluded from the Tennis Court, calmly marched to the Church of St. Louis. Assembling in that ancient sanctuary they were encouraged by the entrance of one hundred and forty-nine of the clergy. In these clerical ranks were some of the most eloquent preachers, and gifted writers of the church. They advanced, their faces glowing with a lofty and generous patriotism, and they were greeted by the Assembly with the most respectful enthusiasm, while the church rang with continued applause. They had voted by a majority this step.

Though they were resolved never to retreat from their position, yet the Commons felt a natural apprehension as to what might be the purpose and course of the King on the following day.

The morning of the 23d of June, 1789, dawned upon agitated Versailles, Paris, and France. It was a stormy day. The rain swept the streets, and a summer tempest raged. But the dismal weather did not abate the preparations for the séance. The avenue leading to the hall was lined with soldiers. A sullen and silent multitude stood in the tempest and watched the gorgeous carriages of the magnificent and smiling nobles as they rolled by. The hall within had been decorated with artistic taste and lavish splendor. The nobles and higher clergy were at once admitted to their seats.

When the deputies of the people appeared they were loudly applauded, but they were not spared both insult and delay by the Royalists. They were kept by the Marechal de Breze for a long time in the rain and in a humiliating position. Their garments became almost soaked with moisture. In vain Bailly, the President, knocked loudly at the door. It was not until the third time, and after declaring



✓ that if not instantly admitted they would retire, that the enraged deputies were permitted to enter.

Wet and filled with smothered indignation the abused representatives took their seats, and with hatred saw before them the resplendent ranks of their oppressors. The nobility seemed to enjoy their forlorn and uncomfortable condition. Nothing can reveal more plainly the insolence of the aristocracy of France, the emptiness and malice of the old Bourbon courtiers and nobles than this outrage. It soured the whole national representation. The tidings of this disgraceful treatment of the people's deputies rapidly spread through Versailles, Paris, and France. The hatred of the Nation against the Court and the Nobility was greatly increased. The people felt as though France had stood humiliated in the storm with her representatives.

And now the King entered in the midst of majestic pomp. He was splendidly robed and surrounded by all the magnificent accessories that had been handed down from the royal etiquette of Louis XIV. His robust form was arrayed in purple and violet and gold, and the white plumed hat of Henry of Navarre covered his head. His usually benevolent countenance wore a fixed and stern expression.

Amid profound silence Louis XVI. arose. His glance, directed to the Assembly, was harsh and threatening. In a loud and menacing voice, the monarch began to reproach the Commons for their usurpations. He annulled, by his mandatory power, all their decrees and acts constituting themselves a National Assembly, and legislating in that capacity. The deputies of the people listened in sullen silence, and save in their bloodshot eyes and inflamed countenances their tempest of purpose and indignation found no outward expression. Assuming a milder tone, Louis then addressed the States General as to a plan of reform, which he proposed to present to them. He promised the abolishment of the *corvée*, that most vexatious and cruel oppression. He declared that he would originate provincial assemblies; that he would examine the tithe and ameliorate the feudal rents. But he affirmed that the ancient structure of the *orders* must remain entire, as being essential to the constitution of the Monarchy; and that no one order should claim for itself the national representation. The monarch emphatically forbade the admission of the populace into the galleries or the halls of the deputies; and

insisted that none but members should be present. This was a bold step, and was immediately and successfully resisted. "You now see," he said, "the result of my wishes and my views ; they are agreeable to the lively anxiety I feel to effect the public good. But if, by a *fatality* which is the farthest from my expectations, you abandon me in so noble an enterprise, *I will myself accomplish the welfare of my people.* You will consider," he continued, "that none of your projects, or dispositions, can have the force of law without my special approbation." As he uttered these words he glanced severely toward the Commons. By his whole address the King plainly exhibited his determination to maintain the royal and feudal prerogatives of the past, only partially reformed. He arrogantly declared himself to be the sole representative of the entire nation, and he threatened vaguely that if submission to his behests was refused, he would dissolve the States General and carry forward the work of reform by his own royal authority.

In their wet clothing, the representatives of the people still maintained their sombre silence, and only the defiant look of their eyes and expression of their faces betrayed the stupendous resolves of their patriotism. Assuming his ordinary benevolent aspect, the beguiled and misapprehending monarch at length commanded the three orders to separate, to proceed to their several halls and there to verify their powers without further delay. Poor King! He had stretched out, with assumed firmness, the vacillating hand of his autocracy to stop the rolling car of this tremendous Revolution, and that hand was instantly shivered in the attempt.

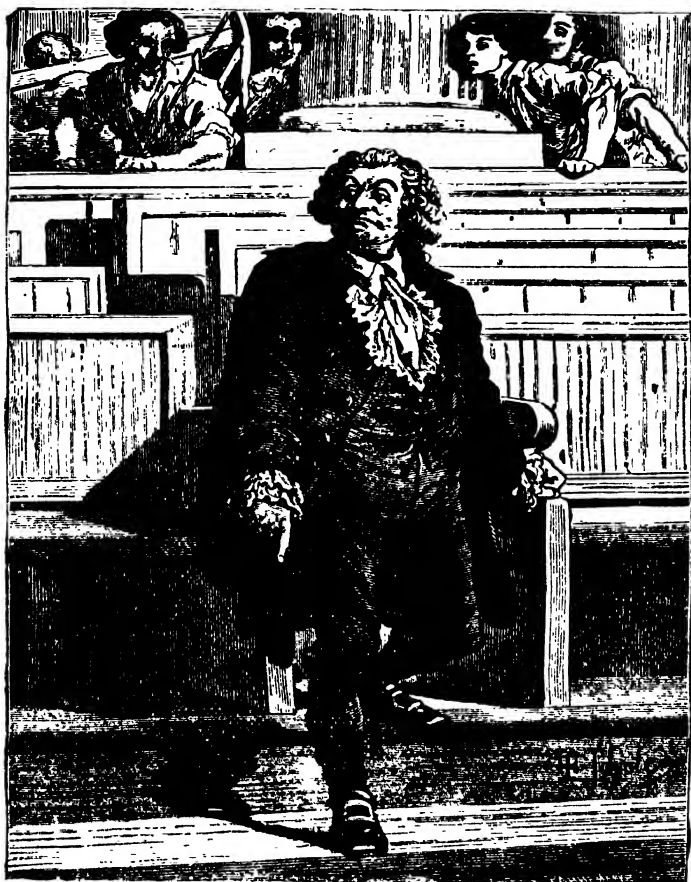
After these final words of autocratic and absolute authority, Louis the Sixteenth majestically and slowly arose and withdrew from the hall, followed by his Court. The nobles, with a few exceptions, retired to their chamber. The higher clergy did the same.

The patriot ecclesiastics and the National Assembly remained as though spell-bound to their seats. A long and painful silence was finally broken by the Abbé Sieyès, "We are to-day," he said calmly, "exactly what we were yesterday." By these words he threw down the gage of defiance to the King, the monarchy, and the nobility. And now Mirabeau impetuously sprang to his feet. "What

means," he cried, his deep voice sounding through the hall like the awful roar of an angry lion,—“this ostentatious display of arms? These troops lining the streets? This violation of the National Temple? Is Catiline at your doors? I demand that, covering yourselves with your dignity, your legislative power, you adhere religiously to your oath. You have sworn not to separate until you have given a constitution to the people.” It was at this moment that the Maréchal de Breze entered the hall. He was arrayed in his official attire of blue cap with white plume, and blue silk tabard profusely covered with the silver lilies of the Bourbon despotism. “Gentlemen,” he said in a respectful tone, but with an offensive and haughty manner, “You have heard the King’s commands?” “Yes,” answered Bailly, “and I am about to take those of the Assembly.”

It was a supreme time, but the time possessed its *man*. Mirabeau again stepped forward. His shaggy locks were disheveled; his pitted face was convulsed with emotion; his protruding eyes gleamed fire; and his voice had the pitch of rolling thunder. He was the prophet, and interpreter, and inaugurator of a great movement; all in one. “Yes, sir,” he cried, glaring upon the astounded de Breze; “*we have heard the King. But you, sir, have neither voice, nor place, nor right to speak here. Go to your master and tell him that we are here by the will of the French people, and that nothing but the power of the bayonet shall drive us hence.*”

Those fearless words confirmed and established the Revolution. Though workmen stood waiting at the door to enter; though soldiers crossed the hall, and the King’s Life Guards advanced to the very entrance,—the deputies were undismayed. In the most resolute and outspoken manner, they again voted all that the King had nullified; and met the threat of an armed force with a bold, ringing, and defiant resolution. It was a bombshell that fell, scattering total dismay into the camp of the nobles and their monarch. On a motion of Mirabeau it was carried, by a vote of 498 to 34, that “The National Assembly declares the person of every deputy inviolable; that all private individuals, corporate bodies, tribunals, courts, or commissions which dare, either pending or after the present session, to proceed against, to call to an account, or cause to be arrested, imprison, or cause to be imprisoned any deputy, on account of any sentiment, motion, opinion, or speech, uttered at the



MIRABEAU' DEFYING THE KING.

States General; also any person who shall assist in any of the above-named attempts, *ordered by whom they may be*; are infamous, and traitors to the nation, and guilty of a *capital crime*. The National Assembly resolves that in such cases they will take every step to *discover, proceed against, and punish* those who shall either originate, instigate, or put them into execution." This stern law struck terror into the hearts of the whole Court and nobility. The defiant Assembly had drawn and brandished the sword of rebellion, and its dreadful lightning was ready to strike at all its enemies.

At this point in this momentous history, let us turn from the Assembly at Versailles, and survey the ferment in France. Every part of the monarchy, save La Vendée, was aroused. Newspapers and pamphlets multiplied with increasing rapidity, and the fires of discontent burned as fiercely in portions of the center and south of the kingdom as in the heart of Paris. In the capital itself, the turmoil was portentous. Every home had become a debating society. In every shop and street, in the gardens, on the quays and bridges, excited groups assembled. Mechanics, laborers, merchants, shopkeepers, lawyers, and physicians, all discussed in the most radical and vehement language the situation. Men were half insane with loss of sleep and hunger. Pale faces and sunken eyes were common. Trade had become paralyzed. Money had hidden itself in affright. Food and work were scarce, and famished thousands began to cry for bread.

The French army was honeycombed with disaffection. Except the foreign regiments of Swiss and Germans in the royal pay, nearly all of the troops of France possessed strong sympathies for the people. One cause of the deep disaffection of the army lay in the fact that an impassable barrier of blood and caste separated the common soldier and subaltern from their officers. Just as in Prussia under Frederick the Great, so in France, a peasant must always carry a musket, and a noble could always command. Veterans who had fought with Montcalm at Quebec, or with Dupleix in India, who had clutched victory at Yorktown, and had resisted defeat on many a stricken field, were constantly ruled by officers who saw them hardly once a year, and whose only powder was hair powder, and only victories those they won by the most infamous and licentious amours with a

depraved female noblesse. There were, it is true, great military names of noble birth, De Grasse and Rochambeau, Bouille and Lauzun, Custine and Luckner. But though personally brave, the French noble looked upon his regiment as simply his own property, to be loaned to the state for his own emolument or glory.

The regiments were not numbered as in the Revolution, but bore the names of different provinces. There was the regiment of Berry and of Auvergne, the regiment of Languedoc and of Lorraine. There were King's regiments, proprietary regiments, and foreign regiments. Such titles abounded. The cavalry was usually designated by the name of its commander. Some regiments were owned by the nobility and hired out to the King, just as the Hessians were sold to the British Government in 1777 to destroy American liberty. But the great bulk of the army was immediately Royal and dependent on the Monarch alone. Yet, even in the regular force, ill-treatment and neglect had soured the soldiers, who were mostly sons of the peasants, and who although in the ranks, yet remembered the poverty and abuse which were constantly endured by their fathers at home. On the 23d of June, 1789, had Louis XVI. known the truth, he would have realized how precarious was his hold upon the military forces of the Monarchy. But kings are the last men to know facts. They exist in an atmosphere of adulation and falsehood, surrounded by deceitful and mercenary satellites, and this was the situation of Louis XVI.

Several battalions of the French Guards were stationed in Paris. They composed the *élite* of the Royal forces. Their barracks were placed near the Champs Elysées. They were the choice household troops of the King. But they were infected by a fever of democracy. They had read much, had been converted by Rousseau's "Social Contract," and were ready on a sign of revolt to side with the people. They now began to testify, in every way possible, their hatred against the ancient régime, and their sympathy for the National Assembly. So outspoken did the Guards become, that their officers felt it prudent to keep them severely and closely confined in their barracks. The philosophy and infidelity of the eighteenth century had completely saturated the minds of these warriors, had dissipated all their belief in God and in the Bible, and had obliterated their ancient love for their King. The phantom

of liberty had risen before them. They were sincere, generous patriots ; but imagined a Utopia which it could never be possible to realize.

The troops in Versailles were more loyal, and the Swiss Guards could be relied on implicitly. The vain courtiers, blind to these facts, began now to rest all their hopes upon the infantry, cavalry, and artillery of the Monarchy.

The lack of a recognition of the gravity of events, at this hour, even by Louis XVI. himself, is something astounding to the student of those times, and only explained by the somewhat apathetic nature of the monarch, and the deception of his nobility. He still lived and moved in the midst of the splendor of Versailles. He was surrounded by the same magnificence and etiquette which had attended the thrones of his ancestors, Louis XIV. and Louis XV. He saw, except in the revolt of eight hundred obscure deputies as he esteemed them, the visible forms of his Monarchy intact and unshaken. It is true that that splendor was to vanish like Aladdin's palace in a night ; but as yet blood had not been shed. Still, even with this explanation, a penetrating monarch would have taken renewed steps of decision. But the King gave way. He refused to disperse the Assembly by force, and on the 27th of June he advised all who would do so of his nobility to join the national body. Some obeyed and some held aloof and counted on the monarch's changeable character and the influence of the Queen. Louis as usual hunted at Meudon and pursued the same course of life as when in the plenitude of his power ; for that kind and feeble intellect had as yet no conception of the gigantic character of the Revolution now inaugurated. It took the shock of the fall of the Bastille and the revolt of France to awaken Louis XVI. to any proper conception of his danger.

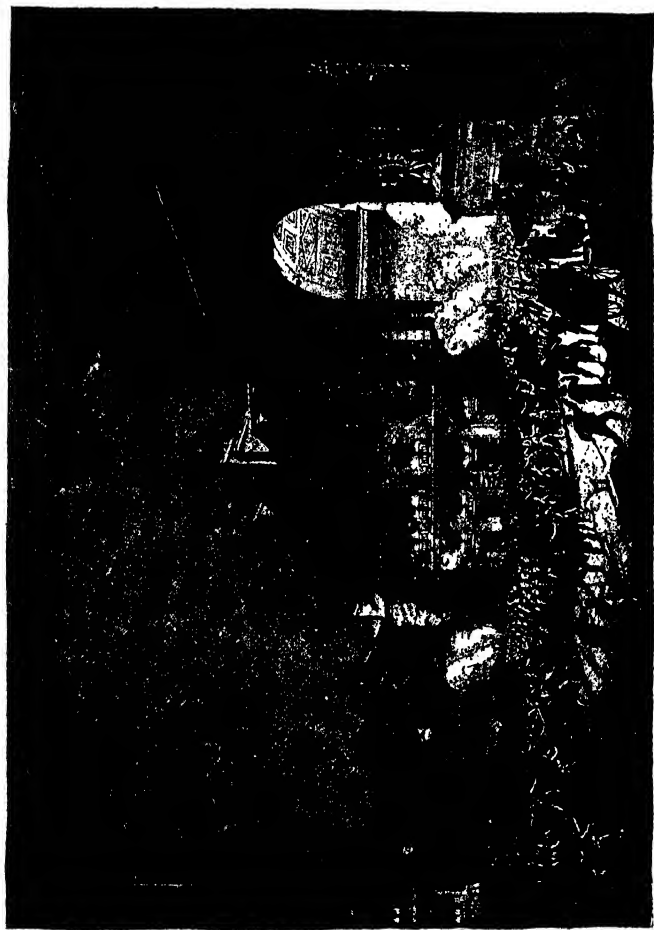
Though brave and elegant, the French nobility were largely the most contemptible of men. They were heartless and selfish, vain and frivolous, conceited and malignant. It would seem as though all the evil spirits let loose from the box of the fabled Pandora had lodged in their hearts. They were alike reckless, infatuated, and unreasonable. They laughed, danced, trifled, and flirted on the very verge of the volcano ; and when they resisted, or machinated against the people and their representatives, their shallow brains only exhibited a childish folly and fury.

A profound contempt for the sorrows and needs of the nation clouded their understanding. They cared no more who endured, slaved, suffered or starved, among the cruelly oppressed, toiling masses of central and eastern France, if they could but revel in luxury and ease amid the debaucheries of Paris or magnificence of Versailles and St. Cloud,—than an African Arab cares for the slave that he either beats to death or drags to a merciless bondage. Worthless debauchees, they exacted the last tithe from poverty, and laughed at the squalor and unutterable misery of their tenants.

These were the men who now determined to maintain all the abominations of feudalism, if it could be accomplished by extreme recourse to an armed force. Baffled again by the Assembly, they turned to the regiments of the line for help and salvation.

But all of the French nobility were not such, and this description has no application whatever to Brittany and western France. The nobles of those romantic and peaceful sections of the west, living on their own estates, had always assumed a paternal relation to their tenants and servants. The peasants responded to kind treatment by a fidelity and gratitude, by a devotion and love, which made them remain true to the monarchy when King and throne had alike gone down in death and ruin. Besides these there were in the ranks of the highest aristocracy great and patriotic nobles like Lafayette and Lally Tollendal. It was such men as they, who proved that greatness and virtue, patriotic love for their country and devotion to liberty, could exist united to noble blood and exalted rank.





THE PEOPLE CAULDERING ARMS AT NIGHT, PARIS, JULY 13, 1780.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE GATHERING OF THE ARMIES AND THE STORMING OF THE BASTILE.

BY its defiance on the 23d of June of the royal commands the National Assembly had confirmed its triumphs and wrested both the *actual* executive and legislative power from the reluctant hand of Louis XVI. The blinded nobility who had followed the monarch from the royal sitting, unaware of the step just taken, were almost delirious with an excess of illusive joy. They believed that their victory over the people was final and complete, and that the Assembly would no longer dare to resist the stern and positive mandates of Louis. These foolish men hurried first into the presence of the Count d'Artois and Monsieur (the King's brothers), and to these Princes they loudly proclaimed their triumph. Then rushing like tumultuous children into the presence of the Queen, they greeted her also with the most enthusiastic cheers. The beautiful Marie Antoinette,—her countenance yet pale with grief on account of her late bereavement,—smiled sweetly upon them as she held up in her arms her remaining son. Herself blinded to the great events which had just taken place, she accepted the congratulations of the deceived nobles as though their boasted success was a reality.

But all this vain ecstasy of a visionary hope was soon destined to be dispelled. The brilliant bubble created by the imagination of the courtiers burst in a moment, when touched by the stern finger of facts. The clapping of hands and the shouting of the populace drove these rejoicing aristocrats to the windows of the palace. With forebodings and dismay they beheld the Minister Neckar,—who had refused to attend the royal sitting,—approaching, surrounded by an applauding multitude. The astonished nobles presently saw the Marquis de Br  ze also enter. He wore a flushed face, and exhibited a distracted manner. The startled courtiers heard him announce to Louis XVI. that the National Assembly

had contemptuously refused to obey the King's commands, and that they had nullified his mandates and had renewed all those decrees which set his authority at defiance. The King was dismayed and perplexed. His vacillating mind was dazed and overwhelmed by such a revolt. The pale-faced, astounded courtiers fairly gasped as they heard the dismal and unexpected tidings. No more smiles! no more jeers! no more shouts of triumph from these hollow-brained egotists! Assembling in groups they began to earnestly discuss various plans to resist the determined and audacious deputies.

The character of Neckar has been a problem to the student of the Revolution. Napoleon the First thoroughly penetrated his unctuous emptiness, and despised him as an ideologist, a man of mere words and not of wise actions. Bonaparte attributed to Neckar entire lack of genuine statemanship, and asserted that his destitution of foresight was one of the chief causes of the later anarchy and terror of the Revolution. Neckar's reputation has been sustained by the later celebrity of Madame de Staël, his gifted daughter. The authoress of "*Corinne*" has proved an eloquent and a subtle apologist. But the close and critical investigations, and comparisons of accurate modern historical research, have confirmed the opinion of Napoleon, and proved Neckar a mischievous, shallow, narrow, selfish, and at times a reckless charlatan. But at this moment he was the idol of France and basked in the sunshine of an immense popularity. Flattered by the incense of continuous praise, and fearful of its loss, Neckar rendered no real service to his distressed master. He was absent when he should have appeared, and advised when he should have acted. He was believed to be the *friend of freedom* when he was really only the *friend of himself*. He was childish in his financial schemes, all of which proved to be totally inadequate to the demands of the hour, and few of his plans exhibited in their results that any political wisdom guided their formation. Yet this was the very man who held the helm of state in an hour of such threat and danger, as would have taxed the utmost efforts of a Richelieu or a Mazarin.

The courtiers now changed their tactics. They pretended obedience to the King, and determined by an ostensible submission, which, however, was to be gradual, to disarm the Assembly by guile. It was their plot that when all were

united in one hall, then the armed force might be called in, and nobles, clergy, and commons alike be dismissed, and the States General *impartially* dissolved. But to achieve this Machiavellian plot an army was absolutely necessary. The incensed Queen earnestly lent all her influence to the treacherous scheme. She exhorted her husband to rouse himself to the dangers of his position, and like his ancestor, the haughty and resolute Louis XIV., to maintain his prerogative. But the King was as different from the abrogator of the Edict of Nantes, as a flower is from a rock. The Queen appealed to his paternal affections, to his responsibility for the future of his son and successor, and finally awakened in his heart fears that he was about to be deprived of all his royal power.

The results of her pleadings were soon manifested. The monarch began to gather troops from all parts of his wide dominions. Dreading the disloyalty and defection of the Paris battalions of the French Guards, troops were selected who were believed to be uncontaminated by revolutionary principle. Long files of highly disciplined and perfectly uniformed infantry, rumbling parks of artillery, and squadrons of splendid cavalry began to appear on the various roads leading to Versailles. Foreign regiments in the King's service, Royal Allemands and Royal Swiss, in serried ranks and with gleaming bayonets, marched into Versailles, and into the Parisian suburbs, and either encamped on the outskirts of the capital or along the road to the royal palace. The aged and resolute Marshal de Broglie, who had been a hero of the Seven Years War, was placed in command of these forces. But the veteran warrior was amazed and fettered by the King's reluctance against bloodshed and his command not to kill.

Louis XVI. was good at heart and humane, but was so weak that, though well-designing himself, *he was a dangerous power in the hands of unscrupulous and selfish men.* His uprightness, and his love for his people, were of no avail when he became the slave of the detested Polignacs and of the Count d'Artois. Those haughty and unscrupulous advocates of feudalism had used him to assemble the army, and now they and the nobles designed to employ him to overthrow the National Assembly. That such *was* their scheme is abundantly proved by all candid investigation of this momentous period.

The representatives of the people were justly alarmed at this formidable gathering of troops. Fifteen thousand soldiers were soon stationed between Versailles and Paris. Others were constantly arriving and increasing their numbers. The agitated people were confident that these regiments were assembled in order that they might be ruthlessly employed to destroy freedom and restore the absolute monarchy, and they were right. While the Assembly now occupied itself with preparing the outlines of a constitution and in reforming abuses, the King held aloof in close communion with his wife and the absolutists, and only in groups did the nobility join its ranks.

It was at this juncture that Mirabeau again assumed the leadership of the Assembly. The great Commoner declared that the deputies should postpone the discussion of a constitution in such a dangerous crisis as now existed, and request of Louis an explanation of why so large a military force was being gathered at the capital and in the neighborhood of the Assembly. While the language of Mirabeau was coldly respectful toward the King personally, it was severe and full of reproach against the royal government. He declared that troops were constantly advancing toward both Versailles and Paris, that the bridges, the promenades, and even the public parks were made the *bar-racks* of a hostile soldiery. He affirmed that mysterious orders were daily given which threatened liberty, and that the changing of battalions, the planting of cannons, and the movement of masses of German cavalry all assailed in the most sinister manner the freedom of the Assembly. The deputies listened with a profound and sympathetic interest to these bold complaints of the great orator. They could hear for themselves from their hall the far-off roll of drums; they could see during their promenades the gathering of forces; they could hear the rumble of cannons driven constantly along the avenues. The excited deputies at last proposed that a plain address should be sent to the King, demanding that the troops should be dispersed and be replaced in Versailles itself by a *Civic Guard*. The address, in charge of twenty-four members, was sent to the monarch. Louis XVI. received these deputies of a revolted Assembly with aggravating coldness and hauteur. The King asserted that the regiments were assembled in order that they might, if necessary, protect the threatened tranquillity of the people, and

that he would not withdraw them. He added that if the National Assembly had any fears for their liberties, he would willingly remove them to Soissons or Troyes.

The Assembly immediately recognized in this proposal the snare which the treacherous courtiers had enticed their honest King to set for the destruction of the National body. The Commons well knew that in either place they would be between two camps, and far away from the assistance of the capital. In Soissons or Troyes they would be reduced to helplessness and impotency. They refused to remove. When the Count de Cuelon proposed that they should trust the word of a King who was "an honest man," Mirabeau hotly replied: "The word of a King who is an honest man is bad security, when he is blindly governed by unprincipled courtiers and an autocratic wife. We will not flee before the troops. We demand, and must demand again and again, until we triumph, their removal." These words of resolute firmness were greeted by the Assembly with tumultuous cheers.

It was now the 11th of July. More and more darkly the awful clouds of a threatening convulsion of the monarchy were lowering in the political horizon. Versailles and Paris were in such an indescribable tension of fear, suspicion, and wrath as made an explosion inevitable. The French Guards shut up in their barracks were increasingly insubordinate and restless.

They sang patriotic songs. They constantly cheered for the National Assembly and conversed freely, and with the most hearty affiliation, with throngs of patriotic visitors. The youth and beauty of Paris gathered at their barracks to flatter and seduce them. Yet when their commander, M. du Chatelet, was threatened by the people they promptly rescued him and brought him away in safety. Grim and silent, the various regiments of de Broglie's army remained in their camps, or paraded on the road between Paris and Versailles.

At this tremendous moment an event occurred which was fatal in its results, and which at once precipitated the explosion of popular wrath so long dreaded. The Minister Neckar, as unworthy as he was, was yet the idol of the French people. He was nowhere so popular as in Paris. His bust, and that of the Duke of Orleans, could be found in almost every shop of any pretensions in the city. The infatuated people of the metropolis had made his ministry



the palladium of their new liberty and hoped-for triumph. Neckar had suggested the calling of the States General. He had advocated and carried the double representation of the people, which had produced such important results. He was hated and suspected by the Court, and that alone was sufficient to make him the beloved of the people. In the strife between the different orders, he had been retained by the King as an expediency, but he had promised Louis that he would peacefully retire from the ministry whenever the monarch should signify his desire.

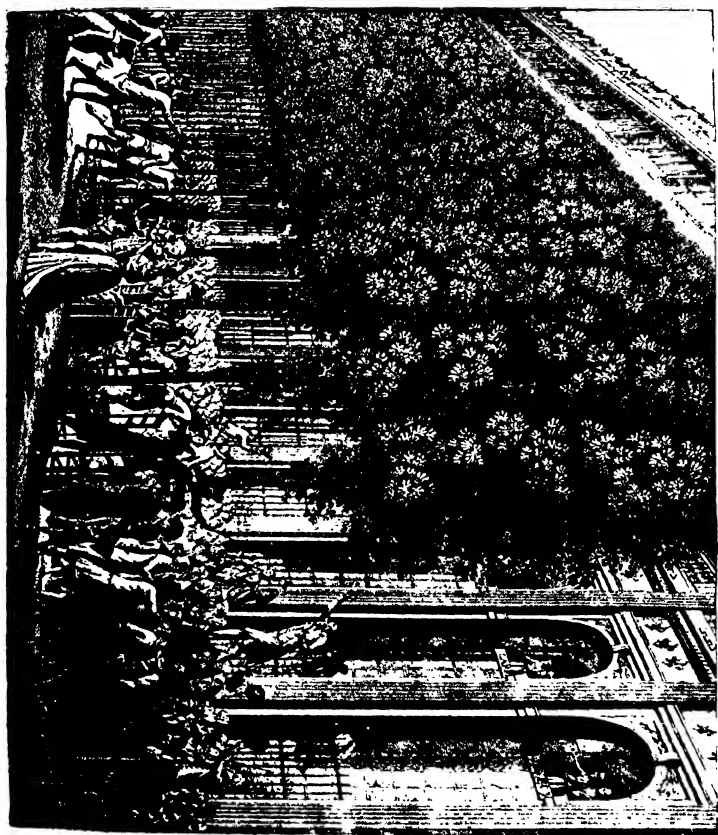
On the evening of the 11th of July, a note was handed to Neckar from the King. It briefly informed him that Louis took him at his word. His resignation was requested, and the monarch added that he hoped that the dismissed minister would keep his departure a profound secret. Neckar was true to his promise. He resigned without delay, and took his departure immediately in the night for his native Switzerland. Neither his most intimate friends, nor even his daughter, knew that he was about to leave Versailles. So rapidly did he travel that when the morning of the 12th of July dawned he was already a long distance on his way to his ancestral Alpine mountains. But the secret of his departure could not long be kept, even with all these precautions. The story of Neckar's dismissal soon spread through Versailles and reached Paris. When it was known that not only Neckar, but *all the ministers* of the King who were favorable to the people had been dismissed, the sensation was terrible. To increase the popular fury it was learned that de Broglie, Foulon, and others, all sycophants of the Court and friends of despotism, had been substituted in the place of the exiled ministry. It was added with all the earnestness of a frenzied patriotic suspicion that the army was now about to dissolve the National Assembly, march upon Paris, imprison and execute all the popular leaders, and once more rivet the chains of absolutism upon the nation. That this was actually the purpose of the Queen and nobility later research has proved beyond a doubt, and it is a key to the events which followed. It was alone hindered by the King's insuperable hatred of bloodshed. At these tidings the volcanic wrath of the people exploded. Paris immediately flamed with excitement. Crowds of furious citizens in every degree of wrath thronged the streets, all heaping invectives on the royalists, while the



gardens of the Palace Royal were crowded with a shouting mob.

In the midst of this scene, a young man, who was afterwards a famous leader of the Revolution, forced his way through the crowd, and leaped upon a table. It was CAMILLE DESMOULINS. "Citizens," he shouted, "there is not a moment to be lost. M. Neckar is dismissed. This dismissal is an alarm-bell for another St. Bartholomew slaughter of patriots. To-night, this very night, all the Swiss and German battalions will come from the Champ de Mars, and cut our throats." Holding in either hand an upraised pistol, he cried in frenzied tones. "To arms! citizens, to arms!" He plucked a leaf from a chestnut-tree as a badge of revolt, and placed it upon the lapel of his coat. The combustible multitude instantly caught fire. The cry "To arms!" was soon echoed by fifty thousand infuriated men. The trees in the Palace Royal were in a moment stripped of their green leaves, and those leaves were assumed by the infuriated patriots as a badge of insurrection.

A portion of the multitude repaired to a museum near by, and hurrying forth the busts of Neckar and the Duke of Orleans, they paraded with them through the streets, crying, "Vive la Nation!" As the mob entered the garden of the Tuileries they were suddenly met by a detachment of the Royal German regiment of dragoons. The barracks of this body of troops were near by, and they were under the command of the Prince de Lambesc. His regiment was at deadly feud with the French Guards, and devotedly loyal to the King. It charged the mob, and scattered them in every direction. In the affray an old man, who was quietly working in the garden, was slain. The drums immediately beat to arms in the camps around the city, and the troops formed in line. The terror of the people was transformed into renewed fury on learning of the massacre of the aged victim. With terrible cries of "To arms! to arms!" the Parisians hurried to the Hôtel de Ville and gathered the weapons there deposited. They rushed to the arsenals, to St. Lazare, and to the Museums. The iron railings surrounding those buildings were torn away by ten thousand eager hands, and transformed into pikes. The alarm and disorder became terrific. A city if taken by storm, and delivered up to the fury of an enemy, could not have presented a more dismal and dreadful picture. Detach-



ments of dragoons and cavalry were galloping through the city, making their way to the posts to which they had been assigned. Trains of artillery with monstrous noise clattered over the pavements. Companies of men and women drunk with brandy, and running about like incarnate demons, broke open the shops. As they swept along howling, and firing guns and pistols, they spread terror in their path. They assaulted shops, and beat in doors, in their quest for weapons. Multitudes rushed into the arsenals and soon appeared, some with helmets, others with casques of the 16th century, some with ancient matchlocks, with spears, battle-axes, bludgeons, and all the weapons of past ages. Others sacked the gun shops, and hunted in every place for weapons. They dragged out cannons of the 16th century and captured some more modern pieces. All this terrible while the troops were paralyzed by the command of the King to the Marshal de Broglie in no case to fire on the people or shed blood. It was this order which soon retired these formidable bodies to their camps, and rendered all the excesses to come possible. Never was a more insane command given to a soldier. But the people, believing in the threatened massacre, which the nobles really meant, became more and more excited. Armed with every conceivable weapon they surged through the streets, and were soon fifty thousand strong. In desperate fury they thronged around the Hôtel de Ville. Lifting high their sabres and pikes, their axes and spears, their swords and muskets, they shouted, "Vive la liberté! Death to the traitors! Death to the Nobles!"

A clouded morning dawned on this dreadful night. And now many of the French Guards burst from their barracks, and forming disciplined companies, advanced to aid the people. It was the 13th of July, 1789. Certain self-constituted electors assembled in the people's palace, the Hôtel de Ville. They quickly formed a municipal government, extemporized an organization of the armed and furious multitude into a National Guard of forty thousand men, and adopted as a cockade the blue and red of Paris, with the white of the King. Thus originated that tri-color which was, in fulfilment of the prophecy of Lafayette, destined to make the tour of the world, and which in its banners was to flutter triumphant over the greatest capitals of Europe.

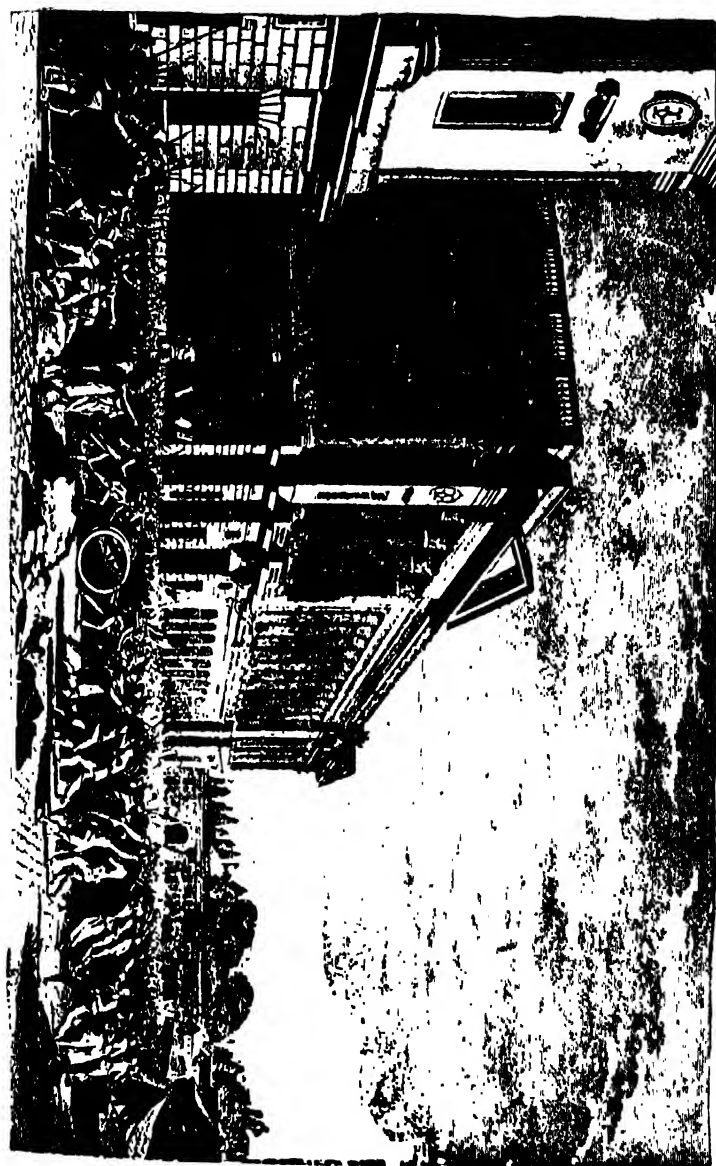
Amid a delirious enthusiasm, the vessels on the Seine containing gunpowder were stopped, and men at the haz-



ard of their lives distributed that dangerous article to the people. The new municipality ordered the instant manufacture of fifty thousand pikes. A few more cannons were dragged from the Arsenal and many additional muskets were obtained. In a *single day* a mighty armed force confronted the royal regiments and defied the King's authority. It was one of the most astonishing revolutions and changes to be found recorded in modern history.

The tidings of these tremendous events soon reached Versailles, which was distant only eight miles from Paris. Its inhabitants were told that the city was a seething cauldron of patriotic and armed wrath.

The National Assembly had met on the morning of the 13th of July. They were filled with consternation because of the dismissal of Neckar and the other ministers. Strange and almost incredible to relate, they were actually ignorant of the events transpiring in the capital, until late on that memorable day. Some of the deputies proposed an address to Louis, requesting him to recall Neckar. Others suggested a renewal of their oath made in the Tennis Court. "We have sworn," said Lally Tollendal, "that the Constitution shall be, or the Assembly perish." A deputation was again sent to the King beseeching him to remove the armed forces from his desolated capital, and to confide the city to a Civic Guard. Louis, with a cold and dry manner entirely foreign to the kindness of his real nature, refused. The Assembly now rose to the height of its patriotism. On receiving the answer of the King, and in the very grip of his army, it passed a series of resolutions, demanding the withdrawal of the troops and the establishment of Civic Guards. It declared the ministers of the King responsible for all tyrannies, and its own sitting permanent. The senate of Ancient Rome, when it defied Hannibal at its gates, was not more distinguished and sublime than the National Assembly at this critical hour. Tidings began now to pour into Versailles, of the revolt of the capital, of the gathering of the King's forces; how Paris was to be attacked, the Assembly dissolved, and the absolute government restored. That day passed, and on the next the thunder of distant cannons could distinctly be heard rolling up from the metropolis. Amid all the excitement and the intense agitation of the hour, the Assembly *discussed*, with imposing calmness, article by article the outline of the new constitution which



they were about to form, and debated upon the best method for its promulgation. Toward dark, on the evening of the 14th of July, the far-off rumble of cannons ceased, and breathless and enthusiastic messengers came rushing into Versailles, and announced to its thronging multitudes, and to the Assembly, that the people had taken that citadel of despotism, the Bastile; that blood had freely flowed, and many patriots had been slain, while the city itself was in the convulsions of revolution.

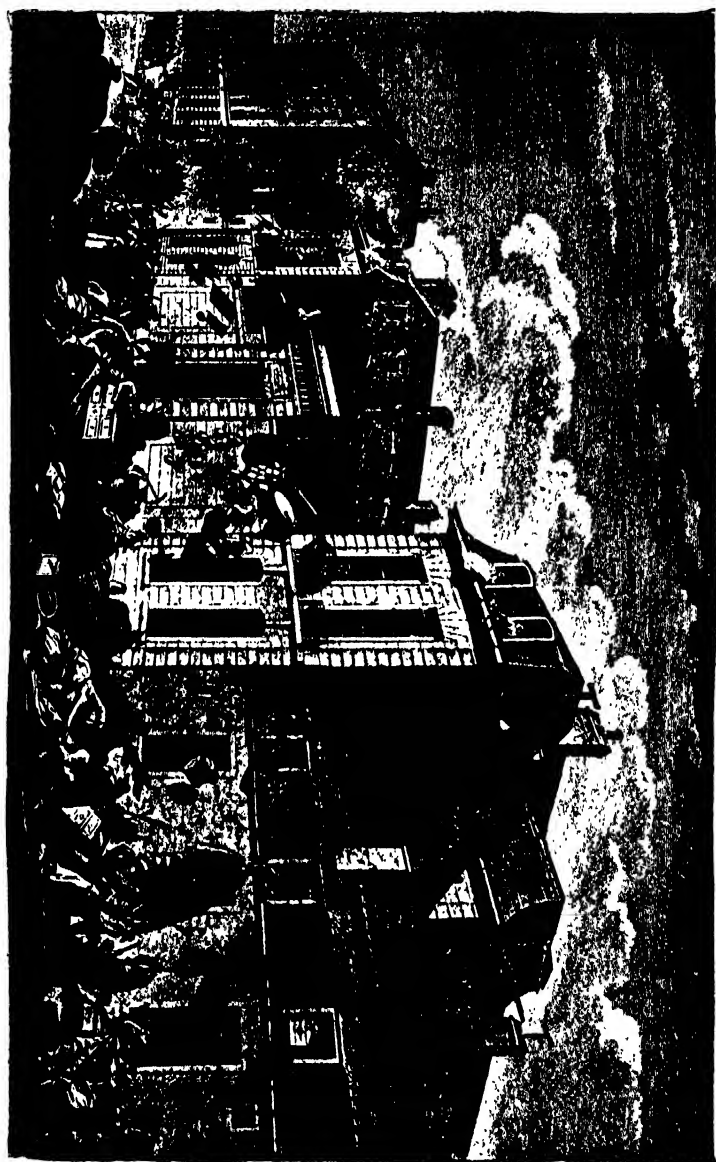
*We now return to Paris.*

Though there were camps of disciplined troops of the line in its suburbs, the Marshal de Broglie was baffled, as we have seen, by the *emphatic* order which he had received from the King, when he assumed his command, that "*under no circumstances was he to shed blood.*" Tied down to their barracks by this *extraordinary* command, the fifteen thousand royal troops were as useless in the succeeding events as though they had been a thousand miles away. The temper of the three thousand French Guards was well known. Over these soldiers their officers had now lost all control. With the most enthusiastic cries, those who yet remained in the barracks seized their muskets, and rushing forth, united with their companions who had gone before, and gave the power of their formidable discipline to the just organized National Guards.

The morning of the 14th of July, 1789, dawned luridly on Paris, a day to be celebrated in France for coming centuries. Armed, organized, and determined, the soldiers of the Revolution now turned their eyes to the Bastile. Early in the day a cry arose, "To the Bastile, to the Bastile."

This gloomy fortress towered dark and terrible, as a monument of absolute despotism and unrestrained tyranny, in the midst of the metropolis. Its walls were thick, and its towers high. It was surrounded by a ditch, and entered by means of a drawbridge. The ditch had become partially choked through the neglect of many peaceful years. The Bastile in the minds of the citizens of Paris was the visible embodiment of despotic rule. It stood as a threat in wood and stone, constantly menacing the aspirations of the future. In their fevered minds to destroy the Bastile; to dig up its foundations; to level its walls, could alone assure the permanency of the victory which the Assembly had won.

With the cruel walls of that fortress of tyranny youth

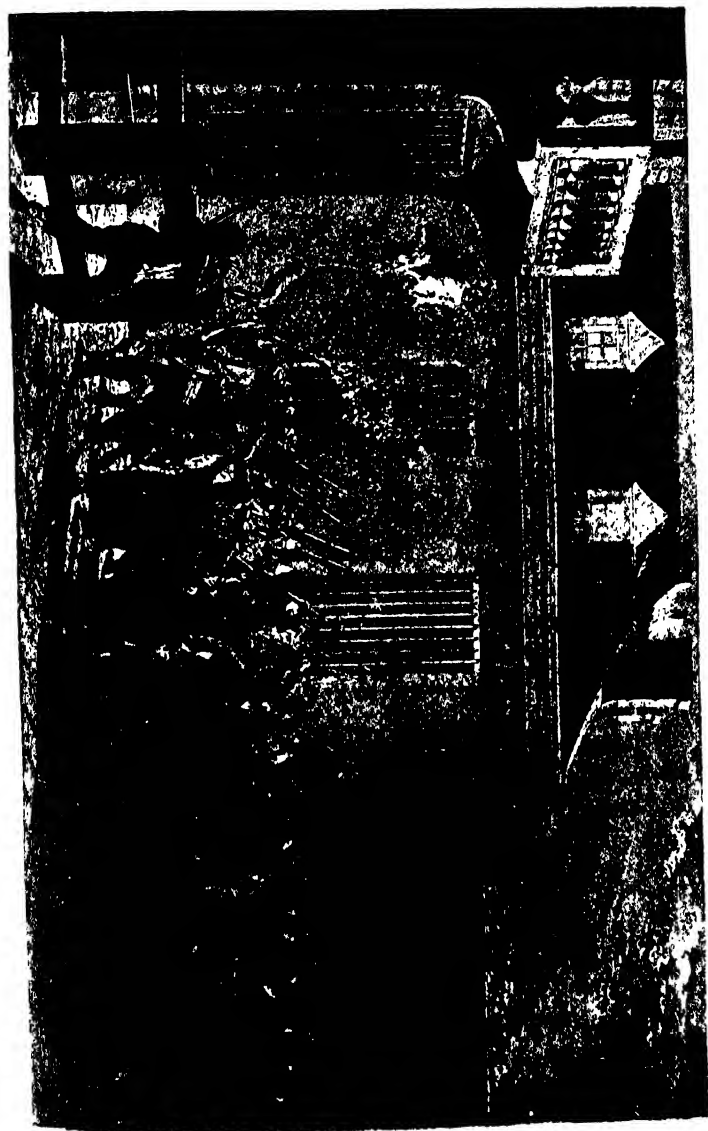




had wept itself to old age, and old age had shivered and died. Lettres de cachet, a document with the King's name and a blank form, had been used by envy, by lust, by hate, to ruin families, to destroy female virtue, to impoverish enemies, and to remove into its dungeon depths and into solitude and darkness thousands of innocent victims. The story of De Latude and his suffering in those awful cells had aroused a hatred against its existence, and that tyranny which made such sufferings possible, which could not be extinguished.

On the 14th of July the Bastile was garrisoned by some eighty Invalids and thirty Swiss soldiers, whose commander was the brave and noble soldier De Launay. Roused and directed by the cry "To the Bastile," the Revolutionary bands, accompanied by a furious and shouting multitude of women and boys, hurried to the fortress. The Revolutionary army was directed by the discipline and sustained by the military coolness of the revolted French Guards. On beholding this tumultuous mass of soldiers and people as they came swarming down all the streets and avenues leading to the Bastile, De Launay raised the drawbridge, mustered his little garrison, loaded the cannons of the fortress, and standing on the tower above, he parleyed with the invading forces below. The people cried out that he must immediately surrender, and that, if this request was granted, he and his garrison would be permitted to retire unmolested. Like a faithful and loyal soldier, true to his King and his trust, De Launay refused. He was encouraged to resistance by the words of a dispatch from one of the King's commanders, De Besenval. A messenger from this office, had contrived to pass through the ranks of the National Guards, and had brought a promise to De Launay, that if he would hold out, he would soon have military assistance.

And now the battle commenced. The cannons on the ramparts above poured hot shot on the infuriated patriots below. The people with desperate energy assaulted the outer buildings, set them on fire, and forced the barred gates opening on the streets. They pressed on to the new drawbridge by the dormant bridges and bastions. Many were killed or wounded, but cheered on by Santerre and his pikemen, and strenuously aided by the French Guards, the people returned again and again to the assault, and for five



hours the conflict raged in all its fury. The streets were filled with the smoke of battle, and the air was impregnated with gunpowder.

The glass in the windows of the adjacent houses cracked and shivered at each discharge of the cannons. Women and children took an active part in the struggle, and encouraged in the strife their husbands, lovers, and fathers. Men in blouses, and men in elegant attire, musket in hand, busily engaged in the battle. An infinite variety of dress mingled with the white uniforms of the French Guards. Frantic patriots attacked the inner bridges with hatchets, and fell dead from the shots so pitilessly rained down upon them from above. De Launay multiplied himself, and with a valor worthy of the most heroic times, he infused his own indomitable spirit into the eighty Invalids and thirty Swiss who sustained the combat.

As the thunder and the desperation of the battle waxed more terrible, he turned his bloodshot and despairing eyes toward the great, silent and immovable army within the sound of his cannons, but yet spellbound through the weakness of the King. His gaze roamed over the smoke-laden scene, striving to find the promised succor from De Besenval. It did not come. For five hours he had sustained an exhausting conflict with multiplying thousands of foes.

At this moment the French Guards won an important position, planted their cannons, and preparing to blow down the last defense, loudly summoned De Launay to surrender. The shouts of the combatants below as they assaulted another portion of the fortress reached his ears. The patriots had finally discovered a vulnerable point, and with cries of fury and victory were forcing their way into the Bastile.

De Launay, his face and hands begrimed with gunpowder, animated by the resolve of a despairing fidelity, seized a lighted torch, and hurried toward the powder magazine, desperately determined to blow up the Bastile, and bury himself and its assailants in its ruins. But it was too late! The patriots already filled the stairs and the court below. He was intercepted. Seized by the collar, he was dragged headlong down the stairs, into the midst of infuriated enemies. Some soldiers of the French Guard, filled with admiration for a fidelity and courage that rebuked their own treason, pressed up and made the most generous and heroic, though vain efforts to reach and save him. But the rage



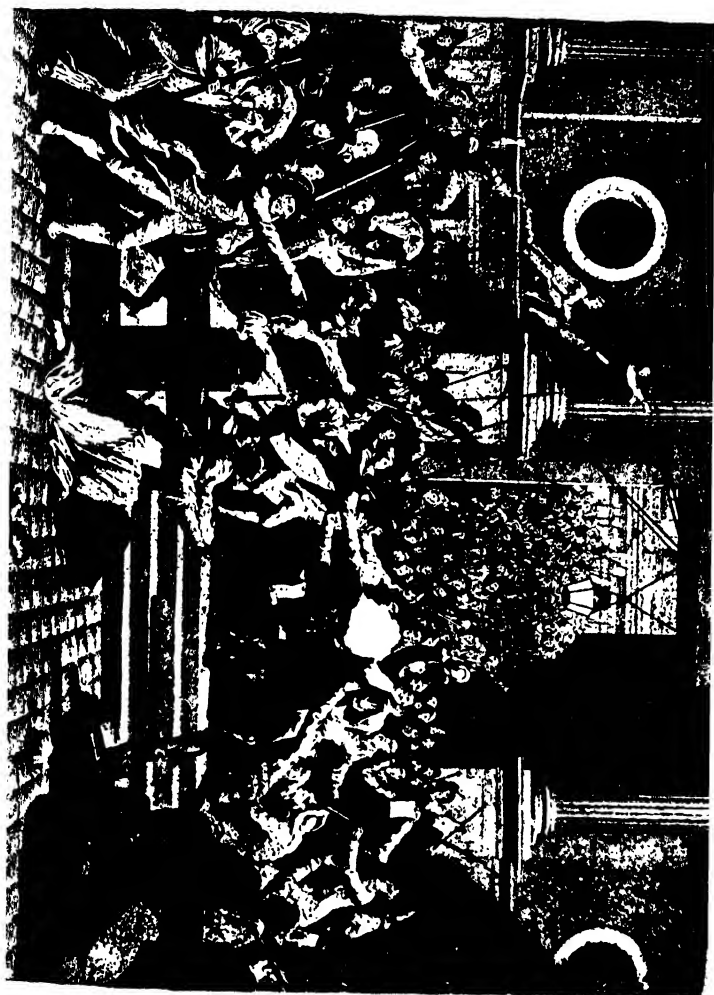
ing multitude would not be robbed of their prey. They seized De Launay by the hair, and beating him over the head, they threw him down. With tiger-like ferocity they cleft his head from his body, and amid appalling shouts they lifted the gory member streaming with blood aloft on a pike. With frenzied cries they bore away the bloody trophy, while the multitude rushed in and completed their triumph. Among the French Guards who made the most strenuous efforts to save De Launay were the two grenadiers, Elie and Hullin, whose names deserve to be embalmed in the Pantheon of History.

The mob, thirsting for blood, attacked other victims, and despite all the efforts of the French Guards cruelly murdered them.

It was now half-past five o'clock of July 14. The Electors of Paris in session at the Hôtel de Ville were in the "*most painful anxiety.*" Presently a vast crowd, shouting victory, swarmed into the Place de la Grève. They bore aloft in triumph the keys of the Bastile, and carried in their arms a wounded French Guardsman, whom they had crowned with a laurel wreath. The Bastile, the very intrenched stronghold of irresponsible despotism, had fallen! Liberty was dated from its capture! The keys of the gloomy fortress were sent to Washington, the hero of America, and they yet remain in the custody of his descendants.

Meantime the crowd turned their wrath upon Flesselles, the provost of trade, a name by which the mayor of Paris was then called. They accused that unhappy man of treason. They asserted that he had sent a treacherous letter to De Launay urging him to hold out while he, Flesselles, was amusing the Parisians with a cockade. The Electors of Paris made earnest efforts to save the provost's life. "Since I am suspected," said Flesselles, white and trembling, "I will retire." "No, no," shouted the mob furiously, "come to the Palace Royal to be tried." As they half dragged, half escorted the terrified Flesselles along the Quay Peletier, some unknown assassin shot him dead.

The day after the taking of the Bastile it was visited by great crowds, who were yet filled with terror of that dreadful stronghold of tyranny. An eye-witness of the times tells us what he saw on that day, and how his heart burned with indignation. He passed slundering over the drawbridge which was wont to be let down for prisoners and immediately drawn



up when they had entered. With a throng that wondered and anathematized despotism, he passed through its narrow court, surrounded by walls so thick and high that the rays of the sun entered it but for a moment during the entire day. He saw the dark staircases, and the mysterious passages along which despairing men and women had been hurried under the tyranny of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. He passed the triple doors heavily plated with iron and secured by enormous bolts. He saw with horror the cells like graves, the great stone in the middle of each, to which the unhappy prisoner was chained, and which was his bed by night, and his chair by day. He gazed on the dim, deep oubliettes, damp, gloomy, unwholesome, where, like caged beasts, victims had been lowered to perish. He passed into the torture-room, where yet remained the lash, the rack, and a horrible machine which seized in one fell grip the knees, the hips, the stomach and arms of the unhappy victim. A single prisoner was found in the Bastille when taken by the insurgent people, but thousands *had been there* in the past, the tyranny was yet possible, and though Louis XVI. was a humane and gentle prince, yet under *some successor*, were the old despotism continued, a people, a city, a home, might again have been at the mercy of a tyrant, and other thousands in the future in that gloomy prison might have wept, rotted, and died.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE TRIUMPH OF THE PEOPLE.

**I**T was late on the afternoon of the 14th of July, when the tidings reached Versailles that the people of Paris had captured the Bastille, after a fearful struggle of five hours, and had slain De Launay, its commander. The shallow courtiers had been incredulous as to the success of the forces of the people. They believed that a fortress which had withstood the army of the great Condé, in the past, would still be found impregnable against all the assaults of the rabble of Paris.

Gathering in splendid groups upon the white marble stairs, and in the gilded halls of the Palace of Versailles, or sauntering through its beautiful walks, and lounging around its fountains, the nobles laughed and joked, and while the air trembled with the far-off boom of the cannons, they confidently prophesied a victory for the King. But their roseate dreams were soon dissipated, and their golden hopes doomed to perish forever. Presently messengers, "fiery hot with haste," and sent by the loyalists of Paris, announced to the aghast courtiers the organization of a vast insurrectionary army in that city, the fall of the citadel of despotism, and the total triumph of the people. They shuddered as they listened, and like Francis I. after the defeat of Pavia, with white and quivering lips they whispered one to another, "All is lost!"

In the National Assembly the deputies heard with horror and dismay the story of the dreadful excesses of the people, the ferocious murder of De Launay, and the cruel assassination of Flesselles. The Revolution loomed up before their startled eyes in unexpected terribleness, and in the distance they recognized the form of Anarchy. These fearful events produced a reaction in the sentiments of some of the deputies, and led them, influenced by either apprehension or terror, to turn toward the King.

The day before Louis had hunted in the woods of Meu-



don, killing pheasants and pursuing deer amid its leafy shades, but he had returned uneasy and anxious. Tidings of the revolt in the city and the attack on the Bastille reached his ears, but with incredible fatuity he had dispatched no war-like commands to his troops, and with infatuated confidence, like his nobility, he had believed the fall of the citadel an impossibility.

Early on the morning of the 15th of July, the Duke de Liancourt entered in haste the King's chamber, awakened the slumbering monarch, and announced to him the victory of the people.

"Why, this is a revolt," stammered Louis.

"No, sire," said De Liancourt "it is a *Revolution*."

These tidings astonished, depressed, and subdued the monarch, and he resolved at any sacrifice to immediately come to terms with the National Assembly. Despite the anathemas, charges, and eloquence of Mirabeau, the representatives of the people equally recognized the vital importance of becoming reconciled without delay with the King. Laying aside every vestige of his former hauteur, Louis XVI. entered the Assembly, accompanied only by his two brothers, the Count d'Artois and the Count de Provence. He made a simple and touching address, which captured the hearts of the anxious representatives. A full reconciliation seemed to take place. The National Assembly—in order to make manifest to the people this reconciliation, and their renewed devotion for their subjugated monarch—adjourned their sitting.

With every manifestation of love and respect the Deputies surrounded the King, and passing through an excited multitude, who cried alternately, "Long live the National Assembly!" and "Long live the King!" they escorted Louis to the steps of his palace. "The Queen," says Thiers, "stationed at that moment with the court in a balcony, contemplated from a distance the affecting spectacle. Her son was by her side, and her daughter gently toying with his hair."

All for a moment, representatives, nobles, people, appeared deeply moved. Reconciliation and peace seemed assured for the future. But alas! human nature is the most unreliable and unstable of all things. The habits, prejudices, and purposes of years cannot be changed by the sentimental ecstasies of a moment. The Court and the Assem-

bly, with renewed and more intense hatred, soon resumed their distrust and antagonism, each toward the other.

Paris was still in a condition of anarchy and anger. Its streets were filled with barricades, and its armed bands, intoxicated with victory, pride, brandy and wine, paraded its avenues. It became imperative that the King, having made peace with the National Assembly, should now and immediately pacify the revolted city.

It was resolved that a deputation from the Assembly should be sent to Paris to inform the people that the King and the representatives were reconciled. The Assembly chose Lafayette, Bailly, its President, and Lally Tollendal. These illustrious patriots immediately set out, entered Paris, and conferred with the Government installed in the Hôtel de Ville. The National Guards, the revolted soldiers, and the people, greeted them with loud applause.

They found the city in the throes of anarchy. Food was extremely scarce and very dear. The poor were enduring great wretchedness and were suffering the pangs of unappeased hunger. Disorder had spread with amazing rapidity into every industry. The lack of order had frightened away the farmers, market-men, and the usual providers for the wants of a great metropolis. It was almost impossible to obtain work. The delirium and fever of the Revolution had absorbed the energies of the masses, but while gaunt famine was painfully manifested in their faces, the fires of an almost insane devotion for liberty burned in their hollow eyes. Bailly was a philosopher and statesman, and recognized that the only panacea for this state of affairs was to instantly substitute an efficient organized power for an anarchal freedom.

He was unanimously nominated by the electors and people, as Mayor of Paris, the new name bestowed upon the chief magistrate of the Metropolis. Lafayette at the same time was elected chief of the National Guards amid the shouts of the soldiers and populace, while Lally Tollendal was applauded and complimented for his devotion to the rights of the people.

This great initial step of the Revolution toward order was inaugurated, by intrusting the leadership of the Revolutionary army to so tried and sincere a patriot, and so cool and calm a soldier, as General Lafayette. A man of the purest patriotism, vain but earnest, and a sincere lover of

orderly and constitutional freedom, for two years Lafayette quelled the forces of pillage and disorder.

The National Guards were organized on a military basis. Their uniform was blue with red facings and epaulettes. Their standards were the Tri-color. These banners were blessed by the Bishop of Paris in the church of Notre Dame, and the Pontifical benediction received with a revolutionary *feu de joi*, which made its antique monuments ring and showed to the astonished clergy that a new era had commenced.

To increase their discipline, the whole revolted French Guards with a number of veteran Swiss were incorporated into their ranks, and were called the Companies of the Center. A large body of deserting soldiers from the regular army were also by the sanction of the King added to their force. Thus was formed a formidable uniformed, equipped, and armed array of forty thousand men, who soon acquired the steadiness and discipline of regular troops. Strong, obedient, patriotic, devoted to their general and to freedom, composed of many of the most reliable workmen, and even professional men of Paris, the National Guards held back the hordes of anarchy, until the subtle and increasing dissolutions of the Revolution overwhelmed them by the destruction of the throne, and the substitution of the Reign of Terror.

The Assembly now earnestly implored the King to visit Paris, and restore by his presence the same good feeling which he had established with themselves. The King determined to go, but Marie Antoinette heard the proposition with consternation, and was distressed by the most violent anguish, fear, and suspicion. The Queen was so firmly convinced that the people had an irreconcilable enmity to Louis XVI., that she implicitly believed that he would be assassinated either on his route to the city, or in Paris itself. But affectionately reassuring her, the monarch entered his state carriage, set out, and soon reached the capital. He entered the city. He walked with unquailing heart and serene brow between the long lines of pikemen and National Guards, who with their pikes, sabres, and muskets lifted aloft, made a menacing arch above his head. Always fearless in any danger merely personal, the King smiled and bowed on either side. The National troops, with all the mercenary warmth of the French temperament, were imme-



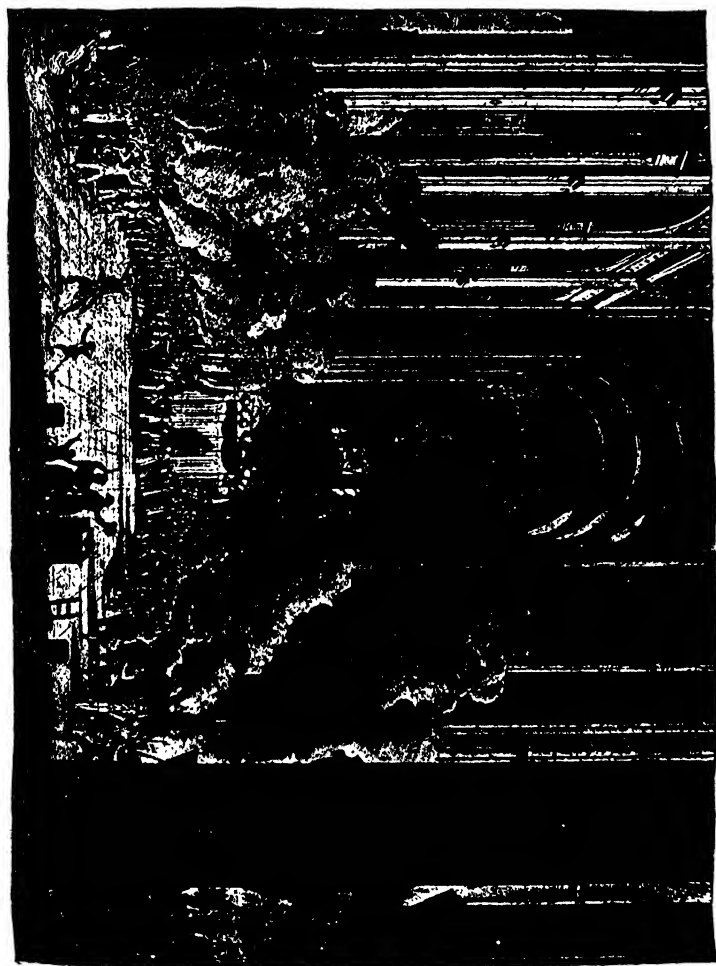
diately captivated by his confidence and by the affection and deference which they saw exhibited toward him by the deputies from the Assembly who formed his escort.

They raised their weapons in respect, and cried with tears of enthusiasm, "Long live the King!" and "Long live the National Assembly!" Bailly, the Mayor, in all the pomp of his new office, met the monarch at the barriers of the city. "Sire," he said, with a certain insolence in his tone, "Henry the Fourth, your ancestor, captured this city, but now the city has captured its King."

The monarch, who, through all this fleeting rapture of a day's emotions, was as yet in his heart the absolute King, and who felt in his secret soul the hollowness of the entire manifestations, was deeply wounded. He turned very red and made no reply. The people did not perceive and were ignorant of his emotions. Ascending the steps of the Hôtel de Ville, Louis addressed the electors and multitude, and spoke with patriotism and seeming sincerity. He reviewed the new National army, and raised in their ranks a temporary frenzy of loyalty, when he adopted and placed in his hat the Tri-color Cockade. Hurricanes of applause from the troops and the people witnessed the satisfaction with which they saw this act.

The King's popularity appeared completely restored. When he set out upon his return to Versailles, he was escorted by those deluded and devoted bands, and surrounded by every expression and manifestation of love and confidence. He was received by his anguished wife with rapture. The sorrowing Queen could hardly credit that he lived. As they entered their private apartments in the palace, Louis saw the Tri-color Cockade, which symbolized to him and his Queen the destruction of his power and the overthrow of his autocratic authority. With the exclamation, "Oh! Madame, to what humiliation do you see me reduced!" he tore it from his hat, and cast it with anger and disgust upon the floor. So much for the sincerity of even a good monarch when stripped of his ancient rule and state.

The nobility of the ancient régime were now totally disheartened. They became as dejected as they had formerly been bold. The King had dispersed the royal armies and had committed himself, save his household troops and the Swiss, to the protection of the National Guards. In utter



despair, yet full of revenge and rage, with mingled fear and petulance the nobles resolved to emigrate. Instead of remaining by the King's person in these hours of his suffering and need, they basely abandoned him. The same intense selfishness which had given them courage to contend while the power was in their own hands, now aroused them to flee when that power had been wrested from their tenacious grasp.

The Nobles realized that the King was now reduced to a political nonentity. His absolute sway had vanished like a mirage of the desert. He had been discrowned in *fact* though not in *name*, by the successful Revolution. *His sword had passed to General Lafayette, and his civil power to the National Assembly.* The army had submitted to the Assembly the moment it had heard of the King's command for it to retreat, and sullen and, as it felt, disgraced, it cried out in indignation, "Long live the Nation!"

That very night the emigration commenced. The King's youngest brother, the handsome and despotic Count d'Artois, was the first to set the example of flight. He took the route to Brussels. It was to be twenty-five years before he should again tread the soil of France. The conquering army of the allies, overthrowing Napoleon, brought him back with the rest of the Royal Family, in 1814. In 1824, on the death of his brother Louis XVIII. he became King of France under the title of Charles X. His rule of folly, Jesuitism, and despotic severity was cut short by the three days' Revolution of July, 1830, and once more an exile he died in Austria in 1836. This history has no further dealings with him,—only as the Conspirator of Coblenz, and the irreconcilable enemy of constitutional liberty.

The companions of the Count d'Artois were the Duke and Duchess of Polignac, a family devotedly attached to the old tyranny and faithful friends of Marie Antoinette. Their extreme devotion to the absolute rule had roused the dangerous hatred of the people. Their names were the synonyms to patriots of all that menaced freedom. The Prince and his companions were soon followed by the imbecile and contemptible Prince of Condé, a descendant from that great warrior who annihilated the old infantry of Spain at Rocroi, and who kept France for several years in the turmoil of the Fronde.

To this number must be added the veteran Marshal de

Broglie, ashamed and enraged at his inactivity in the crisis of the 14th of July, and believing that he had been fettered and ruined by the King's Quaker command "to shed no blood." A host of nobles added themselves during the week to the fleeing aristocracy, and on the morning of the 20th of July, the King was saddened and appalled when he observed how great had been this defection; while the beautiful and mournful Marie Antoinette wept bitterly over the disappearance and loss of her friends.

Brussels soon swarmed with these faithless and self-exiled dukes and duchesses, counts, and marquises, chevaliers and knights, who had so basely deserted the throne.

Brussels at this time, as the capital of the Austrian Netherlands, was ruled by the Arch-Duchess Christina, a sister of the French Queen. She was Regent and held a splendid court. The Austrian Empire itself was governed by the beloved brother of Marie Antoinette, Joseph II.

The most astute writers on the French Revolution have united in ascribing to this vast emigration of the French nobility one of the great causes of the terror which followed. They deserted the King, leaving him helpless in the hands of the democracy. They plotted and threatened at Coblenz, urging Austria and Prussia to a war which overthrew Louis XVI., brought him to the guillotine, and caused the head of the Queen to fall beneath the same dreadful and bloody knife.

The Court now bore an entirely changed appearance. The old deference and respect disappeared. The monarch being bereft of power, the royal servants, with the meanness and insolence of depraved human nature, soon discovered that to offend and even to insult the King and his family was not resented. Though the outward forms of monarchy were preserved, and still the Royal Guards sentineled the palace, and still the splendors of Versailles surrounded the King—yet it was instinctively recognized that this was a condition of things which could not permanently last.

The Duchess de Polignac had been for many years the tutor of the royal children, and was much beloved by her little charges. Through her migration the Queen was compelled to select a new teacher. She chose the faithful and excellent Madame de Tourzel. "Formerly, Madame," she



said gracefully, "I trusted my infants to friendship, but now I trust them to virtue."

At this time, oppressed by the demands of the people and Assembly, the King again recalled Neckar. The Minister quickly returned, but in the violence of increasing revolution his popularity rapidly diminished, and, after an insignificant exercise of his power for nearly a year, he disappeared without even a newspaper or a person noticing his departure. This is human popularity. The hollow atheists and the self-seeking demagogues who had so violently clamored for his return soon cast him aside, like a book read and forgotten, when their selfish purposes had been served.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE PROVINCES AND THE FOREIGN NATIONS.

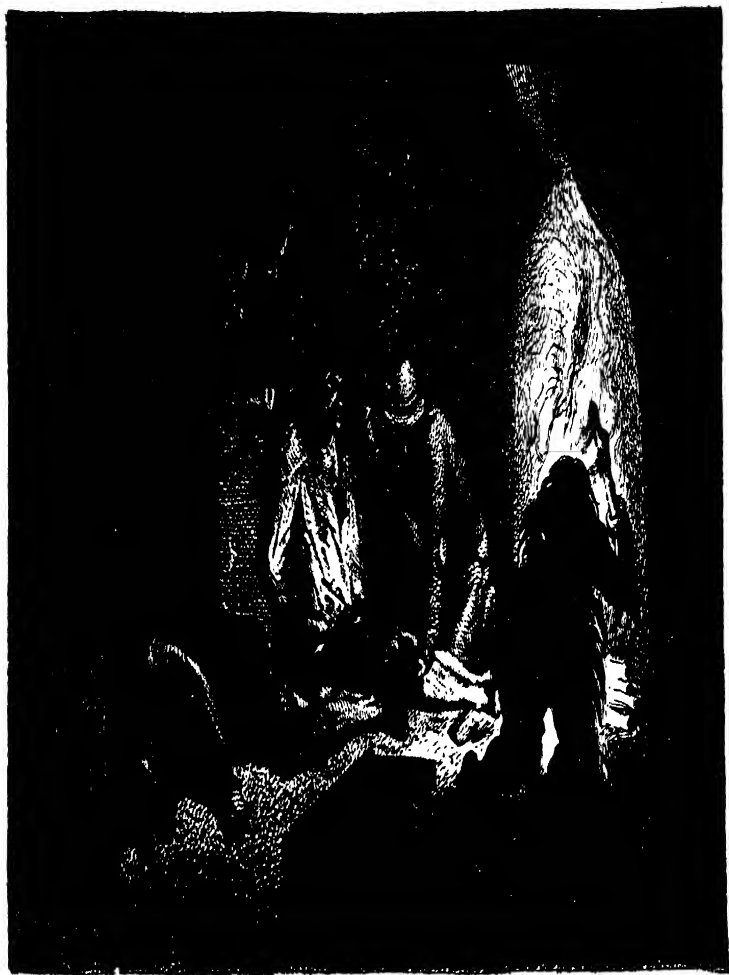
THE tremendous events of the 14th of July, 1789, totally disorganized and presently destroyed the whole power of the old Monarchy throughout Central and Southern France. As the tidings of the fall of the Bastile and the events in Paris spread into those sections, the effects were rapid and most terrible. The people, enslaved so long by the most irritating and crushing feudalism, rose instantly and furiously against their oppressors, and in a moment rent away their chains.

The course of revolutionary violence, while controlled and directed in the metropolis, burst forth in devastating fury in the Provinces. The great tidings of the fall of the Bastile kindled France. The entire fabric of ancient authority vanished like a vision of the night. The old authorities were, without resistance, superseded in every city, town, and bailiwick, by "Committees of Liberty," who selected new officials with new names.

The army unanimously rendered its adhesion to the new order of things. National Guards were organized in every commune of the monarchy. In some portions of the land these changes occurred without violence. But in the center and south, in Alsace and Burgundy, in Franche-Comte and Champagne, in Auvergne and Languedoc, where the oppressions of the nobles had been most severe,—the feudal burdens most intolerable,—the social and financial condition of the peasants such as had prostrated them between the upper and nether mill-stones of suffering, there, the outbreak of revolt and violence was most terrible. They instantly and with a fury indescribable in its dreadful intensity sprang to arms, stung by the recollection of the abuses and outrages which they and their fathers had endured for centuries.

Now that the restraints of the central power were removed, they gave free scope to their revenge.

They rushed to the châteaux of the nobles, and abodes of



TORTURING BAILIFFS IN REVOLT OF TEASANTRY, AUGUST, 1789.

the bailiffs and tax-gatherers. The châteaux were plundered, and the nobles, when found, were slaughtered with the most ferocious brutality. Some were flayed alive; some were roasted over slow fires; some were whipped to death. Delicate women and beautiful maidens, brought up in the lap of adulation and grandeur, were compelled to endure every outrage and torture that human nature could invent to destroy the victims of its brutality, and when death mercifully came to their relief their despoiled bodies were refused burial. The châteaux, often the monuments of the taste and elegance of the sixteenth century, were ruthlessly burned. At night, the flames of these palaces illuminated the heavens. The roads were filled with a multitude of noble women, of children, and of men, fleeing from a peasantry whose terrific wrath had been nourished by the wrongs of generations.

The National Assembly heard with emotion the accounts of these outrages and crimes, and made earnest efforts to restore order. Regular troops under efficient generals, and National Guards, indignant that the Revolution should be disgraced by such excesses, hurried to the rescue, and order was partially restored.

In those parts of France where the nobles had lived *en famille* with their tenants, none of these outbursts occurred. In Brittany and La Vendée, the people looked upon the higher orders as their protectors and friends. There none of the leaven of infidelity had reached. God was known, but Voltaire was unknown.

La Vendée was a land beautiful and green with verdure. Its fields were nourished by the salt mists of the adjacent seas and ocean; and the country gently rolling and pastoral, or covered with vineyards and fertile farms, presented a beautiful landscape to the admiring eye. The West met the changes of 1789 with a contented stolidity, a profound loyalty to the King and Royal family, an unquestioning reverence for the Catholic church, and a tender affection for its lords and priests; many of whom worked with the peasants in their fields, joined in their rural amusements, attended their weddings, visited their sick, and wept with them over their dead. La Vendée was cut up into squares by canals and hedges, that irrigated the fields and protected the land, and was filled with cottages, which nestled under the shadows of chateaux, as a child in its father's arms. The Vendéans were accus-

tomed to reverence their nobility and to courteous and affectionate treatment as a response. Brittany and La Vendée stood aloof ; quiescent in changes that left a *King* and a *Church*, but prepared for *arms* if either were destroyed.

The peasantry themselves were of a superior spirit. Some were fishermen and braved the stormy surges that Iceland and the North rolled up on their coasts. Others were agriculturists, but pervaded by the fascination of the fairy lore which has rendered La Vendée and the West the hunting-ground of the seekers of the marvelous.

This was especially the character of the people of Brittany. The old druidical ruins ; the mysterious stones which had existed long before the armies of Cæsar destroyed Gallic freedom ; the white mists that crept up from the green surging Atlantic, and assumed forms of poetry and fæiry, all nourished the imaginative and the poetic spirit of a free and gifted people.

The Vendean cared nothing for Parisian liberty, nor for rights of men, nor for constitutions, because he had always lived, not a Frenchman, but a Breton, protected by the old medieval laws, rights, and life, which were like himself benevolent and kind. The same spirit pervaded Brittany and the other Bretons. They were proud, when a delegation of Bretons, in 1786, had heard Louis XVI. address them as "*My faithful Bretons.*" The Vendean and the Breton were Celts of the Celts. They loved the supernatural ; they believed in the fairy who reveled in the grass, and the elf who laughed from the hollows of the trees. They possessed implicit faith in magic wells, staffs, rings, circles, holy days, and holy waters. They heard the banshee's weird voice in the wail of the winds and in the moan of the sea. They were true French Irishmen. The Celtic blood was their blood. Their feelings toward Louis, Marie Antoinette and the royal family, were those of an Irishman of the eleventh century toward Michael Canmore, the day after he had defeated the Danes at Clontarf. In these facts and characteristics lay hid, as yet, as still as the gunpowder in a loaded cannon, the causes of that terrible struggle in La Vendée, which will constitute two of the most thrilling chapters of this history.

The south was royalist, but commercial, and the great cities of Lyons, Marseilles, and Toulon accepted the changes made at Paris so quietly that their names are

hardly mentioned by the chroniclers of the events of the summer of 1789.

The nations surrounding France had received with widely different emotions and sentiments the tidings of the stirring events we have narrated. In England the Revolution, as yet unstained by regicide and terror, was welcomed with joyful sympathy. The masses of the British people recognized in it the righteous and successful efforts of an oppressed nation to break its chains. As England in 1688 had roused herself to tear asunder the bonds of Stuart despotism, so the Englishman of 1789 believed that at last the stricken, oppressed French were about to become freemen.

At this time France had no more fervent champion or devoted friend than England. Pitt with his astute political genius might foresee the ultimate trend of these changes, but Burke and Fox warmly espoused the cause of the Revolution. The destruction of the Bastille was the theme of exultant British song, and was commemorated on some of the potter Wedgewood's most beautiful plate. The charm and illusion of a nation struggling after centuries of bondage into liberty, awakened the warmest and most sincere respect of the free Englishmen.

But among the courts of despotic Europe, the effect was very different. While none comprehended, as the Revolution did not itself, its tremendous future, yet all saw a threatening specter of insubordination and rebellion, rising to menace the stability of thrones and destroy the ancient order of states.

In Prussia, so prominent and influential in the statesmanship of the eighteenth century, the Revolution had a temporary but marked influence. The Prussian was at this time slavish from long centuries of feudal habit. In practical life he was docile. In theory and aspiration he was republican. He was atheistic and anarchical where he was Protestant Lutheran, and superstitious where he was Catholic. He submitted to the military despotism of a Prussia, and entered its military ranks where he was often beaten, disciplined, and killed to aid royal ambition. He grumbled over the lives of his Kings, and criticised in the most free terms their conduct. "I do what I please," said Frederick the Great, "and my people say what they please." In these words Prussia and Germany were revealed.

In 1789 the Prussian state was, as a critic and satirist

justly said, a stocking stretched across Europe. In the north, its length was respectable, but its width was contemptible. The center of its power was in Brandenburg. It had united to itself, under the great Elector and the great Frederick, parts of Pomerania, the whole of the Prussias, and Silesia. It possessed disattached territories at Anspach and Baireuth and on the Rhine, at Cleves, and even in Switzerland at Neufchatel.

The heart of Prussia was its army. That army constituted a formidable force of two hundred thousand men, severely disciplined, expert in the most intricate military tactics, and embracing in its regiments not alone Germans, but representatives of the whole world, even Moors, Turks, and Arabs being found in its ranks. It had the pride of the past. It was rendered glorious and terrible by its predecessors in those ranks, men who in a single year had driven the Austrians in pell-mell rout at Leuthen, scattered the French at Rosbach, and threatened the pride of the imperial Queen at Vienna.


The King of Prussia, Frederick William II., a lewd, imbecile, and vacant-minded monarch, had yet decision and character sufficient to turn pale with terror and rage at the story of the Bastille when the changes in France reached his ears.

Austria, that *congeries* of antagonistic and distinct races, the Slavs in the south and the Hungarian in the center, the Germans of Austria and Czechs of Bohemia in the north—a babel of languages and ideas—was welded together by reverence for the son of its great Queen, by military craft and by the necessities of its existence.

Austria was in 1789 under the paternal rule of the brother of Marie Antoinette, Joseph II. He was, as yet, a Holy Roman Emperor. Technically he was Emperor of Germany, but his power stopped on the Alps, at Switzerland, on the Eastern borders of Bavaria, and on the Southern boundaries of Saxony and Prussia. Joseph, a man of advanced ideas, of liberal mind, but of a restless and mobile character, had endeavored by force to raise a nation of serfs into a monarchical republic of freemen, and had met with painful surprises and constant defeat.

The singular, and to many the laughable, spectacle was presented of a reforming Emperor, seeking to reform and ameliorate races who hugged their chains in utter bewilderment.

Deceived and disappointed, thwarted in his most generous and beneficent intentions, impracticable and sensitive, this



excellent monarch was already on the verge of an early grave when the Bastile was destroyed.

He had inspired a revolt in the Low Countries by his enlightened persecution of a Jesuitical and corrupt priesthood, and while the cannons of Paris thundered liberty, those of Belgium thundered only defeat.

But Joseph was an affectionate brother, and the spectacle of his beautiful sister, the French Queen, subject to the possibilities of a humiliating revolution, roused his resolves, chastened his ideas, and stimulated him to make defensive preparations.

His early death changed, perhaps, the destinies of the Revolution.

Russia, seated amid the ices of a northern throne and in the twilight of a climate that well symbolized the twilight ideas of the people; possessed of an army of three hundred thousand men, impassible, courageous, and disciplined slaves, did not fear, but hated, the 14th of July.

Catherine II., the most sensuous, gifted, and splendid of women, alternated her licentious pleasures with curses against the constitutional monarchy.

Spain, united to France by mutual Bourbon blood, and reposing in the bosom of a dominant Catholicism, tempered and controlled by an Inquisition,—which yet dared to imprison and burn men of thought,—Lord of the Indies, but bereft of her European provinces outside the peninsula, was so firmly subdued and held by an effete despotism that at first scarcely a murmur of 1789 crossed the Pyrenees. Charles the Third, an enlightened prince, had just expired in 1788, and Charles the Fourth, his successor, was a hunter and a political idiot.

Italy, governed by many princes, was a land where Napoleon said that "among all her millions, he had only found two men." She inherited a fatal beauty and a magnificent past. But Italy heard with languor the thunders of the cannons of liberty beyond the Alps, and satisfied with her amours, her literature and her splendid history, she did not even sigh in her chains, but slept on the verge of the volcano. It was for another century to behold her "awake to freedom," and for that century to witness her free, from the "Alps to the Adriatic."

Such were the surroundings of France, in Europe, when the Constitutional Monarchy struggled into existence on the ruins of a feudal, yet absolute, throne.



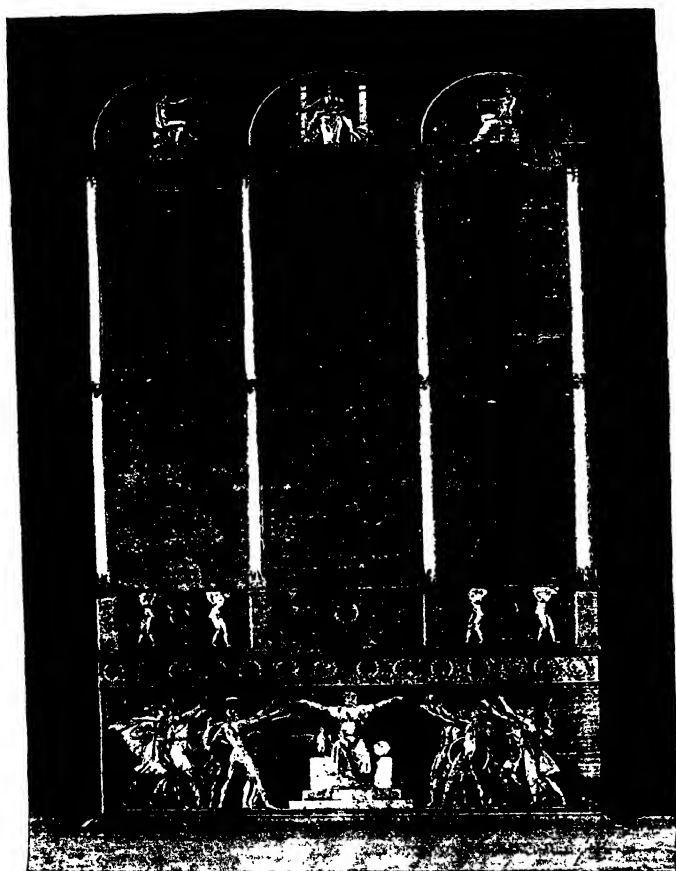
## CHAPTER VI.

### THE ICONOCLASMS OF THE FOURTH OF AUGUST.

THOUGH comparative peace had been established in Paris, yet, despite all the efforts of Bailly as Mayor, and of Lafayette as General of the National Guards, there were moments of great disorder. The people were suffering severely, and were unreasonable and suspicious. Food became daily more and more difficult to obtain. A famine threatened, and threats could not induce farmers nor gardeners to jeopardize their produce in a city which they yet believed to be a prey to mobs and tumults. The most absurd rumors were circulated by an excited and starving populace and were believed. Some declared that efforts had been made to poison the French Guards; to adulterate the flour; and to keep food entirely away from the suffering city. The most honest and earnest officials were compelled to appear before a disorderly and ignorant rabble, and each day to explain to their whims, fears, or caprices the efforts that were constantly and strenuously being made in their behalf.

One of the most unpopular and hated of the King's Cabinet was Foulon. He had been one of the ministers installed by Louis XVI. in the place of Neckar and his coadjutors when they were dismissed. He was an old man, austere, unfeeling, unprincipled, and contemptuous. He was severe and haughty in his dealings with the people. He called them by the vile epithet of "canaille." He made rash remarks tending to show his utter contempt for the populace and his sympathy with despotism. These words had circulated through the famished homes of Paris, and had kindled a fierce spirit of revenge in the hearts of the patriots.

In his office as intendant Foulon had been extremely harsh and insulting, and had treated his victims with horrible rapacity. And now the fury of the enraged people was directed toward him. He fled trembling and terrified to Virey. Bands of cursing men followed after and hunted over the place for him as they would track and hunt a wild beast. At length he was discovered. The anathemas

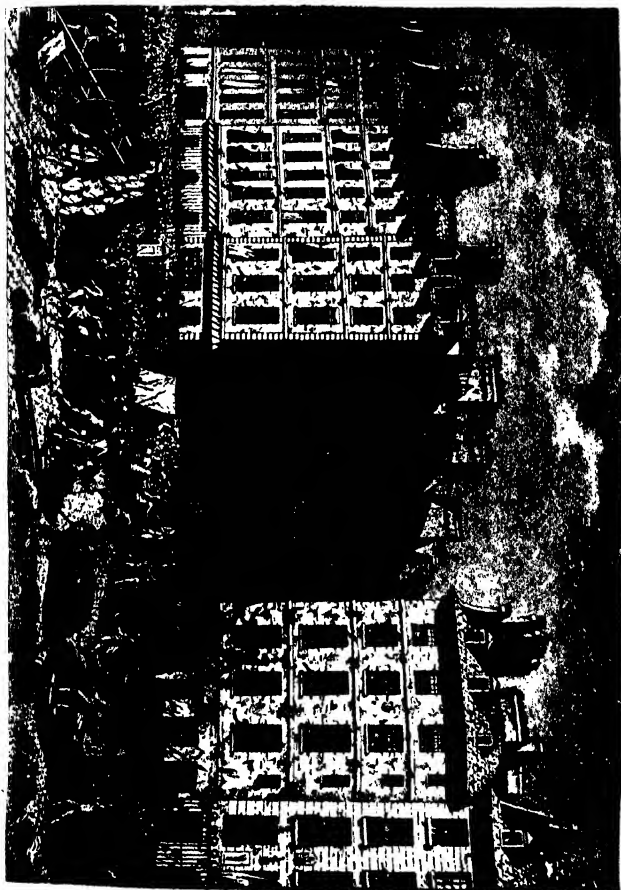


THE DECLARATION OF RIGHTS.

of his captors assailed him like a storm. They tied his hands with such cruelty behind his back, that he shrieked with pain. Because it was rumored that he had said that "he hoped the people would be reduced to eat grass," they bound upon his back a large truss of hay and from time to time the mob forced some of it into his mouth. With blows and abuse they drove him along and lashed his face with a bunch of thistles. His son-in-law (Berthier), a man of a similar temper and to whom was ascribed equally inhuman remarks, was arrested at the same time. These savage speeches infuriated the starving multitude and sealed the doom of the two prisoners. With curses and abuse Foulon was beaten along, and dragged, sweating and fainting, to the Hôtel de Ville. There the mob endeavored to extemporize a court, and to have Bailly, Lafayette, and others act as its judges. They all with horror refused. The authorities were taken by surprise and desired to gain time.

Lafayette exerted his utmost efforts to save Foulon. He remonstrated with the people. He besought them. He pleaded for a regular trial before a regular court. But as much as they respected the General, the mob could not be conciliated nor appeased. They only grew more furious. Again seizing Foulon, they dragged him down the stairs and suspended him struggling and screaming to a lamp. They pressed shouting and swearing around his convulsed and dying body, and before his last sigh had been given they cut him down, cruelly smote off his head, and tore out his heart. They placed these hideous objects, dripping blood, upon pikes, and singing ferocious songs they paraded them through the streets of Paris. At this terrible moment Berthier appeared in a cabriolet and surrounded by his captors. When the mob observed and recognized him, amid savage and infuriated howls they raised the bleeding head of Foulon towards Berthier. He was seized and dragged to the Hôtel de Ville. Berthier was a brave, if an unfeeling man. He was filled not with fear, but indignation. He denounced in the most severe and emphatic language the dreadful murder of his relative. The people were now transformed into men demonized by anger and revenge. They closed in around the unhappy Berthier. As they grasped him by the collar he made a desperate struggle. With a gigantic effort for a moment he disengaged himself from the fell grasp of the ruffians. Animated by an ecstasy of rage and despair,

THE FURBIE ASSASSINATION OF FORTYON, 1904S, I.T.V. 1780.



he seized a weapon from the hands of one of the assassins, and fought vainly but with a tiger-like energy and fury for his life. The mob soon beat him down and pierced him with pikes. They cut off his head, and raised it aloft beside that of his father-in-law. Leaving the bleeding bodies of Berthier and Foulon to be dragged with every insult and outrage through the kennels of Paris, until they had lost the very vestiges of humanity, the murderers swept through the streets of the city shaking the heads and shouting their triumph and revenge. The quickness of these tragedies rendered them possible. The victims were slain before troops could be gathered for their rescue. This appalling crime took place in front of the sanctuary of municipal power and in the very presence of the civic and military officials. An outraged and abused people, mad with hunger and frenzied with suffering, could not be restrained.

Lafayette was profoundly affected by these dreadful events. His indignation and horror were extreme. He threatened to resign his command of the national forces, and only the most earnest efforts of the new Commune of the city prevented him from carrying out the threat. The people themselves, having recovered from their rage, and now filled with dismay as they heard of the General's resolution, the next day crowded around their beloved champion and promised with tears that there should be order in the future; while the National Guards in the most affectionate and beseeching language entreated the General to retain his command. The Guards were innocent. Lafayette promised the guilty people, that upon the condition of their absolute obedience to his commands in the future,—so long as grounded upon the law,—he would consent to continue in his place. The people readily assented, but their promises were soon broken, and in a still more terrible manner.

The Parliaments of France yet continued, but were destitute of influence and power. They now united with the aristocracy and privileged ranks, in a common antagonism to a common danger. The nobility were as blinded as ever to the course of wisdom and peace. Hating all the reforms, and detesting constitutional government, they conspired to create a reaction in the public mind by themselves fomenting disorders. They imagined that by the increase of anarchy the people would become terrified, and like a vessel in a storm would seek again the safe harbor of the absolute

throne. Acting on these delusive principles they now all united with the National Assembly and were received with respect. But the deputies observed, with suspicion and astonishment, that the most rabid royalists were acting and voting in harmony with the most extreme revolutionist in their body. Cazafes, an officer of dragoons, became the mouthpiece of those nobles who were not concerned in this vain conspiracy, but who were openly and honestly engaged in efforts for self-defense and victory. The Abbé Maurey, a man of sophistical speech and smooth and persuasive eloquence, was constituted by the clergy their orator and advocate.

But revolutions never move backward only as resisted by military power. They are a rising and swelling tide, rolling in upon all opposition, and overwhelming and submerging every barrier, until the forces of their original energies are exhausted and spent. The French Revolution was of this kind. One barrier overthrown, it rushed on like the angry waters to beat down and destroy every other. The King's power having been wrested from his hands, it proceeded to obliterate the privileges of the nobles and to appropriate in the most radical manner all the wealth of the French church.

With that strange mixture of levity and patriotism which marks the unstable but enthusiastic French character, the people mingled drama with tragedy. The "Fall of the Bastile" was the title of a popular play. The solitary and aged prisoner found in its dungeons was exhibited to gaping multitudes as a show. Models of little Bastiles, in silver, gold, and brass, became the fad of the moment, and were eagerly purchased. The Bastile itself was rapidly demolished by gangs of workmen, aided by many of the citizens, who labored day and night with the utmost enthusiasm. Its stones were gathered and sold for excellent sums as mementos. A number of the stones were labeled and sent to various lovers of freedom throughout the world. The stonemason Pallay—who was a contractor for demolishing the citadel—drove a brisk trade in these patriotic symbols, and became almost rich on the ruins of the stronghold of despotism. The most busy of all trades in this hour of stagnation was that of the jewelers. They were crowded with orders for trinkets, pins, charms, and chains, modeled after something belonging to the prison-house of tyranny. Meantime the emigration continued and could not be stopped.

Noble dames and ladies led the flight. Nobles of every rank followed. Aristocratic officers in the army forsook their regiments or companies and departed to Brussels, while the high-borne clergy deserted their cathedrals and crowded to the frontier. But many eminent bishops and archbishops still abided with their flocks. The streets of London, Brussels, Berlin, and even Rome and Vienna soon beheld the haughtiest nobility of France, who distinguished themselves by ostentatiously flaunting the white cockade, and by their loud anathemas against the Revolution. None of these voluntary exiles believed in the permanency of the changes which had taken place. Walking in a mist of infatuation and pride, they could not see facts with any clearness. They insisted, with confidence, that the storm would soon blow over; that the serfs would soon return to their chains; that a reaction would overwhelm the enemies of the King; or in the last event, that they would return at the head of rescuing and conquering armies and restore the ancient monarchy. In countries under autocratic rule they were received with sympathy and cordiality as men who were martyrs because of their loyalty; but in free England, as yet not frightened by the later excesses of the Revolution, they were tolerated with a respectful coldness which only thinly veiled contempt. As the Revolution progressed and the years rolled away, these dreams of the unfortunate nobles were painfully dispelled. Many were reduced to direst want, but endured their privations with a silence and a dignity which compelled and won sympathy and respect. Counts became teachers of languages. Haughty dames of the noblest blood of old France labored as milliners or dressmakers, or sustained themselves by the arts of music and painting, which, as a pastime or accomplishment, they had learned in happier days. Many of the decrepit and sick were compelled to be pensioners on foreign bounty, and, at least in England, were treated with great generosity. It was twelve long years before the first of the emigrants ventured to return to France, and they were only assured of safety when the firm and liberal hand of the First Consul Bonaparte had grasped the helm of state.

The breaks in the ranks of the nobles were strikingly manifested in the National Assembly. There the array of empty seats, which they had in splendor so lately filled, was a mute witness of the extent of the aristocratic exodus. Alarmed by this wholesale self-expatriation, the Assembly endeavored

to cast obstacles in its path. When they heard that five hundred thousand crowns a day were being removed to foreign countries, some concealed in hollow walking-sticks, and the rest by various modes of secrecy, and how daily more than two hundred passports were demanded, until within two months from the taking of the Bastille six thousand such documents had been issued, they were depressed and indignant. Tidings also began to reach them of the younger nobility assembling at Coblenz on the Rhine and already forming a hostile camp, and conspiring against the Revolution. In Paris they learned that the panic had spread to such an extent that even the celebrated dancer Madam de Vestris and all her corps du ballet had departed for London. They saw trade ruined by the hasty departure of a host of liberal and opulent foreigners, and that but three Englishmen remained in the capital out of a great number who had lately resided there. They finally passed a decree that no Frenchman should be permitted to leave the country except upon a medical certificate of ill health. But the Faubourg St. Germain and the aristocratic streets of Grenelle, St. Dominique, and De l'Université continued to be depleted. The nobles laughed at the new law, feigned sickness, easily obtained a medical certificate, and merrily forsook their property and houses, only to starve through long years of penury in strange lands. Finally the Assembly passed a decree by which the commissary of each section must compare carefully the features of the traveler with the description upon the medical certificate. He was intrusted with power to prevent the departure of the alleged invalids at his own discretion. In this manner the Archbishop of Rheims, dying of consumption, was sent back to his palace.

But all was unavailing. Lovers of their country were saddened as they passed the late abodes of elegance, wealth, and life, and trod silent streets and beheld on every side in the windows, or on the doors of stately residences, the sign,—“This house to be rented or sold.” July and August were to the people of France months of mingled expectation and fear. The Assembly itself seemed astonished at the greatness of its triumph.

These rapid and revolutionary events had been witnessed by Marie Antoinette with dismay. She was confounded and paralyzed, but unsubdued. Hers was the resolute heart of her indomitable mother Marie Theresa. Though destitute



of the genius of that great Empress, she had an heroic soul concealed by a manner which was frivolous in prosperity, but entirely changed by the fearful adversity into whose gloom she now began to enter. But she was a true woman, and her consolations were of the heart. The proud Queen now wandered disconsolately through the gorgeous halls of the deserted Versailles. Her closest friends had fled, her faithful nobility were scattered. An unknown and frightful future stretched before her, and although in this hour of tears she could not see it, at the end of the long years of suffering and outrage she was to endure, was a blood-red guillotine.

The pleasant life which she had led amid the calm and rural loveliness of Little Trianon had now departed forever. No more delightful hours passed as a milkmaid or as the hostess of a farm. No more gay assemblies amid trees and flowers, blue skies above, peaceful waters near, and birds singing in the green foliage. The palace was still there, in all its grandeur and splendor; a court yet existed, but it was a mockery and shadow of the pomp, the power, and the thronging halls of a year before. Army and authority had slipped away from royal control, revolt was filling the provinces with terror, and a hostile Assembly, never really reconciled to the King until the last moment of its existence, was preparing for yet greater changes. Marie Antoinette with all her pride and courage was of a gay, a tender, and gentle nature; but nursed in the bosom of the haughty Austrian Cæsars, she cherished the most despotic ideas of royal prerogative. Affable and kind personally, simple in her tastes and habits, pure in the midst of a depraved court, despite scandalous slanders—a court whose licentiousness was born of a loss of religious faith and desertion of a Holy God and his righteousness,—she was yet in her whole nature true to her autocratic training and never in her heart reconciled to any changes of the Revolution. It was this fact which caused many of the future misfortunes of the monarchy.

The people at times trusted in the resignation to events and in the sincerity of Louis XVI., but back of him they well knew was a power and an influence in his wife which would never permit the King to really accept in his heart a constitutional monarchy. The conviction grew and constantly strengthened as the Revolution progressed, that all the King's professions of submission to the changes which it had wrought were only wrested from him through power, and in

no way born of his own beliefs. As Cromwell and his army lost faith in the sincerity of Charles the First, so—though Louis was a far better man than the English King—the French lost confidence in their King's sincerity. It began to be believed with a grieving positiveness by the French people, that no matter what might be the King's *words*, his *heart* was with the aristocracy. It was credited that if ever a reaction did come, the sovereign would joyfully plant himself on the side of his ancient authority. This belief was one of the causes which led in the near future to fatal scenes of violence, and finally to the destruction of the constitutional throne, to a Republic, and to the Reign of Terror. Well would it have been if both the Queen and her husband had loyally sustained the cause of the people and a righteous liberty.

The Assembly ever since its organization had been principally engaged in forming the outlines of a constitution, a labor it did not wholly intermit even during the terrible 14th of July. It also busied itself in perfecting a "Declaration of Rights," to be issued to the nation and to precede the Constitution itself. As its work progressed it assumed the more definite title of the Constituent Assembly, and earnestly developed in many debates its conceptions of the laws to be promulgated, and the rights to be maintained. As anarchy spread it hastened its actions. The burning of the châteaux and the destruction of property in every part of central and eastern France filled the Assembly with alarm. The increasing insubordination among the old regiments of the monarchy though now ranged under the tri-colored banner, showed how far the bands holding society together had been loosened. The Assembly had now become the sole barrier against total national disruption and confusion, except in Paris itself. It reached the conviction that the violence and disorder in the provinces could not be wholly quelled, except by the abolition of all the feudal privileges, which had been the cause of so much suffering and outrage in the revolted sections of France.

The night of the 4th of August came, a night as memorable in French history as the day of the 14th of July. The Viscount de Noailles gave the signal for the extraordinary scenes about to follow, by proposing the redemption of all the feudal rights and the abolition of every form of personal servitude. Amid vehement applause the decrees were passed

which swept away as by a flood the hoary wrongs, tyrannies, and institutions of ten centuries; and which made every Frenchman free and equal before the law. In an hour all citizens were declared eligible to any ecclesiastical, military, or civil employment, and to all dignities without distinction of birth and class. What Napoleon afterwards embodied in the sentiment, "a career open to talent," became from that eventful night a fact in the life of the French people. The hitherto impassable barriers of blood and rank were torn down forever. This was one of the greatest blessings, despite all its excesses, which the Révolution bestowed on France. A Frenchman in France is to-day, more than anywhere else in Europe, free to be all he has the eloquence, or courage, or genius, or talent to be, in church, army, state, art, or letters. France is, as to social, professional, and political opportunities, at this hour the most democratic country in the Old World.

This great step taken, the Assembly did not pause. All the seigniorial and landed rights and privileges, corvées, taxes, and preëmptions were abolished. Changes which a millenium had failed to achieve for England were accomplished by the French in an hour. What it has taken the English eight hundred years of Magna Charter, the great charter, bill of rights, and Puritan revolt to accomplish; what in England was alone won by a long civil war and the Revolution of 1688; what she has been seeking in the Reform Act of 1830, in the Chartist movement of 1848, and in the slow changes of the past forty years,—was accomplished by the National Assembly in a single memorable night; but a night of the most exalted patriotism and reckless enthusiasm. The Assembly was white-hot with generous sentiment. It destroyed, as utterly as though a deluge had swept over it, the France of the past, before it had made any proper foundation upon which to build the France of the future. The names of nobles sacrificing honors, rank, privileges, and powers followed each other in such rapid succession that they could not be written down except by forced pauses.

The hours passed. The red light of a new dawn dispersed the shadows in the Hall des Menus. The last brilliant star had hid itself in the azure of heaven, and all the birds were a-twitter in the trees, and yet the great work went on of patriotic devotion and revolutionary change. A sublime philanthropic delirium filled every heart. A benevolent

self-sacrifice animated each decree. The gigantic fabric of Feudalism, which had stood seemingly so strong and massive through so many ages, and seemed lately so impregnable—was now seen by the astounded world completely shattered and overthrown in a single night. It was, as a wit most aptly described it, "the St. Bartholomew of property." When, after these radical changes, the Assembly adjourned, the light of the sun of the 5th of August was shining brightly upon Versailles. They retired shouting, "Long live Louis, the restorer of liberty!"

The poor King, however, was no more influenced by a desire for these stupendous transformations than Marie Antoinette herself. He heard with forebodings, and an amazement difficult to describe, of this wholesale overthrow of the feudal past. After a period of sober reflection, and when the intoxication of enthusiasm had passed away, the nobility and clergy repented the sacrifices they had made and endeavored to have rescinded many of the decrees which they had indorsed the previous night, but it was not done. When these radical decrees were presented to Louis XVI. for his signature he said: "I can but admire the sacrifices, but I will never consent to be deprived of my nobility and clergy. If I am obliged to give way to force *I can but give way*, but then there will no longer be either monarchy or monarch in France." He declined to sign the decrees. "They were only," he asserted, "a text for future reforms." When this answer was returned to the National Assembly the deputies haughtily affirmed that all the decrees were constitutional, and did not need the royal assent. They proudly and insolently asserted that the sole business of the monarch was to promulgate the laws made by the National Legislature. The King flushed when he heard of these revolutionary claims, but his power to act had departed.

As yet the rights and limits of any new authority to be bestowed upon him had not been defined, and in this transition period he was but a helpless tool in the hands of the Assembly. He could refuse to sanction, but he could not prevent action. In these rapid changes we behold patriotism and generosity, but none of that calm wisdom and steady deliberation which is born of faith in God, and of prayer to God and recognition of God. It was reform and reconstruction, but with their foundations not resting upon "the Rock of Ages" and the Bible, but upon human expedi-

ency and a proud confidence in self. This history will show how rapidly in France all forms of order and liberty were sacrificed, and how in the increase of passions and reactions of resistances there arose not a constitutional and protecting liberty, but the most cruel, absolute, unjust, and intolerable tyranny that has ever assailed mankind and crushed human freedom and life. It is true this despotism was but for two years, but in that short period, the blood it shed, the cruelties it perpetrated, the murders it committed, the crimes it endorsed were so dreadful, that the world has shuddered for a hundred years at their mere recital, and has baptized that period forever, as the "Reign of Terror." Had France been Christian and followed Christ instead of Rousseau and Voltaire, all those horrors would have been impossible.

The radical acts of the 4th of August, 1789, now divided the Assembly into parties, each of which henceforth vigorously struggled for supremacy. They crystallized into a Left, a Right, and a Center. The party of the Left was composed of those in the Assembly who were the decided friends of *all* the new measures. The Right embodied those in the Assembly who yet favored the ancient régime. The Center consisted of prudent men, calm by nature, and moderate from character, who sought by conservative measures to temper and reconcile the heated antagonism and conflicts of the other two parties.

Above all parties and all men in the National Assembly Mirabeau now began to tower. His eloquence, genius, and audacity gave him an almost supreme control. His words were volcanic, and his personal magnetism was almost irresistible. He possessed a clear and practical mind, and saw without illusion the necessities and dangers of the times. He surveyed through an atmosphere unclouded by either sentiment or prejudice, and recognized the cold, hard facts as they were.

Beside this great Tribune of the people there were other able and eloquent men. There was the brilliant and generous Barnave, an enthusiast for liberty and a hater of the King and Queen, but presently by the beauty and misfortunes of Marie Antoinette to be transformed into a devoted and adoring royalist. At this time he was as stern a revolutionist as any in the Assembly. The change which the progress of events made in Barnave was as striking as the transformation which caused Sir Thomas Wentworth, the Puritan cham-

pion of freedom, to become Strafford, the tyrannical slave of Charles the First.

In the Assembly the silvery voice of Dupont and the rugged eloquence of Lameth added to the power of the aggressive Left. The royalists rallied under the wisdom of Cazeles and the sweet, seductive eloquence of the Belial tongued Abbé Maurey, while the Center was directed by the patriotic calmness of Lally Tollendal.

The Assembly early in August issued to France a carefully prepared document containing its "Declaration of Rights," with a commentary. The last was a confusing and metaphysical paper, better suited to a political college than to a people on fire with excitement. Its purpose was to prepare the way for the Constitution, but it was so cloudy and obscure, so involved and contradictory, that it was misunderstood by the masses, received with indifference, and only used afterwards as one of the levers which radicalism employed to overturn the Constitution itself.

But the great event of what is termed the spoliation of the clergy now began to embroil the Assembly in new and bitter divisions and feud. The clergy as a whole had been among the most ardent advocates of the rights of the people. The curés and abbés had sympathized fully with the sorrows and wrongs of the oppressed. They had proved their loyalty to the Revolution, up to that very hour, by many sincere manifestations. They had been received with the most respectful and affectionate applause when in June they united with the Third Estate. But all this was now forgotten by the deputies of the people, and by the revengeful nobles. In a single session all the lands of the clergy; their buildings, their revenues, their convents, monasteries, and wealth of every sort in woods, vineyards, fish-ponds, orchards, fields, farms, in rights of taxes of rents, of tithes, were confiscated by the State. Those hitherto earnest friends of the Revolution were appalled and confounded by such a wholesale spoliation.

The Abbé Sieyès, whose pamphlet, "What is the Third Estate?" had aided so much the initial steps of that body in its successful struggle for power, and whose proposition had created the National Assembly, was amazed and terrified. He had excelled Mirabeau himself in progressive tendencies, and now he saw his church about to be robbed, her revenues to be appropriated, and her clergy in a

moment about to be reduced from great landed proprietors to abject pauperism, or to enslaved stipendiaries of an infidel Assembly. He remonstrated in the most vigorous manner. He used every argument that his subtle genius might suggest to delay the fatal vote, but vainly. Able bishops and ecclesiastics appealed to the gratitude, the justice, the decency, as they termed it, of the Assembly but with equal lack of success. The whole estates of the clergy of every kind were seized. They were promised a regular stipend, according to their rank and office, from the State, and it is upon that basis that the revenues of the Catholic Church in France have since existed. Its ministers are paid by the government. It was November before the work was wholly consummated.

The dissolution of the monasteries in England by Cromwell, in the reign of Henry VIII., was but a mere bagatelle compared to these vast appropriations of clerical wealth.

The Assembly employed the wealth thus obtained in presently issuing, upon its basis, millions of paper money called assignats; while in all parts of France also they freely offered the confiscated lands for sale.

It was at this time that the legislative body formally declared itself to be one chamber, and debated the powers to be still left to the King.

The discussion of his right to the veto awakened all the jealousies and fears of Paris. Orators stood on tables and vehemently denounced the granting of such dangerous power to a disaffected monarch. They asserted that to bestow the veto on Louis XVI. was to totally undo all the work of the Revolution. On September 10th, excited and enraged mobs began to gather around the Palace Royal, but Lafayette caused the reveille to be beaten and rapidly assembled the National Guards. Though this force was obedient and gathered with serried ranks and in large numbers, yet it taxed the utmost energies of the general, who employed mingled threats and conciliation, to prevent an outbreak. Daily collisions began between the National Guards and the lower classes, and the latter growled "that a 'royal despotism' had been succeeded by a 'citizen despotism.'" The Assembly after a long and violent debate, being favored by Mirabeau, who now first began to draw back from further radicalism, at length bestowed the veto upon Louis, but only for two sessions.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE MOB AT VERSAILLES.

**I**T was now October. In the beautiful parks and gardens of Versailles and Paris the leaves were fading into sere and yellow, and the moist ground was covered with those fluttering harbingers of a cold and severe winter. In many homes in Paris want existed, and threatened starvation brooded like a demon of darkness upon the minds of men who had dared and hoped all for liberty. The convulsions of the summer had so discouraged labor and terrified commerce that a dreadful famine threatened the metropolis. Men must eat, and families be clothed and fed. The Parisians soon found out that shouting for the nation, dancing a Carmagnole, and singing "*Ça Ira*," would not bring bread to their crying children, wood to their decaying fires, nor meat to their empty larders.

Prices constantly rose, and wheat was so scarce that even a bounty from the city could hardly produce an insufficient supply. Hungry men left hungry wives weeping and hungry babes wailing for food, and on the quays, in the city gardens, and at the Palace Royal, they fiercely denounced the authorities. The Duke of Orleans, reveling in plenty and wealth, craftily inflamed their passions and subtly ascribed the scarcity to the inhuman machinations of the King, and especially the Queen and her satellites. These malignant slanders were received by the enraged and suffering people with unquestioning faith, and were believed to be the real solution of the trouble. The people were neither financial experts, historical students, nor political economists. Ignorant of the laws of trade and conditions of prosperity, they were rendered almost mad by their sufferings, and they ascribed all these sufferings to the conspiracies of a court that yet existed, and to an unfeeling and despotic Queen. In this condition of high-wrought sensibility it needed but a spark to again produce a revolutionary explosion. All the efforts of Bailly as Mayor, faithfully assisted by the Commune and by Lafayette, could



not rectify these delusions nor provide from a distracted country a sufficient quantity of provisions to supply the pressing wants of the great population of Paris.

In the many changes which had been made by the National Assembly, they still permitted the King to be possessed of his Household Guards. These brave and faithful men were all of gentle blood, and devotedly protected the unhappy monarch. They were few in number, only three hundred, but they were veterans in courage, and were in their fidelity to the King as devoted as the Roman sentinel at Pompeii to his trust. There were also, as yet, amid the defections of the troops a number of proprietary regiments guarding the frontier of Flanders, and garrisoning portions of the Eastern Provinces, who at least possessed loyal officers. The Germans in the royal pay were but little affected by a revolutionary propaganda which was presented to them in an alien tongue, while the Swiss were as true to their salt as a Highlander of 1745 to his chief. The jealousy of the Assembly and the fears of the people of Paris had removed these regiments to frontier fortresses and distant encampments.

Early in October the Regiment of Flanders, which had been summoned from the north, reached Versailles. The privates were somewhat infected with revolutionary ideas, but the officers were all intensely loyal to the King, and antagonistic to the National Assembly and National Guards. From some occult reason the Legislature had passed the decree which enabled this regiment to march into Versailles. In its white uniform with red facings and epaulettes the regiment entered amid much military pomp, and was quartered near the palace. It was warmly received by the King's Body-guard, and its officers were welcomed as devoted servants of royalty.

On the third of October, 1789, the King's Body-guard, in order to honor the Regiment of Flanders, gave a banquet to these officers in the beautiful Orangery of the Palace. What would have been a natural and harmless act a year before, was, in a time of such distress and suspicion, the height of imprudence. The Orangery was profusely decorated, and tables spread with the choicest viands extended along the center of the room. The galleries were crowded with beautiful and elegant women. A band occupied the extremity of the hall and enlivened the entertain-



THE GARDE DU CORPS ENTERTAINING THE REGIMENT OF FLANDERS IN THE ORANGERY AT  
VERSAILLES, OCTOBER 3, 1759.

ment by delicious music. The officers fraternized with enthusiasm, and the festivities were joyous and long.

In the midst of their revel, while they were heated with wine and elevated by martial reminiscences of old wars and old victories under the white banners of the Bourbons, suddenly the large folding-doors at the end of the hall were thrown open and the Royal family entered. The room immediately resounded with the most enthusiastic cheers. Louis moved down the festive scene with his lovely Queen by his side, and she carrying in her arms the beautiful heir of France, and leading by the hand the little princess, Marie Theresa. The Queen was flushed and her eyes radiant. The King appeared sad but gratified. The loyal soldiers saw in those august personages suffering martyrs. At this moment the band struck up the plaintive melody, "O Richard, O my King, the Universe abandons thee." The music seemed to rouse the officers to a frenzy of pity and loyalty. They thronged around the Queen. They pressed fervently to their lips her hand, her dress; they lifted their swords on high and shook them, while they cried out, "*Long live the King! Down with the Nation.*" Inspired by the fumes of wine, they tore the tri-colored cockades from their hats and trampled those emblems of revolution with fury and contempt under their feet. They could not be restrained. Mingled with shouts for the King were yet more enthusiastic vivas for the Queen. Louis was deeply affected. His Queen shed tears of sensibility at the display of such devotion, and for a period all surrendered themselves to the loyal delirium of the hour.

The next day the tidings of this banquet, those cries against the nation, that dishonoring of the People's Cockade, began to spread in an exaggerated form through starving and desperate Paris. The natural actions of a King and Queen in the midst of their friends, were magnified into their indorsement of all the rash acts of the officers. The royalists of the Faubourg de St. Germain deprecated the imprudence of the "orgies," as they were stigmatized, of the Body-guards; but it was hoped by Lafayette and Bailly that no serious result would ensue from the banquet. In this, they and the conservative elements were alike mistaken. The people, suffering and starving, believed themselves derided and insulted.

The fifth of October, 1789, dawned upon Paris. It was

a cold, chilly, and stormy day. The rain swept the streets and the wind blew the yellow autumn leaves from the trees. Toward noon a famishing young woman, as by an inspiration, seized a drum and began to beat it through the streets in the section of St. Antoine. It was a magnetic call. As the drum was heard, a host of women seized hatchets and pikes, and rushed out furiously into the mud-died streets crying, "Bread! Bread!" Men by hundreds, hollow-eyed and desperate, joined their ranks. The crowd rapidly increased. The great mass were miserable and hungry mothers and wives. They rushed along the quays and reached the square of La Grève in front of the Hôtel de Ville. They were loud and threatening. A battalion of National Guards, drawn up in the Place de la Grève, refused to fire on these suffering and famished females, who were almost insane with want. They strongly sympathized with their troubles. Suddenly a cry arose, "To Versailles, to Versailles," and a large horde of the constantly increasing throng began to surge along the quays, directed by that Maillard so infamous afterward in the massacres of September, 1792. A body of insurgents yet remained in front of the Hôtel de Ville, vociferating for bread. At this crisis General Lafayette appeared. Portions of the National Guards to the number of several thousands gathered around the General, but refused to attack the starving and frenzied multitude of distracted females. Lafayette exerted his utmost influence to change the direction of the mob from Versailles, though large bodies and the vast additions of the streets were constantly drifting in that direction.

Carlyle gives a flamboyant picture, in his "History," of Lafayette sitting upon his white horse in the ram, and hour after hour rebuking and exhorting the mob and entreating them to retire to their homes. The General *did* use the most strenuous but futile efforts. The National Guards were in sympathy not with the disorders but the wrongs and wants of the people. The very core and chivalry of the revolt against absolutism, they were filled with fury against the Body-guards and Regiment of Flanders, confounding the soldiers, who were mostly disloyal, with their officers.

They loudly cried, "Let us march and exterminate those traitors who have trampled on the cockade of the Nation!"

Lafayette saw the mob dispersing not to their homes, but *toward Versailles*. Tidings came to him of the constantly increasing hordes who were already a long distance on their road to the voluptuous palace of autocratic despotism, and now himself filled with fear that a catastrophe might occur, he set out for the Palace. He had twenty thousand National Guards, all uniformed and disciplined. The French guards in their ranks stabilized the rest. The Guards loved their General, but pitied the people and distrusted the King. On account of the tempest and mud their march was slow. The rain fell and the storm increased, but the faithful Guards, while determined not to assail the populace and secretly resolved themselves to drag Louis XVI. from his old home of feudalism into the center and power of revolted Paris, showed every obedience and respect to Lafayette. As the General pondered on that muddy and stormy march, while pale with anxiety for fear some cruel outrage would be inflicted on the royal family, perchance he became more favorable to the plans of his soldiers.

Meanwhile Maillard and his frantic host of women, men in women's clothes, hordes of drunken bravos and yelling *canaille* approached Versailles. The tidings of this tumultuous crowd had reached the palace. The great gates were shut, and the devoted Body-guards manned the defensive posts. The King, who had been hunting as usual at Meudon, was called back to Versailles and every effort was made for defense. The Regiment of Flanders, sullen and ashamed of the part their officers had taken on the third of October, formed into line but would not move.

And now the mob, yelling, shrieking, cursing, came pouring into Versailles. A delegation of women assailed the National Assembly and loudly presented their wants, through Maillard as their spokesman. The President of the day calmly assured them that their sufferings should be relieved and their wants immediately supplied. The temporary legislative guard which had volunteered to protect the Assembly assumed a menacing aspect, and grounding their arms, prepared to present bayonets, when the frightened female mob rapidly forsook the Assembly.

A deputation of women forced their way and were admitted into the King's presence. They were kindly received. They declared their wants and loudly called for food. They were with difficulty finally induced to with-



draw. A generous motion was made to adjourn the National Assembly and to rally its members around the threatened Monarch, but it was coldly received, and it is asserted that through the influence of Mirabeau it was rejected. The rapid and immediate change of the great democratic leader after these terrible events into the determined supporter of a constitutional monarchy, renders this accusation highly improbable.

Versailles was filled with drunken, needy, and desperate women and men, and some of the more chivalric deputies of their own accord hurried to the palace and appeared before the King. Meantime, repulsed by the Assembly the starving women and men thronged the streets. The tumult begun by a suffering and needy female had assumed almost incredible proportions. It had called from their dens in Paris "all the foul birds of night." Ruffians and thieves, drunkards and harlots hastened to Versailles and were undistinguished and lost in the mighty multitude. They surged up to the gates of the palace, they assaulted its iron railings, they yelled out threats against the Queen; they cried, "Bring us out the Austrian woman! We will have her head, we will have her bowels!"

The faithful three hundred Body-guards with despairing fidelity presented their bayonets amid the night, gloom, and rain, and were ready to fight until the last. The gates shook, the palace was panic stricken, the fearful cries reached even the monarch and his wife. All the popular fury seemed directed against the Queen. She was cowed and frightened. Even her resolute heart sank under her fears of assassination. That they were well grounded the next few hours of tumult sufficiently revealed.

But meantime, after a slow and dilatory march, as the clocks in Versailles struck midnight the serried ranks of twenty thousand National Guards began to appear. The beating of the many drums of so great a host sounding up the avenue between Versailles and Paris had already been heard by the violent hordes, and had thrown them into a panic. Rank after rank, in huge array, drums beating, but wet and fatigued, the national troops poured into Versailles. They immediately presented bayonets and drove the yelling and ferocious mass of desperate men and women before them and out of the palace courts. Lafayette, in rain-soaked and muddied garments, hurried into the presence of

the King. The monarch's aunt, Madame Adelaide, a nervous and aged woman, when she saw the commander of the rescuing National Guard, impelled by the enthusiasm of protected senile age threw herself into his arms and cried out, "General, you have saved us all." But her emotions were not partaken by the rest of the Royal family. Marie Antoinette was courteous but silent, and the King could but be wonder-struck at such an array of vagabonds, the refuse and *canaille* of Paris, being permitted to invade the very home of their sovereign. Lafayette assured the King that he should be protected. He said that he was willing to sentinel the whole palace within and without, and that he would bivouac some of his troops in the gardens while the rest might find shelter in Versailles. The monarch replied that his own Body-guard should sentinel the palace within, but that Lafayette might occupy all the posts without.

The General did not object, and overcome by fatigue, after arranging his troops he retired for a few hours' repose. The custody of all the inside of Versailles was given to the three hundred Body-guards. The National Guards posted their sentinels without, and some encamped, while others found refuge from the tempest in the houses of Versailles. But the restless, hungry, and enraged hordes did not sleep. Shielded by the rain and profound darkness, they prowled through the streets and among the wine-shops of Versailles, now and then howling like wild beasts. Many of them stealthily approached the palace and hovered near its gates. It is charged that during the night the emissaries of the Duke of Orleans were plying the mob with brandy and bribing them with money to commit further violence. At intervals, singing and yelling, they filled Versailles with confusion and fear.

The royal family, confiding in the assurances of Lafayette, had retired to rest. The Queen sought repose from the excitement of the day in her chamber. Believing that she was protected she made her usual preparations, and was soon wrapped in sound slumber. The royal children under the guardianship of their nurses slept in all the happy peace of childhood and innocence. Without the Queen's door there stood two royal halberdiers of the household troop, gentleman of the utmost fidelity. Two more were stationed at the foot of the wide marble steps of the royal stairway. For several hours silence reigned in the splendid



abode. But it was soon destined to be rudely and terribly dispelled.

About five o'clock on the morning of the 6th of October, a gang of prowlers discovered, either through neglect or treachery, the gate leading directly to the Queen's stairway to be open and unguarded. The tidings spread, and immediately a wrathful, demonized rabble rushed in, calling out, "Bread or Death!" Directed by some malignant mind well acquainted with the location of the rooms in this part of the great palace, the drunken rabble reached the stairway leading to the Queen's sleeping-chamber. The two faithful halberdiers, Des Huttes and Moreau, heard and saw their approach. With a spirit of Spartan devotion they immediately crossed their weapons in front of the furious mob who were rapidly filling the landing below, and at the same time shouted up the stairs to the Guards stationed there, "Save the Queen! Save the Queen!" A desperate conflict ensued. The two heroes struggled with mighty energy, and for a moment held back the roaring and infuriated mob. Des Huttes, pierced by a hundred pikes, fell, covered with blood. His head was severed from his body, and his bleeding corpse, despoiled of its uniform, cast headlong upon the pavement below. Moreau retreated up the stairs toward the landing above, fighting with desperate courage, and loudly calling for aid. Two Body-guards, De Varicourt and Durepaire, responded immediately. Moreau, wounded and bleeding, was rescued; and De Varicourt and Durepaire then renewed the struggle, fighting with equal courage and devotion, and making the most heroic resistance against the assaults of the ferocious and shouting horde who now crowded furiously up the stairs. Varicourt was quickly slain, but Durepaire, a man of gigantic strength, held the mob at bay several moments, until he fell exhausted from loss of blood.

The shouts and cries of "Save the Queen!" and the clashing of the arms, had awakened Marie Antoinette from a profound slumber. Her ladies of honor rushed to her assistance. They hastily cast a cloak over the trembling form of the Queen, and she fled in *deshabille* to the King's apartments. Faithful servants, with the rapidity of desperation, strongly barricaded the doors leading to that last sanctuary. The mob with redoubled ferocity forced the stairway, trampling on the dead body of De Varicourt;

beat down the door to the Queen's chamber, and with violent cries rushed in. Their victim had escaped. With disappointed rage they thrust their swords and pikes again and again into the bedclothes of the Queen's couch, ransacked the room, and furiously beat against the barricaded door, using the most vile and frightful language, and shouting out their purpose to have the head of the Queen.

But the struggle and the cries had aroused the adjacent National Guards. They instantly comprehended the danger. A portion of the old French Guards embodied in their ranks hurried forward crying, "Let us save the Body-guards! they saved us at Fontenoy!" They rushed up the stairs, drove the ruffians at the point of the bayonet, as they cursed and yelled, out of the Queen's chamber, and down the stairway, dispersing them in the court below.

As the mob retreated they dragged the dead bodies of the two Body-guards after them. They added the head of De Varicourt to that of Des Huttes, and elevating on pikes the ghastly and bleeding trophies, they carried them with the uniforms of the butchered soldiers around the palace, as standards of cruel victory. Meantime, wakened by a breathless messenger who announced these fearful tragedies, General Lafayette, ashamed and confused, hurried into the presence of the monarch. He entered the chamber of the King, and in an embarrassed tone apologized for his delay. The King was cold and distrustful.

"I greatly regret, Sire," said Lafayette, "this outrage. I had supposed all the avenues to the palace sufficiently guarded to prevent any attack. I rejoice that your Majesty and your family are safe."

The King made no reply, and the Queen, as yet half-clothed, was haughty and incredulous.

As the day began to dawn, the ministers and friends of the monarch assembled in the room, while the Queen and her ladies retired. The rioters outside still filled the court, and seemed to defy the National Guards, who half sympathizing with their hunger and suffering, rested upon their arms. They were themselves a part of the people and suffered with the people. Seeing that the soldiers abstained from an attack the mob became more violent and savage than ever. It has been one of the mysteries of the Revolution why Lafayette did not at this moment concentrate his forces and drive those ruffians back to Paris. It is asserted,

however, that many of the rioters had during the night insinuated themselves into the camp and ranks of the National force, and corrupted and fraternized with others. It should also be remembered that the Revolutionary army itself burned with indignation as it recalled the banquet of the 3d of October.

About eight o'clock, when the Queen reappeared, the mob began to shout, "The King, the King!" The terrified attendants of the monarch besought him not to jeopardize his life. But Louis was calm and fearless. With a bold, yet benevolent look, he stepped out upon the balcony, and subdued the surging mass below into silence and respect by his courage and benignancy. The fickle mob loudly applauded him, crying, "Long live the King!" But on the monarch's retiring the tumult was renewed, and savage voices shouted, "The Queen—let the Queen appear." It was an appalling moment. Those ruffian men a few hours before had made the most desperate assault upon her life. Her attendants believed that the moment she presented herself on the balcony, she would be assassinated. The King himself trembled with apprehension. The shouts grew louder. Lafayette stepped forward, took the Queen's hand, and led her with her two children out upon the balcony. The mob applauded the Revolutionary General, but cried louder than ever: "No children! the Queen alone! No children!" Unintimidated, the daughter of a hundred Cæsars handed the Dauphin and the little Marie Theresa to the friends within, motioned to Lafayette to retire behind her, and stood *alone* before the yelling multitude. Her attitude was heroic, sublime, and resigned. She crossed her hands upon her bosom, and with a calm face and noble and majestic air she gazed unquailing on the murderers below. An assassin lifted his musket and pointed it at the Queen, but it was in a moment beaten down by others. And now a great thrill of emotion and admiration for this heroic woman swept through that angry multitude. Their enmity for the moment was entirely overcome, and with a rapturous enthusiasm they burst out into "Long live the Queen!" which they repeated again and again until the walls of the palace seemed to shake. Lafayette at this moment came forward and kissed the Queen's hand.

Thus it ever is with a Godless and Christless mob. All is impulse and nothing is principle. Fickle as the wind,

changeable as an April day, they flatter or abuse, kill or save, cry "Hosanna," or "Crucify him," as the uppermost mood enthralles their hearts. This was especially true of the impulsive hordes who ravaged Paris.

The mob had captured many of the Body-guards and were shamefully abusing them. "General Lafayette," said the Queen, as she entered once more the apartment, "save the Body-guards." The General, with tears of admiration in his eyes, for the heroic Queen, obeyed. He stepped out upon the balcony, made an earnest appeal, and the Body-guards were released and consigned to the custody of the National troops.

On returning to her husband, Marie Antoinette clasped her little son the Dauphin to her heart, and addressing the King pathetically she said: "Promise me, Sire,—I conjure you in the name of this beloved child, in the name of all you hold most dear, for the safety of France and that of your son,—promise! oh promise me! that if such an occurrence as this again presents itself, and you have the means to withdraw from it, that you will not fail to do so." These words deeply affected the unfortunate Louis XVI. He made no reply; but cast on his wife a tender glance and passed into the adjoining chamber.

And now the mob, forgetful of its transient emotion and unappeased, began to cry out, "Bread, bread," and shouted the sinister command, "The King must come with us to Paris." The multitude took up the cry, "To Paris, to Paris."

Lafayette urged the monarch to comply. He spoke earnestly of the fears, sufferings, and needs of the people, and declared his firm conviction that the presence and residence of Louis at Paris would alone *mitigate disorder, assuage suspicion, and produce order and peace.*

Strange words with twenty thousand National Guards at his command! Let thoughtful men make their own comments. The King, greatly agitated and surprised at this new and overwhelming demand, hesitated. Versailles was his home. There his ancestors had reigned in splendor and power, there was the center of his royal authority, or its wreck. Within its walls had been the tender joys of his married life, There his children had been born, there one had lately died, and there he had passed many happy years. He believed that as long as he held Versailles all was



REJOICING AT VERSAILLES ON THE KING PROMISING TO GO AND DWELL IN PARIS, OCTOBER 6, 1789.

not lost. But the mob was inexorable, and the National Guards seemed to sympathize with its demands. The necessity for departure became pressing, in order to prevent more terrible disorders, and finally the unhappy monarch and his family sorrowfully made hasty arrangements for their journey. The National Assembly decreed that it was inseparable from the person of the monarch, and that it would follow him to Paris.

At one o'clock, so astoundingly rapid had been the progress of events, carriages drew up in the great court of Versailles to receive the royal family. The King, the Queen, the Princess Elizabeth, the Count de Provence, the monarch's brother, and the rest of the family of Louis descended the magnificent marble steps of the vast grand stairway to the court below. They were about to leave the golden halls, the magnificent rooms, the beautiful parks and gardens of Versailles *forever*. From that day four of that stricken family never saw Versailles again. The Count de Provence, returning after a long exile and reigning as Louis XVIII., was free to visit it. The little Marie Theresa as the Duchess d'Angoulême, during the Restoration, often entered its walls; but for the King, his wife, his sister Elizabeth, and his tender and loving little son, it was a farewell forever. Amid the weeping of a large circle of servants, friends, and nobles the royal family entered the carriages. The King appeared distraught. The eyes of the brave and beautiful Queen were humid with bitter tears. Under these pathetic circumstances Louis XVI. departed from the palace of his ancestors.

The dismal procession started and was accompanied by scenes of excess and horror. Bands of intoxicated men and women marched arm in arm before the carriages, singing either vile or Revolutionary songs, and brandishing in the air, pikes, muskets, and hatchets. Cannons rumbled behind, on which were seated females in hideous attire. Then came two hundred of the monarch's faithful Bodyguards disarmed, deprived of hats and belts, and led along in captivity by the National Grenadiers. Behind these marched the National Guards in close array, Lafayette in command. The rear was closed up by a confused mass of Cuirassiers, members of the Regiment of Flanders, and a disorderly and hooting mob. Directly before the King's carriage proceeded ruffians, bearing aloft the ghastly and



RETURN OF LOUIS XVI. TO PARIS.

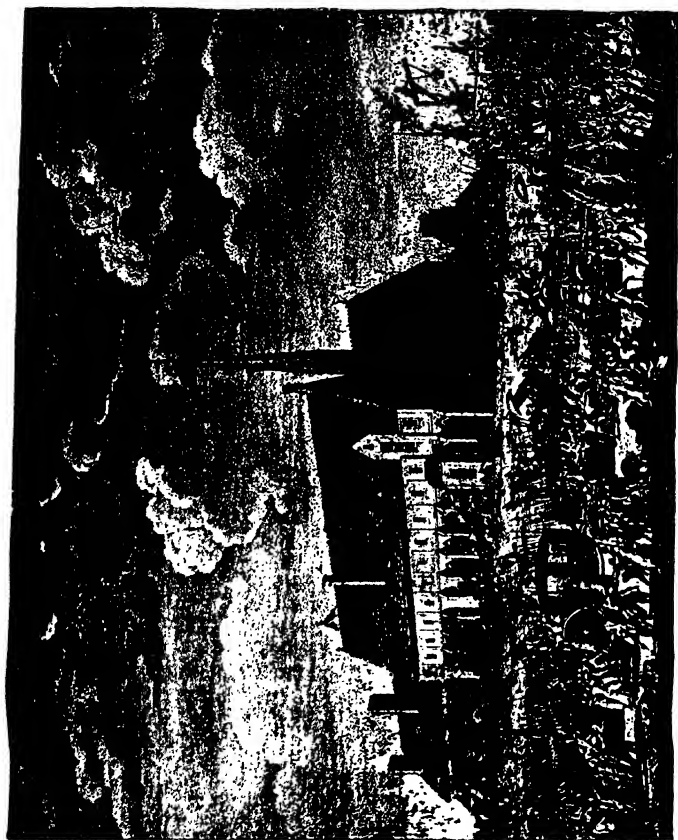
bloody heads of the two murdered Body-guards, and between these gory trophies strode the butcher Jordan, his arms and axe besmeared with blood. As the people in this cruel and tumultuous manner entered shuddering Paris, after a slow, long march of seven terrible hours, they yelled in triumph : "*We shall now have bread, for we have the Baker, and the Baker's wife and the Baker's little boy!*" The Queen suffered greatly during this impeded and dilatory journey. From time to time the brutal band in front would lower the heads of her devoted Body-guards, who had perished fighting for her, and present them at the windows.

The hoarse cries of inebriated men and women who had lost all decency; the constant fusillade from the crowd as though celebrating a victory; the confusion and imprecations, which General Lafayette at this moment seemed powerless to hinder,—might of themselves have caused a delicate and tender woman to sink under her inflictions. But added to these outrages was the condition of her children and kindred. Her heart was rent with anguish at the suffering and weariness of her little son, who clung to his mother in terror and burned with thirst. She saw the tears of her daughter, the anguish of the Princess Elizabeth, the sorrow of the King, and her cup of misery overflowed. But there were yet more dreadful experiences reserved for the future, and 1791 and 1792 were to see more sad and atrocious processions than even this.

The infidel horde had won their triumph. The men without a God, a Bible or a faith, yet hungry and suffering, had found, as they vainly thought, in the capture of the King the panacea for all their woes. The godless leaders believed their conquest of the monarch to be complete.

One of the crying evils of the people of Paris in character is vanity. The Parisian French are an exceedingly vain, mercurial, and unstable people. A French revolution in that proud metropolis is always a revolution of extremes, in which not alone passion but vanity plays an important part. This characteristic pervades more or less the whole nation. The French are the Celt modernized. The Gascon with his vaporings is only an extreme manifestation of what is common to all. Lafayette, Bailly, Barnave, Mirabeau, Madame Roland, Vergniaud, Danton, Robespierre, and all the best and worst leaders of this tremendous Revolution were alike governed by the demon vanity. *Vanity* is the





KING LOUIS XVI AND HIS FAMILY ENTERING PARIS FROM VERSAILLES, OCTOBER 6, 1789.

desire for the admiration and applause of others. *Pride* is what character knows of itself. It was on the vanity of France and by his watchword, "Glory," that Napoleon through victory so firmly established his despotism. It was with his phrases, the "Grand Nation," the "Grand Army" that he captured the hearts of the Gauls.

This trait of vanity, national, ineradicable, hereditary, was the curse of France, and one of the causes, by the jealousies, hates, and suspicions it produced, of the failure of the Revolution. Decency and humanity would have kept the Saxon mind and heart from inflicting a long harangue and exhausting delays upon a royal family, who had mortally suffered from outrages and tortures for eight fearful hours. But no! Bailly, scientist, learned man, reputed sage though he was, must as Mayor of Paris vent his unfeeling vanity. At the barriers of the city the procession halted, and the hideous crowd for a moment ceased their tumults; while Bailly inflicted on the distressed monarch, and his wife and children, a long speech, abounding in arrogance, veiled attacks, and sarcasms. At the Hôtel de Ville, the rapid eloquence of Moreau de St. Méry must be heard. Louis, weary and sleepy, for his physical nature was imperative and tyrannical, listened vacantly and as vacantly replied: "I come with pleasure and confidence among my people." The crafty Bailly, who was standing on the steps of the Hôtel de Ville, reported these remarks of the King, but omitted or forgot to use the word "confidence." Marie Antoinette, alert amid all her anguish, immediately corrected him. "Monsieur Bailly," she cried, "add 'confidence,' add 'with confidence.'" "Messieurs," said Bailly, sarcastically addressing those present, "you are happier than if I had not forgotten."

It was now ten o'clock at night, but the King was obliged to appear by torchlight upon the balcony of the Hôtel de Ville, before a vast multitude. He had a tri-color cockade on his hat, and stood stupidly and wearily while the people clasped hands and shouted "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." At length the oppressed captives reached the Tuileries. It was eleven o'clock. The King alighted from his carriage, followed by his exhausted wife, his sister, and his suffering children, and entered the château of his ancestors. The château, or, as it now began to be called, the palace of the Tuileries, had been hastily opened, and a few rooms rapidly

fitted up to receive the monarch. As the little Dauphin entered, holding his mother's hand, he saw, instead of the comfort and splendor of Versailles, rooms with worn and faded tapestry, and filled with dilapidated furniture. The Prince gazed upon the dark and dismal chambers and said, "Mamma, it is very ugly here." "My son," replied the heart-broken Queen, commanding her emotions, "Louis XIV. lived here and found it very comfortable, and we must not be more fastidious than he." The child tenderly embraced his mother, and was silent.

Thus had Louis XVI. receded before the Revolution, on the 27th of June, on the 17th of July, and now on the 5th and 6th of October, 1789. But his conciliatory course was not to avail. His lack of decision and firmness, his amiability and horror of resistance, led only to the ruin of his throne, himself, his wife, and his beloved sister and son.

## CHAPTER VIII.

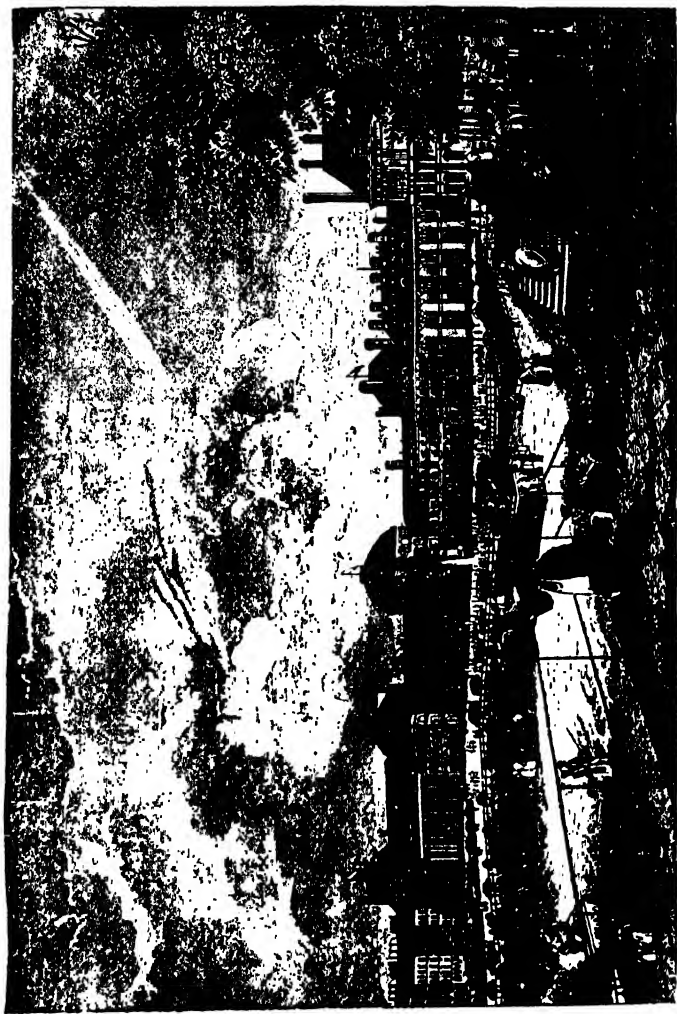
### THE ROYAL FAMILY IN THE TUILERIES.

THE palace, or to speak more exactly the château, of the Tuileries, was a structure three centuries old. Its appellation was derived from the fact that the ground on which it stood had been occupied during a portion of the Middle Ages as a manufactory of tile. This tile-yard was purchased in 1564 by the beautiful but perfidious Catherine de Medici, that demoniac woman who to much of the grace and elegance of her book-loving ancestor, Lorenzo of Florence, united a voluptuous body, and a soul as perfidious as the ideal "Prince" of Machiavelli. On these grounds she commenced the erection, in 1565, of the Château of the Tuileries. Her architect was the celebrated and skillful Philip de Lorme.

In 1572, this perfidious woman gave a fête in her new château only a few days before the horrible Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

In the masque which was exhibited, were representations of Heaven and Hell, and the blinded Huguenots permitted themselves, together with the young Henry of Navarre, to be cast into the theatrical Hell by the bigoted Catholic Charles IX. and his satellites.

The château was much improved by the distrustful, timid, and ever unhappy Louis XIII. ; and by his handsome and autocratic son and successor Louis XIV. The "Grand Monarque" whose works, victories, conquests, persecutions, triumphs, and defeats extended over fifty years of suffering and glory, of defeat and ruin for France, resided in the Tuileries during the early part of his reign. After the completion of his magnificent palace in Versailles, a structure which cost in all its finished grandeur one hundred million dollars, Louis removed thither. The money for that gorgeous abode he had wrung from the anguished toil of the impoverished French peasants, for so the *people* were then termed. From 1680 to 1789, a portion of the Tuileries remained a kind of hospital for the poor nobility, and for



THE TULFERS, 1820

the many families and parasites who were connected with the Court, and for whom Versailles had no room. From the date of the gloomy entrance of the family of Louis XVI., on the fatal 6th of October, 1789, until it was destroyed by the desperate and bloody atheistic Commune of 1870, it had always been the principal royal residence, except during the Republic, Directory, and Consulate; and has been identified with all the later history of France. It witnessed some of the most magnificent and tragic events of the nineteenth century. Here from 1800 to 1804, the First Consul Bonaparte every week reviewed those magnificent and victorious squadrons of cavalry and those ranks of infantry, which had wrested from the enemy victory for their idolized commander, on the bridges of Arcole and Lodi, in the stern conflict of Rivoli; beneath the burning sun that overlooked the Pyramids of Egypt; and in that tremendous triumph snatched from defeat at Marengo; reviews which yet live in the painting of Isabey.

It was the abode of the imperial Napoleon, in all the bewildering splendor of his more than Roman grandeur. Here he lived when his vast European ascendancy was sustained by the terrors of Austerlitz and Jena, of Friedland and Wagram; and so beautified and adorned was it with silks and velvets, carpets of indescribable beauty, and inner and outer renovations, that it well might be termed the palace of a gigantic empire. Here the fat, oyster-loving Louis XVIII., a free-thinker, but the head of a Catholic and Roman church, enjoyed his *pâté de foi gras*, his chickens, lobsters, and Westphalia hams; and in somnolent quietude, governed with a strong mind but a sluggish and gourmand body the mercurial French. Here he died, a fact as astounding to royalty as the sight of a Roman dying in his bed to Rome in the age of Tiberius or Caligula. Louis XVIII. died a King, in full possession of his power, but he was the very last in France who did so.

In this palace, Charles X., the tyrant prince of these chronicles, went to mass; heard his eloquent Jesuits; disbanded in 1827 the National Guard of Paris; listened to more Jesuit sermons and masses; and in July, 1830, by a regenerated France was flung out of the cannon of successful insurrection to light on the far-off soil of Scotland. He was the extreme representative of that effete Bourbon royalty of which Napoleon said, with a pithiness that shows

his profound mental insight : "It *learned* nothing and it *forgot* nothing." It was at St. Cloud, however, that Charles X. signed those fatal ordinances which overturned his throne ; and after he had done so, he stepped forth upon the palace balcony and gazed into a night with blue, calm heavens above, lighted by brilliant stars,—a sweet aroma in the atmosphere, and the lights of the city serenely reflected in the distance.

It was in the Tuileries that Lafayette crowned Louis Phillippe, that supremely selfish, grasping hypocrite, by saying, "This is the best of Republics"; and here the monarch was shot at, and lived and reigned and conquered rebellion in 1832, and became a "target King," and lied and amassed money, and forced his son on Spain,—imprisoning Louis Napoleon, the nephew of the Emperor, at Ham in 1840, the very year in which he received with the utmost pomp the ashes of Napoleon. It was from this palace the King, in 1848, fled in disguise,—an old, terror-stricken fugitive,—to England.

When Louis Napoleon had triumphed over the legislature of France in his *coup d'état* of December, 1851, as soon as his power was confirmed by the people he moved from the Elysée to the Tuileries. It was the seat of his life and intrigues, his successes and mistakes, and of his deposition during his captivity in 1870. When the Paris Commune of 1871 raised its red flag of pillage and atheism, while its leader Raoul Rigault jeered at God ; and when that Commune was driven back, despite its demoniac fighting, by the army of Versailles,—then the desperate insurgents ignited the Tuileries together with many other splendid public buildings. The storied palace burned fiercely for several days and its inner portion was totally destroyed. The present Republic has torn down its walls and leveled its space. Only a memory of the great historical palace—such a central influence to the France of the past—now remains.

Into this structure now came, dragged as unwilling captives, the royal family. But, satisfied with their victory, the people were generous. They rehabilitated the royal residence. A large force of workmen immediately engaged in the labor of renovation. Its ancient tapestries were removed, and in their places were substituted magnificent hangings in white and blue, in purple and crimson and gold. Fine carpets, or polished wood and marble, soon

covered its floors. The dilapidated furniture gave place to velvet curtains, to mirrors in their gilded frames, and to furniture of the latest and most elegant style. The halls were decorated with statues, and rare paintings covered the walls. The Tuileries became a comfortable and even a splendid residence, which, if it could not rival Versailles in magnificence, yet was worthy of being the dwelling-place of the monarch of a great and a free people.

If the French in the excitement of want and revolution had dragged their monarch to Paris, amid hideous excesses, they at least housed him like a sovereign. As yet the cruel Convention and squalid Commune of Terror were shrouded in the future.

The King's presence in his capital reassured the nation. The National Assembly followed him and took up their abode in a building called the Menage, fronting the Rue St. Honore and of easy access to the monarch's residence.

But the events of the 5th and 6th of October had had a great effect on some of the most conservative and hitherto patient members of that body. "The mortifications, the indignant feelings, the agonies of men of high sensibilities," to use the words of Smythe, "were extreme." Lally Tollandal, the Nestor and Mentor of the Assembly, fully exhibited these emotions in a letter to a friend. "The part I have taken," he indignantly writes, "is well justified in my own eyes, and neither has this guilty city nor its still more guilty Assembly any more claims upon me. . . . It is quite beyond any power of mine to bear any longer the horror that I feel at all this blood! these heads carried on pikes, this Queen all but assassinated; this King dragged along as a captive, entering Paris in the midst of his assassins, and preceded by the heads of his unfortunate Body-guards; these perfidious janizaries [meaning the old French Guards, now in the ranks of the National forces]—these perfidious janizaries, I repeat, these assassins, these female cannibals, their cry, 'The Bishops to the lantern,' at the very moment the King was entering Paris with two Bishops of his Council in his carriage; this report of a musket fired into one of the carriages of the Queen; M. Bailly, coldly declaring 'it was a *beautiful day*'; the Assembly refusing to go as a body and environ the Sovereign; M. Marabeau declaring that the vessel of State would rush forward with yet greater rapidity; M. Barnave smiling when blood was flowing around us, and



the virtuous Mounier, escaping by a miracle from twenty assassins, who desired to make his head a trophy,—such are the horrors that make *me swear never to set my foot again into that den of cannibals.*" The letter is extreme, and as to Mirabeau unjust; but it exhibits the feelings of many in the Center, who now in disgust and despair seceded from the National Assembly. Mounier, before he left, denounced the slavery, as he asserted, of the Assembly to the menaces or applause of the crowds in the galleries. It was oppressive even at Versailles, and he believed it would be far worse, as it actually was, now that the legislative body had moved into the fevered heart of a revolutionary city.

Though Louis was in his capital, he was not free. His cage was gilded and made splendid, but the suspicious fears and misgivings of the people held him in galling bonds.

The rehabilitated palace, beautiful as it was, had a revolutionary aspect. Instead of the white uniforms, elegant personalities, and profound etiquette of his old Body-guard, the King could see all the posts of his palace and the adjacent gardens and courts occupied by the National Guards; whose blue and red uniforms and tri-colored cockades perpetually reminded him of his real condition and its slavery. Spies constantly dogged his steps when he walked in the palace gardens. Lafayette, though courteous and respectful in manner and words, nevertheless watched his movements with a vigilant eye, and wherever the King went the hand of rebellious power was stretched out to seize him, should he undertake to leave his capital.

The Queen soon settled down to the inevitable. Her firm, enduring, yet tender heart, and courageous spirit, enabled her to bear with resignation the changes she was compelled to encounter. She sent to Versailles for her library, and employed herself, despite her sorrows, in benevolent works, and in the education of her son and daughter.

The Dauphin was a child to comfort any mother's heart. Charles Louis was born in 1785. He was a beautiful boy, with sunny hair, a face bright and expressive, large, tender, liquid blue eyes, a mouth of extreme sweetness, and a mind unusually precocious for his years. He fascinated all who approached him, by the kindness of his heart and the sensibilities of his nature. On the death of his brother at Versailles, in June, 1789, he became the Dauphin of France, and heir of a throne the right to which was, in the near

future, to be a sufficient pretext for his endurance of the most fearful cruelties and an early and pathetic death. The Prince was at this hour the darling of the court and household, and beloved by even the fierce revolutionists themselves.

The little Charles had possessed a fine garden at Versailles. Here in his infantile way he had cultivated flowers, of which he was very fond. He missed the flowers extremely, and became drooping and pale. In the spring of 1790, a small portion of the Garden of the Tuileries was railed off from the walks and promenades of the public, and given to the little prince. A small hut was erected for his use, and also a tool-house. Here, to the great amusement and delight of the people of Paris, the Prince played at gardening. Even the turbulent anarchists watched him by the hour, with sympathy and interest, as he dug in the ground, raked the grass, or with his watering-pot sprinkled his flowers.

On the 7th of April, 1790, he said to Madame de Tourzel : "I am very sorry I have not got my garden ready. I should have gathered two beautiful bouquets to-morrow morning, one for my mamma, the other for my sister." It was the morning of the day on which, according to the rites of the Catholic church, Madame Royale was to take her first communion.

One day a poor mother came into the garden, as he stood amid the June flowers, and asked a favor. "Monseigneur," she said, "if I obtain this favor, I shall be as happy as a queen." The Dauphin, who had stooped to pick some china asters, raised his blue eyes with an expression of sadness, and said in a mournful voice, "Happy as a queen ! Ah ! I know a queen who does nothing but weep." He took the poor woman's memorial to Marie Antoinette, and met the petitioner when she returned the next day with a face radiant with happiness. "I have an answer for you," he said, drawing a gold piece wrapped in paper from his little pocket. "That is from mamma, and this is my present," handing her a large and beautiful bouquet.

The Queen tenderly nourished this benevolent disposition in her son. She made the child a participator in her good works, and almoner of her bounty. He was by her side when she visited the hospitals and foundling asylums. They sought the poor, whose tears were congealed by the frigid

solitude of the garret or cellar. In these philanthropic journeys, the Queen was accompanied by ten footmen, who carried large, open purses, filled with silver money. When Marie Antoinette passed through the orphan house she was wont to bestow on the children a piece of silver, which was always received from the eager hand of her gentle child. With his angelic smile, he would put his little white hand into the purse, and give the silver piece to the child who was to receive it.

A peculiarity of character which betokened the utmost benevolence in the future, was the extreme kindness of the little Louis Charles to the poor children of his own age. When he worked or played in the garden, he always requested the guard to admit any indigent or suffering child. He would give him a piece of money, if in need, or flowers, if afflicted by some other causes than pecuniary troubles. Whenever he left the foundling hospital with the Queen, his face would be deeply expressive of the intense sympathy he felt, though a child only five years of age, for its suffering inmates. "Mamma," he would say, "when shall we come back again?" Perhaps there was a prophetic foreboding of that horrible time so very near, when the Prince should himself be abandoned, destitute, shut up in a room, barred from the very light of Heaven; in loneliness, misery, and sickness, there to gather the seeds of a disease which carried him down to an early grave.

One day his father discovered the Dauphin counting silver crowns, which he had carefully arranged in piles. "What, Charles," said Louis XVI. seriously, "are you hoarding like a miser?" The child was confused; tears stood in his eyes at the name of "miser," and he blushed. But a sunny smile soon flitted over his expressive face, and he replied: "Yes, papa, I am a miser, but it is for the poor foundlings. Ah! if you were to see them! They are truly piteous!" Louis fondly took his son into his arms and fervently embraced him. "In that case, my child," he said, "I will help you to fill your coffers."

Pages could be filled with anecdotes of this Heavenly hearted and delightful Prince. His precocity was a theme of wonder to all who approached him. One day while he was working vigorously in his garden and perspiring from heat, while the drops stood on his forehead, an interested spectator offered to help him. "No," he said. "It is

because *I make the flowers grow, myself, that mamma is fond of them.*"

His favorite dog was Muff. On a certain occasion neglecting his lessons, the Queen told him that some one must be punished for his disobedience. Muff, because his favorite, was the vicarious victim selected. The dog was shut up in a closet, where he howled and whined most piteously. The Prince, unable to bear it longer, ran weeping freely to the Queen, and cried: "Mamma, Muff is so unhappy, and you know it was not he that was naughty; he ought not to be punished. If you will free him, I will take his place and remain in the closet as long as you wish." His petition was granted. Muff was released, and the Dauphin patiently remained in the dark closet until released by the Queen.

One day a noise was heard in the garden of the Tuileries. It terrified the child, for he vividly remembered the horror of the 5th of October, 1789. Throwing himself into the arms of the Queen, he cried in childish agony: "Oh, mamma, is to-day yesterday again?"

A few days after this, as the King and his son were walking in the gardens of the Palace, the Prince said pensively to his father, "I want to know, papa, why the people, who formerly loved you so well, are all at once angry with you." As the King explained the reason, the child's face assumed a look of profound melancholy.

By these anecdotes we have endeavored to give the reader some idea of that delightful and lovely child, who was to be one of the most suffering of all the unmurdered victims of the ferocious and atheistic men who created the "Reign of Terror."

A court was once more established in the Tuileries, and a shadow of the ancient etiquette restored. Once a week the King and his family dined in public. Sometimes the crowd who surveyed them were respectful, but occasionally insulting. The Queen, proud and sensitive, ate but little, but Louis XVI., a *good* Vitellius, eagerly devoured his food.

Still—want and hunger preyed on the populace, though the King and his ministers made the utmost efforts to feed the city. Trade had sunk into a local matter. The gay foreigners, the butterfly Princes, the lavish nobility, the crowds of strangers, who had lately filled the streets of Paris, and nourished its business with streams of gold, all of these had departed.

The Menage had been fitted up and adorned for the representatives of the people.

Despite the comparative tranquillity, the National Assembly pursued boldly its revolutionary course. In one sitting, on a motion of Abbé Sieyès, the whole geographical outline of France was changed. The great provinces were entirely obliterated. Burgundy and Champaign, Brittany and Normandy, Alsace and Lorraine, Franche-Compte and Languedoc, so illustrious in the Middle Ages, were erected with all the rest of France into eighty-two departments. These departments received their names from the rivers, hills, and striking natural objects of the country. No change more vividly exhibited the onward sweep and radical character of the Revolution, and it was a change of the highest beneficence. By this step the old feudal lines were destroyed—though with the new prefects and officials of the Commune, which the changes rendered necessary,—the whole power of the monarchy became concentrated in Paris. The prefects were appointed by the Assembly, and into their hands was given all the machinery of the local governments. From this time onward, for many years, "*a revolution in Paris meant a revolution in France.*"

Not satisfied with these vast changes, the Assembly completed its work by abolishing the ancient Parliaments. The Parliament of Paris had an honorable record, because of its struggles against the despotism of the Bourbon Kings. The Parliaments of Brittany and Tours were possessed of many of the chartered rights bestowed during the feudal past. There were eighteen local Parliaments throughout France. After a struggle which was persistent and strenuous, and in which they strongly contended for their rights, they were finally all abolished.

Despite the want existing among the indigent masses in Paris and in France, the new liberty, following the severe despotism of the past, had intoxicated with enthusiasm the hearts of multitudes.

One of those emotional epidemics of patriotic generosity in this period of financial need was now exhibited, which strikingly illustrates the impulses of the sensitive French character and forms, with many other examples like it, a curious commentary upon the contagion of ideas and enthusiasm in human nature. What we shall describe is exactly the same tendency which in the Middle Ages produced with

THE LADIES MAKING OFFKINGS IN THE HALL OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY, 1789.



a different object the Crusades, and which to-day is *one* of the factors which makes possible a great revival of religion. We do not quarrel with this fact ; but as a faithful historian we state it. No sacrifice in that hour was deemed too great to advance the cause of liberty. Liberty had actually become a kind of personified fetich. Twelve women of the middle class, in the latter part of 1789,—directed by a sudden and generous desire to help the nation financially,—one day brought to the National Assembly, enclosed in a casket, a large quantity of gold and silver, consisting of trinkets made into lockets, chains, rings, earrings, and various other jewelry. The Assembly received these patriotic dames with usual applause, and voted that, like the Roman matrons of old, they should have their features embalmed in bronze medals, as a lasting testimonial of a grateful nation—to their noble devotion. Presto ! the contagion of sacrifice immediately spread with an electric rapidity into every class and rank of French society. The volatile and impulsive women of Paris, with the greatest enthusiasm, instantly rushed forward in a sublime frenzy, and cast their diamonds, their necklaces, their jeweled crosses, their buckles, their chains, their lockets and all their female adornments of gold, silver, and precious stones at the feet of the nation and into the patriotic fund. The men of Paris were not to be outdone. These infected enthusiasts added immediately to the rapidly increasing pile in the hall of the Assembly, amid the constant and encouraging applause of multitudes. They gave their gold and silver buckles, and such jewelry as they possessed. The silver buckles alone of the citizen soldiery of Paris were valued at 40,000 francs.

The affair soon became a general mania inflamed by a desire to assist the necessitous State. Even the King did not escape its generous influence. He sent 4721 pounds of silver and 150 pounds of gold plate to the mint, including some of the most beautiful designs of St. Germon and other artists of the preceding reign. The Queen contributed profusely. Noble men and dames brought forth the hoarded gold and silver plate of centuries, and sent it to be converted into the coin of the realm. Actors and actresses ; the religious brotherhoods existing in Paris, monks, nuns, and even recluses united with fencing-masters and dancing-masters, with merchants and their clerks. Laborers out of their extreme poverty, and professional

men of every rank, gave to the fund, and a thousand golden trinkets, even the little souvenirs of the poor, went into the National pocketbook of the redeemed Monarchy. Boys of the colleges of St. Omer and Brienne emulated this enthusiastic liberality. The poor were more emulous, by another fact of human nature, than the rich. A cobbler of Poitiers brings a pair of silver shoe-buckles, saying : "These have served to hold together the straps [tirants in French] of my shoes, they will now serve to pull asunder the tyrants who oppress freedom." Man is man under every guise, iron mail or modern uniform, clerical dress or tattooed skin, the world over.

All through the autumn and winter there was incessant discussion and restlessness among the people. They eagerly perused inflammatory journals and pamphlets. The most obscure men became candidates for the public offices, and the Assembly was crowded with excited and eager listeners. The eloquence, the genius and fascination of Mirabeau drew throngs of the mercurial French. They listened to his fervid words and applauded him, as they would an actor in the Théâtre Français.

A club called "The Friends of the Constitution" had been organized in Versailles, and had soon become the center of hot debates for liberty. It presently became more fully organized, as "the Breton Club," and on its removal to Paris obtained a terrible renown, during the Revolution, as "the Jacobins." Such clubs began to multiply all over France, and soon became a formidable power. They rivaled the influence of the regular authorities ; became places where the great orators like Mirabeau and Barnave rehearsed those speeches they afterward addressed to the Assembly ; and formed the fountain-head from which soon flowed forth all those poisonous streams of innovation and revolution, which more and more threatened to destroy government and even society itself.

The confiscation of the estates of the clergy was completed by the National Assembly. On a motion of Mirabeau it was decreed that the whole property of the Roman Catholic church was at the disposal of the Nation. The legislators promised to provide for the cost of public worship, the maintaining of the clergy, and the relief of those in poverty. Curates were to have a yearly revenue of twelve hundred livres, and lodgings : free palaces were to be given to the



bishops and to the archbishops. All, of every rank, were to become salaried officers of the State, and to descend from the position of an order into the condition of citizens, paid to exercise the functions of religion.

The Assembly next created a Tribunal of Cassation. This body was placed in authority, above and over all the other legal tribunals of France. Its place in the legal economy of the monarchy was the same as that of the Supreme Court of the United States in the American republic. Its judges were selected for four years, by the departmental assemblies, according to the new territorial division, and its organization for civil justice began to be formed as early as from March to November, 1790; but the court for criminal justice was not completed until 1791. In the onward march of the Revolution, these tribunals soon became utterly powerless, and could protect neither the property, nor rights, nor lives of the people. During all the Reign of Terror they were either blind slaves of the committees and factions, or trembled and cowered under the fear of the guillotine. This is a tremendous commentary upon the rapid disorganization of civilization and society in France, under the increasing throes of a godless Revolution. The people of the United States can long ponder profitably upon this fact.

In the new political organization of the monarchy, the ancient Canton had been abolished and given place to a Commune, and a Municipality chosen by legal voters. Each Commune administered its government and decided its local affairs. The members of the departments and districts were chosen for four years, half to be renewed every two years. They were divided into councils holding sessions annually, and into permanent directories, who were to render an account of all their proceedings yearly to the councils. The council of each department was to consist of thirty-six, and those of the directory of eight members. The primary assemblies were given power to name an elector for each hundred citizens. The active and eligible citizen was he who was twenty-five years old, and who paid a tax amounting to three days' labor, or in money to three livres. By this restricted suffrage there remained four millions two hundred thousand voters out of an entire population of twenty-six millions. Besides the decrees constituting these changes, many others were made affect-

ing the army, the right of the King to propose war on the approbation of the Assembly, and the recruiting of the regular forces.

The Assembly itself, being cultivated and aristocratic despite all its democratic excesses and changes, had no conception of a stinted sum for the ruler of a great and a free people. In June, 1790, they established the civil list of the King at twenty-five millions of francs, and this great annual sum of five million dollars was then a third more valuable than it would be now. Placed in the personal purse of the monarch, and independent of state auditing, it became a temporary factor of power in the relations presently established with Mirabeau, and afterward with other leaders of the Revolution. What Jugurtha said of Rome, as he flung a curse at it on his first departure, was true of more than one of the lights of the Revolution: "Venal city where everything can be bought and sold." Previous to many of these decrees and changes as described, in December, 1789, the Assembly ordered the publication of the "*Livre Rouge*," or "*Red Book*," which had so great an influence in confirming the French in their antagonism to the old reckless, squandering methods of the irresponsible despotism of the past. In that book were inscribed the pensions, gifts, and vast sums bestowed on princes, courtiers, and favorites of royalty, only less outrageous than similar sums given to unworthy favorites by Napoleon III., when in the plenitude of his power as autocratic Emperor. It was discovered that in eight years needy, impoverished, and starving France had given eight hundred and fifty millions of francs, to support the monarch's pensioners, and to provide the means for the vices, pleasures, follies, and festivals of the princes and their favorites, or to sustain the magnificence of the Court. Well might Loustalot, the editor of the popular journal, *Les Révolutions des Paris*, in an issue of that date write: "After the publication of the Red Book, the counter-revolution is impossible."

But notwithstanding all the liberality of the Assembly and the generosity of the civil list, while the people possessed an almost anarchical freedom, the royal family itself wore gilded chains. They were depressed by an incessant espionage. Among the crowds who thronged the Tuileries, except in the case of a few young or aged nobles, and some devoted females, the King and Queen could find hardly one

true friend to whom they could safely confide their anxieties, sorrows, or plans.

That they were not free soon became strikingly manifested. Louis XVI., like Charles IV. of Spain, his distant kinsman, was a great lover of hunting. It is said that he actually decided to have the States General convened at Versailles in May, 1789, because if held there it would not hinder his cherished amusement. Despite this probable slander, that he loved the chase extremely was true. Tending to a habit of great corpulency, like most of the Bourbons, Louis believed that the rigorous exercise of hunting was of the utmost benefit to his health. But since he had entered the Tuileries, he had been totally debarred from an exercise which he had pursued for years, and as a natural consequence his health suffered. His mind had also been tormented and his feelings daily hurt by the growing carelessness with which he was treated; the familiarity of the officers of the National Guards, and the rudeness of the soldiers themselves. The etiquette, the profound reverence, the deference, loyalty, and respect which greeted his presence in Versailles had no existence in the Tuileries. Revolutionary equality, despite that he was yet addressed as "Sire" and "Your Majesty," was rapidly displacing all the forms of the old monarchy.

In April, 1790, came the Holy Week of the Roman Catholic church, and the monarch, desiring a change of air for the benefit of himself and family, sought to celebrate its solemn and affecting rites at the Palace of St. Cloud. St. Cloud was eight miles from Paris. The atmosphere there was clear and delicate; it was in the midst of quiet gardens and parks; the leaves were just blossoming on the trees, and the land full of spring fragrance. The population of Paris was atheistic and incredulous. Their minds were filled with the cynicism of Voltaire, the sentimentalism of Rousseau, the bold atheism of De Holbach. They sincerely believed that the monarch veiled some insidious and dangerous design, hostile to liberty and fatal to the nation, under this seemingly simple purpose of a temporary sanitary departure. They insisted that the King could celebrate Easter as well in Paris as at St. Cloud.

The Assembly had just passed a law, compelling every priest and religious official to take an oath of fidelity to the new order of things. Those who refused were to be imme-

diately deprived of their state salaries, and if they persisted after this punishment in contumacy, they were to be dispossessed of their living. The great majority of the priests were true to their consciences. *They* were as faithful as the Dissenters of England were in 1662, or the Covenanters of Scotland to their stern creed when under the bloody persecutions of Charles II. Ready to sacrifice their all, they steadily refused compliance with the decree of the National Legislature. They were punished by being deprived of their stipends, and ultimately they were driven from their parishes.

The obedient clergy were called "constitutional priests," but the recusants were stigmatized as "aristocrats," a name which now became a threat and terror to the Royalists. Louis XVI. secretly desired, while deriving benefit from his change of air, to also receive, in the solitudes of St. Cloud, the ministrations of his religion from priests who were faithful to the old order. But the people were determined that he should receive those rites from a constitutional ecclesiastic. The Mayor Bailly and Lafayette, both indignant at the popular and senseless clamor, were resolved that the King with his family should take his journey to St. Cloud and enjoy his religious privileges in peace. The carriages for the monarch drew up in the court of the Carrousel at eleven o'clock in the morning. The royal family joyfully entered them, but they were scarcely seated when a body of mutinous soldiers, belonging to the National Guards, rushed to the great gates of the court and closed them. In a frenzy of rage these troops surrounded the carriages, shook their fists in the faces of the King and Queen, and abused and insulted those innocent and royal personages in the very presence of their children, using curses and vile language, while they presented their bayonets at the horses. Lafayette was amazed, indignant, and determined. "The King shall go," he said bitterly. This contest of words and efforts continued for two hours, while a great crowd gathered without. The flaming eyes of the General showed the intensity of his anger. The mutinous soldiers seemed to forget all their respect for Lafayette. They continued a storm of abuse and vituperation against the royal family. The King's children cowered down and wept. The Queen blushed as she heard the frightful billingsgate, and even her daring eyes were suffused with tears of vexation and shame. The King most earnestly expostulated. But all was useless. The

mutinous guard was inexorable, and Lafayette was equally inexorable. He would have ordered up loyal troops, though to succeed it was plain that a strife would be inevitable. Would it be a victory? Might it not be as the tocsin of a new revolt for Paris? Louis XVI. hated bloodshed. He had a sagacious, if slow mind. He respected the passionate determination of Lafayette, usually so cool,—but he finally resolved, by abandoning the proposed journey, to relieve the painful crisis. He sadly dismounted from his carriage, together with his dejected family and attendants, and mournfully returned to his palace prison.

Though these soldiers were but a minute portion of the great National Guards, yet they clearly revealed by their actions how little in reality was the authority of either Lafayette or the King, when the fears or passions of that force were aroused. The insurgents were fêted and praised and rewarded the next day by the radicals of Paris. "They wish," wrote Madame Elizabeth soon after, in a letter to a friend, "to force the King to send away the priests of his chapel, or to compel them to take the constitutional oath, and to celebrate the Easter service in the parish church. This was the cause of yesterday's insurrection. The journey to St. Cloud was a mere pretext. The Guards altogether disobeyed M. de Lafayette and his officers. Fortunately nothing serious occurred. The King spoke with firmness and goodness, and was quite himself."

The little Dauphin, who had anticipated with childish eagerness the promised delights of chasing butterflies over the green fields, or walking in the enticing garden of St. Cloud, was sorely disappointed. His beautiful face was clouded, and betrayed his grief. "Papa," he said, "What is it to be free?" "To go where you please, my child," replied the King. "Alas, then," answered the child, "*we are not free.*"

The next day after the outrage Louis repaired to the National Assembly. "Gentlemen," he said, "I come among you with the confidence I have ever felt in you. You have been informed of the resistance which opposed yesterday my departure to St. Cloud. I did not choose that this resistance should be put a stop to by force, because I feared to occasion acts of rigor toward a misguided body, who imagined they were acting in favor of the very laws that

they were infringing. But to prove that I am free is important to the nation and essential for the authorization of the sanction which I have given to your decrees. I am resolved, therefore, from this powerful motive to persist in my journey to St. Cloud, and the Assembly must see the necessity of my doing so."

The Assembly was embarrassed. It felt the force and truth of the King's speech, and realized that such events would confirm the already too well-founded opinion pervading all Europe, that Louis was a captive, an opinion which led to the most important after-consequences.

But in their blinded prejudice the deputies took no steps to punish the rioters nor to open the way for the King's visit to his country palace. The president replied calmly to this honest remonstrance of the outraged monarch, "That all hearts were true to the King, and that as the Sovereign desired the happiness of his people, so would they also desire his own." These hollow words sounded like a sarcasm in view of the volcano of the preceding day.

Louis returned disheartened to the Tuileries, and totally abandoned all thought of his proposed journey. Debarred from St. Cloud and resigning himself to circumstances, the unhappy monarch endeavored to allay the suspicions and fears by which he was beset.

The hatred of the people toward the priests who would not take the constitutional oath now became marked, and daily more imperious and fierce. The King's chaplains were objects of extreme dislike. Louis dismissed them, but these conciliatory efforts were vain, for the people had sided with the soldiers, and constantly greeted them with enthusiastic applause.

The fever of faction began to burn more vigorously, and calumnies like clouds and vultures darkened and harassed the pure steps of Marie Antoinette. The leaders of the Assembly were marked, and many independent and conservative men became the targets at which were directed all the shafts of popular indignation. Some of those like Lally Tollendal, who had been reformers in May, 1789, had retired in horror and disgust, at the fatal progress of a Revolution which they had inaugurated and which was yet in its mildest form, when compared with the dreadful anarchy and bloodshed to come. Several in the Assembly began to draw back from a revolt which now terrified them

by the dark vistas of social dissolution and convulsion it presented.

One of the first of these deputies was Mirabeau, himself a man who had hitherto been the very volcano and inspiring force of the Revolution, and was yet its supreme idol. This great and sagacious, if dissipated and corrupt leader, after the 5th of October, 1789, and witnessing its excesses, began to turn from movements which, with prophetic eye, he saw were rapidly hurrying the vessel of State to a blood-red abyss of total ruin. Mirabeau beheld with secret horror the anarchical trend of the times. He did not conceal from his reliable friends some of his emotions. Despite the calumny that he was seen with the agents of the Duke of Orleans, on that eventful night, aiding the insurgents, Dumont has clearly proved that on that very occasion Mirabeau was with him and innocent as himself. The violence of the mob, the horrible procession, the cruel effort to slay the Queen, had affected Mirabeau, despite the assertion of Lally Tollendal in his letter, as they had affected Tollendal himself. The Tribune henceforth, and especially after the successful hindrance of the monarch's innocent journey, resolved to throw all his genius and talent, his power and influence into a strenuous endeavor to retard and stay, if it might be possible, the farther downward course of revolutionary excesses, and to chain it where it then was. But "those who sow the wind, shall reap the whirlwind."

In June, 1790, he entered into a secret correspondence with the King. It is asserted that he was purchased by gold from the civil list of the monarch. That he received money from Louis, has been fairly proved. Mirabeau used it for himself and also as an instrument of power to aid the cause of Louis. The Tribune's nature was venial; he was at heart both corrupt and patriotic, and he, like Danton, took his sufficient share for his own pleasures and vices, of the "reptile fund." Yet he used much that he received to retard the further advance of the Revolution, for he was honestly and sincerely aroused, and from this moment persisted in his efforts to save the remnant of power left the monarchy, and to establish on a firm basis the kingdom and Constitutional liberty.

In a private interview with the King and Queen, Mirabeau was swayed by the goodness of Louis XVI. and fascinated by the beauty, courage, and magnetism of Marie Antoinette.

The Queen, when she desired, had an irresistible power to charm. While she detested Lafayette, she was won by the talent, eloquence, and respect of Mirabeau. She admired and flattered him. She believed in his sincerity, recognized the aristocratic hauteur of the old nobility beneath the garments of the revolutionary democrat, and understood his popular power, so vast and undisputed, both in the Assembly and among the people. The Queen had succeeded in banishing for a period the Duke of Orleans to England, and had thus removed this secret plotter from Paris, and she had won some supporters in the Assembly itself. In his interview with these august personages, Mirabeau was sincere and frank. He boldly declared his rigid adhesion to constitutional monarchy; and as candidly announced his fears as to the dangers of further revolt and anarchy. He urged the King to make no delay in removing secretly to some strong frontier fortress where he could be surrounded by faithful generals and loyal soldiers, and where he could freely perfect and establish the constitutional government. Mirabeau asserted that he believed that if the King, free, and under such circumstances, should be true to the changes that had been made, peace would inevitably ensue, and a stable government be formed. But Louis, swayed by his great dread that such a step might result in civil war, and as yet dominated by his intense horror of bloodshed, replied *that he did not wholly despair*; that he was not ready for such measures; and that with the assistance of Mirabeau he hoped that all these results might ensue, without so radical a step as his withdrawal from Paris. Mirabeau earnestly declared his fears that the State "had already fallen into an almost utter anarchy," but for the moment and from various motives did not press his advice. Whatever up to this time may have been the friendly relations between Mirabeau and the Duke of Orleans, they now seemed to cease. The execution of the Marquis of Favras, in the previous winter, by hanging that innocent nobleman upon the gallows in the Place de la Grève, had been most afflictive to the Queen. The very spot where the vilest criminals had been executed was selected for his punishment. The Marquis had been tried on the absurd charge of endeavoring to raise an army of thirty thousand men to destroy the Revolution. The monarch and his wife made strenuous efforts to save him. His innocence was perfectly manifest to the



Assembly itself, but that body did not dare to resist the clamor of the people, and he was ignominiously put to death. This cruel murder also had its influence upon Mirabeau.

In the interviews of a confidential character between the monarch and the great legislative leader, the King hinted that he was willing to discharge the immense debts of the orator, independent of the sums he received for political purposes. Mirabeau neither consented to nor rejected the proposal. *He was silent, and the debts were paid.*

The power and the genius of Mirabeau, which had been so mighty when moving in the current of the Revolution, were now taxed to their utmost extent. The very moment that he began to resist the disorganization and audacity of the radical elements in the Assembly, and clubs, he was like a man who from floating down stream had turned around and was seeking by strenuous application of his oars to breast a mighty current. His stormy eloquence, however, was yet irresistible. In the advocacy of a conservative measure, he, with all his wonted thunder and fire, was urging before the Assembly his argument, when he was interrupted by the clamor of those men who now began to be known as Jacobins. Mirabeau paused; he shook his shaggy locks and glared upon them as a lion on his prey. He brought his hand down on the tribune with a power that shook it to the very base, and cried in awful tones, "*Silence those thirty voices!*" The clamor of his enemies was hushed in a moment. The fretful Anarchists obeyed the voice of their master, and listened to the remainder of his address in a species of dazed and frightened silence.

The clubs of Paris had now become an increasing power in directing and encouraging the factional life of the city. The first of them, the Breton Club, was organized by some ardent delegates from Brittany in 1789. Under the name of "the Breton Club" these delegates had incited innovations and violences which were impossible without their secret influence. When the Court and Assembly removed to Paris, the Breton Club followed. It soon found a domicile in the old convent of those Jacobin Friars, who were a part of the monks of the Dominican Order. This building was situated but a short distance from the Tuileries and the Assembly, and was a most convenient center for political agitation. Established here, the Bretons assumed from the name of the edifice the title of "the Jacobin Club," a name destined

presently to terrorize both France and Europe. The Jacobins soon became a power in the cause of radical revolution. The most violent, the most bloodthirsty, the most reckless and vicious of all the delegates to the Assembly and of the citizens of Paris, crowded into their ranks. In their hall the brutal eloquence of Marat began to be heard, as he constantly inflamed the people to bloodshed and violence, and there the sleek, feline, and snaky Robespierre might be seen. He was always attired in an elegant costume of pale blue or pale rose, while his cuffs and linen were of immaculate whiteness. There he commenced his open assaults on the monarchy. There Barnave, who was as yet a violent Revolutionist, poured out his fervent oratory, brilliant as the flash of an aurora in an arctic sky; and there the brothers Lameth denounced the conservatives of the Assembly. Though as yet obscure and but little known to the nation, Robespierre, Marat, and Barnave soon became leaders in the councils of the Jacobins, and Brissot's voice was also heard.

Mirabeau jealously watched this rising power and called it in bitter sarcasm, "The New Triumvirate." But the Triumvirate, by crafty, persistent, and unscrupulous methods, soon obtained exaggerated details of the secret interviews between Mirabeau, the trusted idol of the Revolution, and the King and Court. They learned of his occult meetings with the subjected monarch and his wife. Revengeful, and patriotic, as they believed themselves to be, Robespierre, Marat and Barnave immediately published a bitter pamphlet against the Count, entitled, "The Treason of the Count de Mirabeau." It was filled with denunciations of the nation's favorite, and accused him of being purchased by the Royalists and of having turned a traitor to Freedom. This pamphlet was industriously hawked about Paris, and read with sensations of profound surprise by the patriotic people. It produced an immense, though temporary, impression. That Mirabeau could be false to the Revolution was to the mind of France just as though the sun had been hurled from the solar system: that it might endanger worlds and universes.

Mirabeau saw the abyss of danger and ruin which his enemies had opened before him, and realized that the foundations of the people's trust in his fidelity rocked to their overthrow. He met the calumny at once. Ap-

pearing in the Assembly confident and contemptuous, with the resources of his amazing eloquence fully in hand, in a stormy and patriotic speech he denounced the assailers of his loyalty to the people. The Triumvirate cowered and quivered under the irresistible lash of his mighty tongue. Such tremendous effects of language as Mirabeau then exhibited demands a recall of Demosthenes before the Athenian public to find their parallel. The walls of the Assembly shook with the answering thunders of applause which greeted his defense. The delegates Robespierre and Barnave, those of the Triumvirate who were in the National Assembly, trembled with impotent rage, and shivered in cowardly dread. Both the Assembly and the nation were convinced of the Tribune's innocence, and Mirabeau renewed, at that sublime moment, a power which, though often threatened, and sometimes almost shaken, remained great, dominant, and triumphant until his very death.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE FIRST CELEBRATION OF THE FALL OF THE BASTILE.

EARLY in April, 1790, a spontaneous movement seemed to spring up throughout France in favor of celebrating the fall of the Bastile, by appropriate ceremonies and on a scale of vastness and grandeur commensurate with the importance of that great and decisive event. Amid the loud acclamations of the mercurial and fervid south, Lyons held such a festival. Paris was ambitious of excelling that city and of astonishing Europe by the imposing splendor of her own ceremonies, in grateful commemoration of those "martyrs for liberty" who fell in their heroic assault on the citadel of tyrannical cruelty and infamous depotism.

Though troubles broke out at Avignon and Nîmes, and there were disorders as yet in many districts of that impulsive section, the proposed celebration was not delayed, but only accelerated. The 14th of July was naturally fixed as the time. It was resolved that upon that day there should be concluded, upon the very spot where absolute tyranny had been destroyed, a compact to be termed a "Federation of the People."

An atheistic spirit animated the great majority of the Assembly and the clubs of Paris, but they yet tolerated religion, as a Cæsar might tolerate, while he laughed, the *sortes* and sacrifices of the Roman heathen priesthood. Through mere policy they resolved to associate religious exercises with their celebration of the triumphs of freedom. It was agreed that certain rites of the Roman Catholic church, to be conducted by the "constitutional priests," should inaugurate the august ceremonies. The mass recitals and chants were to be intoned, but, with the accompaniment of Revolutionary cannons.

The French Revolution had already shown its intense hatred of the Christian religion in every form, whether Catholic or Protestant. Its contempt was not directed against the church of the Pope alone, but equally against the churches of Luther, of Calvin, and of the English Reforma-

tion. Its quarrels were with *God* and *all* revelation proceeding from *God*. Its idol was Voltaire, that cynic who laughed at Abraham and derided David, and who in his "Philosophical Dictionary" had held not alone Daniel the prophet, but Paul the apostle, up to contumely and scorn. Voltaire had exhausted every effort of his mighty genius against the holy and sacred personalty of the Godhead of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and "Kill the Beast," was the favorite expression directed by him against that Divine Being "who was the first-born of every creature."

The man who had pocketed at San Souci wax candles; who had abused almost to madness the great scientist Maupertuis, and who on account of his lying meanness and reptile nature had been finally driven away by Frederick the Great from Prussia,—that same man had been received in France in 1778 with a delirium of enthusiasm, and was now to become, united with the immoral, impracticable, but fascinating Rousseau, the opener and interpreter, according to this infatuated nation, of a golden era of reason, freedom, humanity, and happiness.

Liberty, to the minds of these selfish and unreliable disciples, largely meant an impracticable system, and an ideal as unreal as the Utopia of Moore or the Republic of Plato. The infidel French could not escape from the influence of their temperament, and of their human nature. Controlled often by its worst impulses, they exhibited in their attitude toward Christianity all the meanness and malice, all the prejudice and injustice, inseparable from the spirit of disbelief. While they were hollow declaimers of freedom, equality, and fraternity, there was no abuse, no outrage that they did not ultimately inflict on the disciples of both the Roman Catholic and the Reformed churches. Oberlin, who humbly performed those labors of love and improvement in the Ban des Roches, which have made his name a benediction and inspiration to Christian workers the world over, during the Reign of Terror escaped with extreme difficulty from their atheistic clutches. They not only pursued a Cardinal de Rohan, eating his pheasants, drinking his wine, fondling his harlots, and desecrating religion in his half-French and half-German prince-bishopric; but the holiest and poorest ecclesiastics of the church encountered their slanders, sarcasms, and invectives.

Their whole treatment of God and his Bible was similar

to that of the atheists and agnostics of America. They hated all men who loved the Scriptures, honored God, and believed in the salvation so tenderly wrought out on the cross of Christ. The inimical witty leaven of Voltaire and the chaotic sentimentalism of Rousseau had penetrated all ranks and classes of society. A class which was hereditarily licentious, and when aroused cruel, had swung away from the Gospel, and had fallen into an abyss of the grossest animalism. Those who remained noble and pure had run back to the heathen heroes of the Greek and Roman oligarchies. What France can be when obedient to Christ and evangelical religion has been clearly manifested by the great-souled Huguenots, by the Condés and Colignys, and by those who, after the Edict of Nantes, toiled at the galleys because of their fidelity to Jesus or fled to other lands where they could unmolested worship God. What she can be even in her Catholic ranks is clearly manifested by her saintly Fenelon, her faithful Massillon, and the consecrated Madame Guyon.

The infidelity of the French at this moment was extremely diversified. In some cases a naturalism existed which recognized a "To Pan," a kind of universal all, as being every explanation of all phenomena, in sun, stars, universes; in planetary movements; in the earth of mountains, oceans, hills, and vales. That To Pan was, they claimed, life in harvest fields, in forests, in flowers, in man himself, and in all animal and vegetable existences. But these were the *scientific* thinkers like Condorcet and Lavoisier, the first of whom poisoned himself to escape the guillotine wielded by infidelity, and the second of whom pleaded before the Revolutionary Tribunal for six days of life in which to perfect some important chemical experiments, and was met by the cold and decisive reply that "the Republic had no need of chemists nor philosophers, but only of justice," and so was beheaded. In other French minds there was a jumble of doctrines derived from imperfect knowledge of the Vedas or the teachings of Saki-Munyi or the Esoteric mysteries of the Zoroastrian Ea t.

But the majority of the French in Paris in the summer of 1790 were bold, hard atheists of the Condillac, De Holbach, and Spinoza school. They possessed no faith in a God nor in any form of immortality, nor in any future after death. They linked themselves alone with the animal visible world.



CONJURED DEAD IN "DEATH CELL," BY POISON, MARCH 28, 1911.

They believed that there was life here, on this mortal sphere, and that death was total annihilation of both body and soul. It was the most utter denial in heart, life, and practice of all the faiths of all the ages which the world has seen since the star of Bethlehem shone over the manger of the God-man, Christ. It is an astonishing fact, however, in the future trend of the Revolution, that the incarnate demon Robespierre was the only one of a horde of cruel and tyrannical murderers who linked with the name not of the Christian God, but of some ideal deity, his bloody massacres by the guillotine.

Reason was the acknowledged God of France. It was the *Age of Reason*, but nevertheless the force of circumstances, education, and heredity exhibited all the hates, lusts, and passions of the soul. Barnave and the sedate Bailly, Madame Roland in the pride of her seductive beauty, and Mirabeau with all his sagacious conservatism, alike bowed to their god Reason—worshiped Plutarch's heroes, and found a refuge for present trials in their contemplation of those ideals of immense and sublime heroism for liberty which they believed to be furnished by ancient republican Greece and Rome. All the most earnest advocates of constitutional freedom in the National Assembly rejected alike the gospel of Christ and that inspired Bible which has been the spiritual Palladium of the ages.

The French Revolution can only be understood when it is realized that it was a revolt not only against the tyranny of kings but also against the government of God. In its progress it sent a monarch to the guillotine, and for a season it banished God from his temples. It was never Christian but always infidel. The revolution in England in 1642 was that of men who loved their God, and revered their Bible; who hated tyranny as opposed to his will, and who worshiped Christ and rejoiced in his salvation.

Pym and Hampden were devoutly religious men. Cromwell professed the most fervent Christianity. It was "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon" which was shouted by his Ironsides as they swept away royal authority on the fields of Marston Moor and Naseby, or rebellion at Dunbar and Worcester. Hence, with all the hypocrisies and mistakes of the Puritan Era of rule, there was always the restraint upon threatened anarchy of the laws of the Bible, and a belief in Jehovah Christ. There were none of those



long, black scenes of horror, which made the world shudder at 1793, and yet more at 1794. The tiger in man, his lust, hates, ambitions, and revenges need a supernatural restraint. The insincerity, selfishness, and vanity of the human heart demand the daily purification of that heart by prayer and faith. But all these were absent from the lives and motives of the leaders of the French Revolution.

However much the various factions might differ as Royalists and Constitutionals, and later as Jacobins and Girondists, they were all united in their contempt for Christ and his Bible, and in their denial of a revealed Deity. The cruel Robespierre might indeed pretend to believe in some kind of a God, but the gifted Vergniaud, the philosophic Condorcet, and the raving Marat, were alike free from every "chain," as they termed it, of religious faith. Louis XVI. and his wife were surrounded by human beings who were destitute of conscience, and filled with vanity. Some were Utopian dreamers, and many were hollow declaimers. None were men who, like Nehemiah, built up a state by the heavenly guidance and divine will, or who, like Daniel, walked with God even in darkness, and among the lions in their den.

Let Atheism rule over *our* great Republic ; let the Christian religion be abolished ; the churches closed, as they soon were in France ; let our children be driven from the Sabbath school, and secular lyceums and desecrating halls work the destruction of religious worship ; let a revolt, if it shall come against accumulated wealth, or the abuses of money power, be led by men who despise God and reject the Bible, and the same anarchy and bloodshed will mark the American Republic of the future, that has stained with its horrors the French Republic of the past. This book seeks to be candid, impartial, and truthful, and on every page will keep these irrefutable truths in view.

Already the contests of an infidel liberty had commenced with a church corrupt, it is true, and defiled by superstition, yet, notwithstanding reflecting much of piety and charity in its lower ranks. The whole clergy were brought under the dominion of the State. The salaries of all were greatly reduced, and bishops as well as village curés severely experienced the change. As early as February, 1790, the church property under the name of National domains had been placed upon the market. It was freely and rapidly

purchased with paper assignats, which soon dropped to a nominal value.

The church of France had been a grand, hierarchical institution, but many of its higher clergy had led scandalous lives, and all its leaders belonged to the aristocracy. Such ecclesiastics as Talleyrand, Gobel and Sieyes, such prelates of the past as Cardinal Dubois, had made it a mockery to the world and a libel upon the pure and sanctified religion of Christ. A century before it had crushed out an honest and reforming Protestantism, which, under the name of Huguenot, had purified and exalted in its Condé and Coligny, in its Sully and its Biron, the inner and outer life of the French nobility. In the eighteenth century Atheism and Deism had invaded its ranks, as to-day they have invaded in subtle and deceiving forms more than one Protestant pulpit, and threaten to invade more than one theological seminary in the American republic. But it had some holy and devoted bishops, and the common clergy, in distinction from the monks, being born of the people, and poor, devout, and chaste, were almost universally a leaven of the times. Mostly upright and honest men; faithful to God, their creed, and their flocks; beloved and obeyed in the West of France, and only hated and rejected by districts most penetrated by infidel frenzy, these Catholic priests sealed presently with their blood the convictions of their conscience and of their faith. They loved their church, and honored their King, and they clung with persistency to spiritual and not to state directions. They refused the National oath, not because they hated liberty, but because they believed it to be an infringement upon their rights, as the servants of God. From this time until the Consulate of Napoleon was established, during every change in the Revolution, they were alike persecuted. They were cruelly decimated; they wandered "destitute, tormented, and afflicted"; and numbers were butchered in the shambles of Paris. Even the constitutional priests performed their services, oftentimes, before a laughing Parisian populace, or to indifferent congregations who yawned even though they heard in silence. The monks in the many monasteries of Paris, Capuchins, Jacobins, and Dominicans, were idle ignorant, and corrupt; and throughout central France they were very leeches, sucking the life-blood of the poor. The

Revolution now began to lay its hand on them, and they were scattered.

The writer of this history surveys the Revolution from the standpoint of the Christian religion, in whose divinity he implicitly believes, but the record he will give shall be impartial and fair, a record of facts.

The Federation of July was the first great commemorative service of the Revolution. The movement was inaugurated by a petition presented by those delegates from Brittany and the West, who were among the few violent Jacobins of that section. It was responded to by France with electric rapidity. Bailly, the Mayor of Paris, and the National Assembly indorsed with eagerness the purpose of a mighty National celebration.

The place selected was the vast open space of the Champ de Mars. Invitations were issued to the three million National Guards in the departments of France, to send delegates, and those alone numbered fifteen thousand. A hundred thousand Frenchmen responded from all parts of the monarchy to the invitations sent to representatives of various classes, civil, commercial, and military, in the nation's service.

The Field of Mars was filled for many days with an enthusiastic multitude of rich and poor, all heartily laboring to prepare for the celebration. Duchesses and peasants, the old, wrinkled, and ugly, the fresh, rosy-cheeked, and beautiful among the women, wielded the pickaxe, used the spade, handled the rake, and trundled the wheelbarrow. Even children joyously engaged in patriotic labors. To the eyes of a spectator, the Champ de Mars was full of life, color, animation, manly vigor, and female loveliness, all intently hewing, delving, smoothing, digging, building, hammering, sawing, carrying boards, lime, stone, brick, mortar; as though the very days of the building of the Tower of Babel had returned. The great space of the Champ de Mars was quickly leveled and beautified.

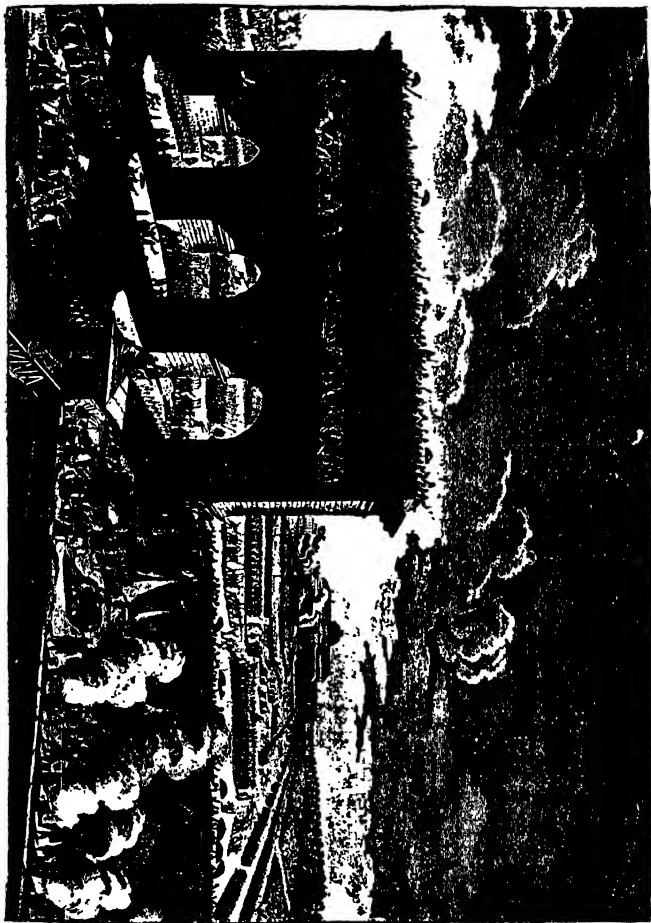
Amphitheatres of wood rose in mighty tiers, capable of seating two hundred thousand spectators. In the center of the Champ de Mars towered, in imposing beauty and grandeur, the great Altar of the Country. Gigantic and snowy urns were lifted up at its four corners, from which the white smoke of incense was to ascend to the skies, as a sacrifice to Liberty. An elevated and magnifi-



cent platform, decorated with tapestries and carpets of rare value, was erected for the monarch, his military and naval officers; for the National Assembly, the ministers of the state, and government officials. This platform was built directly behind the towering Altar of the Country, exactly where all eyes could see and all ears hear what took place.

The ostensible object of the Federation was the administration of the civic oath to the King, and all the various authorities. The oath was to be made to the new Constitution, now in its first draft but not as yet completed. The expectations and enthusiasm were general, despite the sinister rumors of threatened disorder, and the designs of the Duke of Orleans, who had just returned from London, and who was termed the "marplot of royalty."

The 14th of July, 1790, dawned upon Paris, with clouded skies and threatenings of rain. A rising breeze betokened a storm, but did not dampen the tremendous enthusiasm of the people. At an early hour, the rumble and thunder of cannons were heard, booming audaciously across the Seine, and announcing the inauguration of the memorable day. Paris was awake, festooned with flags and flowers; decorated in every possible way patriotism and money could suggest; and crowded with singing, laughing, rejoicing multitudes all in gala attire. The streets leading to the Champ de Mars were filled with joyous throngs, some carrying flowers, others singing patriotic songs. At seven o'clock all the federation deputies from the departments and army, ranged under their chiefs, with waving banners and loud cheers, proceeded from the site of the Bastille to the Tuileries. The deputies of Navarre, as they passed the Pont Neuf, greeted with loyalty the statue of their great King and blood kindred, the heroic Henry the Great. Arriving in the gardens of the Tuileries, they surrounded the municipality and National Assembly, who were there gathered, and formed an honorary escort. In advance of the Assembly proceeded a battalion of boys, and, behind, one of aged men. The happy and rejoicing multitude in crowded ranks commenced their march. The quays, the balconies, the streets were lined and crowded with shouting thousands. The house-tops were black with people and re-echoed with their cheers. The procession crossed the Seine, on an extemporized bridge covered with flowers. As it entered the Champ



THE GRAND FÊTE OF THE FÉDÉRATION IN THE CHAMP DE MARS, PARIS, JULY 14, 1790.

de Mars it was greeted by the deafening shouts, shaking the very heavens, of four hundred thousand spectators who occupied the lateral amphitheaters. Thirty thousand National Guards were in line. Sixty thousand armed federalists, with glittering pikes and bayonets, performed their evolutions, amid storms of joyous greeting that shook the air. Three hundred priests who had taken the oath to the Constitution, arrayed in white robes and tri-colored scarfs, stood before the altar, which towered on a base twenty-five feet high, in imposing sublimity and grandeur, the center of the fixed gaze of that stupendous audience. It was three hours before all the bands had entered the open space of the Champ de Mars. During the waiting, the frivolous French character, unique in Europe, burst forth in gayety; and the strange spectacle was presented of a dance in the open space, in which sixty thousand armed men participated. It was called the Pyrrhic Dance of the Republic. A shower of fast-falling rain began to darken the heavens; but after a few hours of violent storm, the sun again burst forth in resplendent light, and gave its brilliancy to the scene.

And now the thrilling and august services commenced. Talleyrand, the Bishop of Autun, performed the mass on the great altar, and while the choristers intoned their solemn chants, the cannons placed beyond pealed forth their sublime accompaniments. Louis XVI., the Assembly, and State ministers were seated on the magnificently decorated elevated platform. The Queen, who occupied a balcony adjacent to the King, in the excitement of the moment had forgotten the insults, sorrows, and abuses of her palace life, and her face was flushed and happy with hope and expectation.

The King wore a calm, dignified, and benignant expression. The mass ended. And now General Lafayette, gallantly mounted upon a white charger, rode forward amid the plaudits of the people, and greeted everywhere by smiles and cheers. He alighted from his steed at the foot of the altar, and, ascending the steps leading to the throne, he received the orders of the King to hand him the oath. The book containing it was carried to, and placed upon, the high altar. Louis XVI. advanced. The General, the President of the Assembly, the Deputies stood in silence behind him. Banners waved, bayonets were raised, and sabres glistened in the immense army below.

Outstretching his hand toward the altar, the monarch

FESTIVITIES UPON THE RIVER STONE, EVENING, JULY 14, 1790.





cried in a loud voice: "I, King of the French, swear to employ the power delegated to me by the constitutional act of the State in maintaining the Constitution decreed by the National Assembly and accepted by me." Deafening applause from the half-million people present, at these words and this act, either heard or seen, rent the skies. The National Assembly, the General of the National Guards, and all the officials responded, "We swear." At this moment of sublime delirium, the affected Queen raised from the balcony where she was placed the little Dauphin, and held him up before the vast army and circle of upturned faces. The act was received with a storm of "Long live the Queen! Long live the Dauphin!" To these cries were united most fervent and affectionate ones of, "Long live Louis XVI. the restorer of French liberty."

During this intense hour all hearts seemed dissolved in love for royalty and the country. Discord seemed banished forever. Men embraced and women wept. Banners were waved, and cannons thundered out their deep diapasons amid a joy indescribable. It was late in the afternoon before these heart-stirring scenes ended. Magnificent fêtes in the various gardens, all of which were brilliantly illuminated, prolonged the celebration of the festivities late into the night. The site of the Bastille and the Champs Elysées were crowded with happy throngs, who chatted, danced, and sang, until morning dawned; while the river Seine was covered with illuminated gondolas.

The Federates on the next day visited the King in the Tuileries, and were received with royal kindness. They departed to their homes intoxicated with joy, and carried all over France expressions of fervent attachment to their monarch.

The student of mankind might naturally believe that, despite all the discords and changes of the past, the Revolution was now ended, and that society and the State, organized under new laws and expecting the immediate completion and establishment of the Constitution, would enter upon a long era of peace, obedience to a beneficent code, and of steady progress and happiness. But, alas! the Revolution had only begun. The slaves of feudalism having broken their chains, confounded constant license with national liberty. The fever of revolution was in the brain of France, the fires of suspicion and hate soon again devoured her heart, and the on-rolling car of disorder and strife could not be stopped.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE PROGRESS OF THE REVOLUTION AND THE DEATH OF MIRABEAU.

THE expectations of the nation, that concord would now displace revolt and anarchy, were natural but were not realized. The people did not know themselves. The Revolution was within their own natures, necessities, and emotions. It was hurried forward by the distrust and fear of parties, by the insincerity and instability of the King, and by the efforts and collisions of the old to restore the absolute past, and the new to preserve the free present. Despite the delirium of sentiment and devotion, of love and forgiveness, manifested upon the 14th of July, fear and suspicion immediately resumed their sway, and the Revolution its menaces and its march.

The intercourse between the King and Mirabeau continued. He drew nearer to the monarch, who sometimes approached him in confidence, and at other times irritated the popular leader by distrust. Mirabeau listened to advice from the Queen as to care and silence, but the heat of his temper, and the demands of his position before the people, made that silence impossible.

The Assembly had distrusted him for a moment, and dared to bring charges before its tribunal. The name of Mirabeau was coupled with that of the Duke of Orleans.

Mirabeau again met his enemies, and so charmed and convinced the Assembly that, enthralled by his genius and courage, and convinced of his innocence, they greeted him with cheers of confidence, and acquitted him with applause. The Duke of Orleans met a different fate. His known and detestable hypocrisy and treachery awakened distrust, and his influence from this time in the city, the Assembly, and the nation was greatly modified.

But it was in the army that the first disturbances of the autumn of 1790 occurred. The Marquis de Bouille was a cousin of Lafayette, and commanded the foreign and French regiments stationed in all the departments of the northeast.

His headquarters were in the strongly garrisoned and almost impregnable fortress of Metz. His regiments of cavalry and infantry were stationed in the great frontier towns, at Sedan and Stenay, at Strasbourg and Belfort, and on the borders of Switzerland. The Royal Allemands, a devoted regiment of cavalry, and several Swiss and German regiments, were under his command.

Bouille was a devoted royalist, an unquestioning servant of the King, and a sincere hater of the Revolution. Next to the National Assembly, he detested in his heart his patriotic cousin Lafayette. He often expressed to his confidential friends the delight that he would experience in *hanging Lafayette* because of the part that patriot had taken in the Revolution. But Lafayette had pardoned the fidelity of his cousin, and, as the Revolution progressed and the anarchy increased, recognizing the need of such a loyal general and force, he had by his influence over the Assembly maintained Bouille in his command.

Bouille was mortified and enraged when he observed how Revolutionary sentiments began to impregnate the French, and even some of the Swiss, regiments. Receiving the most pressing orders from the then Minister of War, he proceeded in an arbitrary and soldierly way to endeavor to repress the evil. Jacobin clubs had sprung up all over France, and their rabid, godless, and vehement agitations were in every town, commune, and village. A number of these clubs were in the portion of France under the military command of Bouille. Many soldiers when off duty attended the exciting sessions of the Jacobins. In order to prevent his troops becoming familiar with the people, on the principle of the ancient Roman despotism and the modern Russian autocracy, that free thought and free expressions are contagious, the Marquis continually shifted his army from place to place. He forbade the soldiers to attend the Jacobin Club, to which had been added the Cordeliers. To preserve their discipline they were constantly guarded and exercised.

On the entreaty of the King, whose will was law to Bouille, that officer had reluctantly taken the oath to the Constitution. Being an honest soldier, although an aristocrat, from that hour he resolved to uphold faithfully the Constitutional Monarchy. This step brought him nearer to Lafayette, and into outer but hollow relations of friendli-

ness. The severe military restraints of Bouille were resented by the French soldiers under his command. They insisted that they were *citizens* as well as warriors, and that by obeying while *on duty* military discipline, they did not forfeit their rights, when *off duty*, to visit patriotic clubs and listen to, or participate, in patriotic debates. Under a sense of wrong, a violent revolt broke out in the great fortified city of Metz itself. The mutinous soldiers ran to arms. They imprisoned their officers, seized the standards of the regiments, and plundered the military chests. They endeavored to terrorize the municipality, and to levy contributions upon the city. These disorders spread. Bouille hurried to Metz, and by persistent and courageous effort stamped out the flames of insurrection in that fortress.

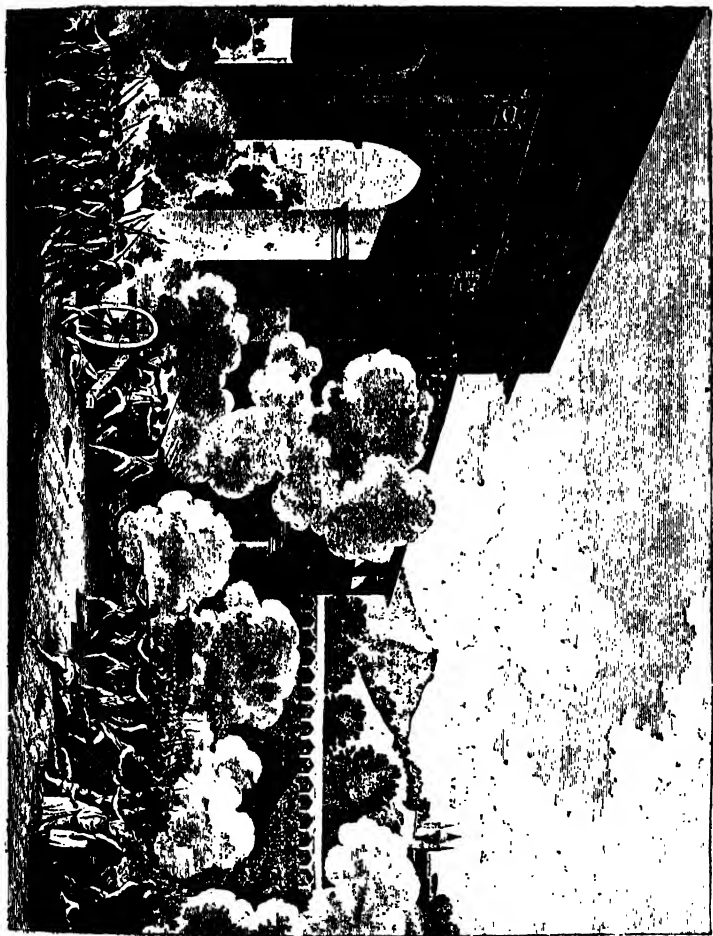
But now in Nancy, the olden capital of the Dukes of Lorraine, which had been only thirty years united to France, the insurrection was renewed and in a more horrible form. The revolt was imitated by a number of regiments in Southern France. At Toul one regiment tore off its tri-colored cockades, and the Regiment of Champaign revolted because the officers did not *ask them to dinner*.

The rights of men, the equality of men, the fraternity of men, were as loudly advocated in the camp as in halls and in clubs. Many regiments had driven away their old officers, and elected members of different companies to supreme command. Soldiers who had for years been sergeants and corporals now found themselves captains and majors, if not colonels, with entire authority over their regiments. Many of these officers soon became the great generals of the Revolution. Nancy was garrisoned by the Regiment du Roi, and several battalions of the Swiss Regiment Château-Vieux. On the 19th of August, 1790, these troops broke out into open revolt. They were incited by the revolutionists in Metz, the inflaming harangues of the clubs, and by revolutionary incidents in the surrounding territory. Bouille gathered a force, consisting partly of National Guards, and partly of his late revolted regiments, who had become ashamed and repentant. To these soldiers he added a body of pikemen. Stimulated by a decree of the National Assembly authorizing the utmost severity against the rebels, he advanced rapidly to Nancy, with three thousand infantry and fourteen hundred cavalry. He appeared before the city on the 31st of August. The insurgents,

who had imprisoned their generals, released them on hearing of the approach of Bouille, and sent a deputation to treat with their commander. Bouille sternly demanded the release of all the captive officers whom they held in bonds, and unconditional surrender. While the rebel soldiers were favorably parleying over these terms, Bouille advanced to the Stanville gate of Nancy. It was held by a body of artillery who did not understand the negotiations taking place, and were greatly excited. They prepared to fire their cannons. An heroic young officer by the name of De Lisle, of the Regiment du Roi, rushed forward quickly, and placed his body in front of the muzzle of one of the cannons, to prevent the rash act. The cannoniers cut his hands, and seized him by the throat, while the cannons were fired. The noble De Lisle fell, mortally wounded, and a number of Bouille's soldiers were killed. The enraged troops of Bouille, crying "Treachery! Treachery!" stormed the Stanville gate. Attacking the Swiss rebels, the revolted French Regiment du Roi and a rabble of brigands and pikemen, for three hours they engaged in a furious and murderous contest along the streets of the city. The hussars charged ferociously both soldiers and people. Many were slain, and among them were a number of women and children, whom Bouille's troops mercilessly butchered. The rebels, disheartened, retreated, and finally surrendered. Thus, after a torrent of blood had flowed, the revolt was quelled. Bouille, after a brief court-martial, hanged a number of rebel soldiers. One was even broken on the wheel, while others were sent to the galleys for life.

This severe example of punishment awakened the soldiers in the department to their duty, and for the present stopped in all the regiments insubordination and revolt.

The National Assembly had been thoroughly aroused and alarmed by the revolt at Nancy, and they now voted enthusiastically both honors and thanks to the heroic Bouille, who had so promptly restored order and discipline in his army. They deplored the numbers slain, and the people who had lost their lives, but recognized the grave nature of the event and the fatal necessity. The King sent his personal congratulations to his loyal servant, and the boundaries of the command of Bouille were so enlarged that he ruled from the borders of the Austrian Netherlands to Switzerland. But a great cry went up in the clubs of Paris as soon as they



received the tidings of the victory of law and order. The orators gathered with darkened brows and fierce invectives. They stigmatized the victory as a massacre. They drew piteous descriptions of the females and innocent children who were slain, and sought to stir the people to demand the removal and impeachment of Bouille. They failed. Even Paris had seen and trembled at the danger of a revolting army marching upon it, like the Prætorians upon Rome, and the hypocritical invectives of the Jacobins were gradually replaced in its clubs by themes more new.

Mirabeau was profoundly affected by these events, and became daily more decided in his purpose of a counter-revolution. He saw the spectre of a dreadful anarchy raising its clouded and threatening hand, already crimson with blood, whilst he noticed with dismay that from the moment the Constitution had received the oath of the King and the people, it seemed to be forgotten by the orators and masses of the nation.

Instead of obedience to and reverence for the formulative document, which was engrossing as it had done and occupying the time of the Constituent Assembly for a year, the volatile French turned with feverish haste to new suspicions and new excitements, as though to a new fashion. The representatives of the people were themselves flagitious offenders against the spirit of the very work in which they were engaged. Though the document soon to be completed guaranteed liberty to the monarch as well as to the people, it was constantly violated. "A year ago," said a loyal delegate, "the King ruled twenty million subjects—but now twenty million Kings rule him." Louis should have been as free to come and go as George the Third, the constitutional monarch of England. Had he been fairly, even humanely treated, he might have become in time loyally faithful to the freedom of a nation which would have shown itself great and generous. But with fleeting intervals of impulsive enthusiasm on great or novel occasions, he was treated by the people as though he was a dangerous foe, who merited to be enchained and controlled.

After all the ecstasy of the Champ de Mars, Louis XVI. was as much a prisoner as before. Not a sentinel was withdrawn from the Tuilleries, and the debates in the clubs increased rather than diminished in turpitude and invective. It seemed as though the Revolution's idea was that all

license and freedom must be the property of the *people*, but that the King and his family were to be *patient and enduring slaves*.

The clear eyes saw and the sound intellect of Mirabeau distrusted this tyranny of the populace and the Assembly, but he also hated and distrusted Lafayette. He judged the General as a vain, self-seeking charlatan, constantly posing before the French nation as the Knight of Liberty in two worlds. He believed, that, stripped of the halo a grateful and sentimental people, the Americans, had cast around him, Lafayette would appear the hollow, bewildered, and feeble demagogue that Mirabeau *believed* him really to be. He turned away from him in contempt, but his scorn was endured by Lafayette with silent patriotism.

Though the view of Mirabeau has found credence with later historians of the French Revolution, like Stevens and Taine, Von Sybel and Yonge, Lafayette remains, for the mind of the people of this country, on the pedestal erected by their confidence and gratitude. The more thoroughly his life is investigated and his character analyzed, the more fully will his patriotism, his foresight, and his unselfishness be vindicated. That Lafayette possessed the fault of excessive vanity was true; but a man can be vain and yet be able, wise, good, and sincere. He was a patriot in 1790, and he was a patriot in 1815 when he rebuked Napoleon, demented by the defeat of Waterloo. He was a patriot when greeted by a nation on his visit to these shores in 1824, and he was a mistaken and deceived patriot in 1830, when on the ruins of the throne of Charles X., he erected that of Louis Phillippe.

Lafayette doubted and distrusted the King because of his knowledge of the power and tendencies of Marie Antoinette, of the King's vacillating character, and the sway of his strong-minded and beautiful wife over both the monarch's heart and convictions. But Lafayette was intensely loyal to the Constitutional Monarchy, and in the vain effort to perpetuate it in the future he sacrificed his popularity, and ultimately was driven into a foreign land. Realizing as fully as Mirabeau the disorderly character of the times, he exercised his authority over the people and National Guards to the utmost, in order to maintain tranquillity. He partially succeeded. Mob ceased to gather, and comparative order was restored. The terror



of the civic militia in the hands of the resolute general held the lower classes in leash, and no surging insurrections, with one brief exception, startled Paris during the year 1790. It was an Indian summer of obedience, soon, alas ! to pass away.

The hatred of Marie Antoinette against Lafayette was unreasoning and extreme. She loathed his name and presence. The Queen well knew that he never could be compelled or bribed to restore the old despotism. To her, he represented the overthrow of the ancient State and power of the monarchy. She ascribed to him, as the real instrument of the people, their departure from the grandeur of Versailles. The reception she gave to the general who so honestly stood between her, her family, and anarchy, was always distant and cold. Lafayette, as a man extremely desirous without the sacrifice of his principles to stand well with so lovely and charming a woman, was greatly chagrined by this hostile treatment. Usually he bore it silently and patiently ; but sometimes he resented it by a severe and haughty air, in which he manifested his sense of his own power, and her helplessness and injustice, although he never transgressed the boundaries of courtesy in speech.

The Dauphin sighed more and yet more for the air and charms of the country. He longed, like every child, for the green leaves, the soothing woods, and the birds and skies of Versailles and St. Cloud. In his little garden he found his consolation and refuge.

The Queen still possessed female friends in the Princess Lamballe and Madame Campan, and in the remnant of a court. The beautiful and noble Princess de Lamballe was her heart's closest and tenderest female companion. The Queen made the Princess her bosom confidant, and Madame Lamballe repaid this trust by the most devoted fidelity. Often after the Queen had endured the abuse of the crowds at the window, which was now, in the developing fanaticism of the times, of increasing frequency, she would retire to her closet, and, on the tender and sympathizing bosom of the affectionate Princess find, while she wept profusely, resignation and support.

Though the King's brother the Count de Provence and his wife yet remained in Paris, they were selfish enemies to Marie Antoinette, and afforded but little consolation to the King. The Count was a treacherous brother, though

Louis XVI. had relied on his fidelity and had always treated him with fraternal regard.

At this time the Duke of Orleans, banished from the Tuileries by his past, sought a reconciliation with the King. He visited the palace and explained to the monarch his wishes and purposes. He was compliant and repentant. He seemed to be sincerely desirous of a complete reconciliation with the sovereign and his wife. Marie Antoinette received him with cold respect, but was affected by the protestations of one so near by blood to the throne. The Duke retired with a full purpose to henceforth devote himself to the royal cause. But it was the fate of Louis XVI. to have among his nobles some men of the most detestable malignity, and of the most reckless tempers. Because the royal family and Queen had been estranged from the Duke, they believed they had entire license to abuse him. As, with a grateful smile, the Prince passed out of the royal presence, crossed the Grand Hall, and was about to descend the staircase, they giped at him, and mocked and insulted him, crying out, "Look out for the spoons," as though this immensely rich Prince was a common thief. They even descended to the lowest vulgarity, by actually covering the Duke's coat and hat with their spittle. The Prince was convulsed with rage and humiliation. His face became purple. To his jaundiced mind, with difficulty brought to take this step of reconciliation, the King and Queen were responsible for this outrage. He believed that with cruel perfidy they had cajoled him into the monarch's cabinet in order to so foully abuse him as he left.

From that moment he became a more desperate, determined antagonist against King, Queen, and throne than ever. He totally forsook the palace, united himself with energy to the Jacobins, and never ceased his conspiracies against the monarch, until he could vote for his death in the National Convention. That Louis XVI. or Marie Antoinette had any part in the outrage, or indeed any knowledge of it, it is impossible to believe. No explanation was sent by the Duke and no apologies were ever made by the King.

The monarch endeavored to carry out the plan of the Constitution, but was constantly threatened by the National Assembly. Louis was inspired for a moment with the courage of brief hope, and hugged a delusion that peace might

possibly be restored. His illusions were sincere and genuine, but soon dispelled, and the old life of insincerity and the maneuvers by which he endeavored to escape from an intolerable position was again pursued.

As the affairs of the monarchy with an almost mysterious dynamic tendency toward confusion trended downward, Mirabeau became more earnest in his desire to check the dissolution of society and overthrow of law which he so greatly apprehended.

The childish act of the Assembly in ordering the demolition of the splendid statue of Louis XV. in the Place des Armes filled Mirabeau with contempt. The body proved, by this useless iconoclasm, how rapidly authority was bowing to the behests of the impulses and the caprices of an ignorant and infatuated rabble.

Not many days after this event a deputy named Lambel arose in the Assembly and made a speech of three lines which changed the social condition of France until the Empire of Napoleon. "I demand," he said, "the suppression of the titles of duke, count, marquis, viscount, baron, and knight. This day is the tomb of vanity." The motion was seconded by *Lafayette* and Charles Lameth. It was carried with applause, the people, who were now freely permitted even to mingle with the delegates and to debate with the legislators, shouting their approbation. Decrees were also passed with great enthusiasm, prohibiting armorial bearings and razing the names of estates as titular designations, but until the Republic this law was largely a dead letter.

Every attack of the Assembly upon the nobility was at this time to Mirabeau an increasing source of irritation, and caused him to be yet more eager for a full reconciliation with the crown. The King had finally, after much effort, been permitted to spend, for the last time, a few days with his family in St. Cloud. Thither Mirabeau went, and there he had a yet more confidential interview with the Queen. Marie Antoinette was more than ever affected by his sincerity and devotion, and the great popular leader was equally impressed by her beauty, talents, and courage. "The King," he said, on his return, "has but one man about him, and that is the Queen. There is no safety for her but in the re-establishment of the royal authority. I am certain that she will not preserve her life, unless she preserves her crown."

As the autumn of 1790 wore on, and the harassed monarch was once more surrounded by the restless multitudes in his regal prison-house ; as he heard the tramp of the sentinels at night under the light of the cold unfeeling stars, and experienced daily an increase of the disrespect of the people, his weary heart turned yet more trustingly toward Mirabeau, as the mighty magician who could alone control the Revolution.

At this time Neckar, who had long been a nonentity, resigned. The Revolution had flowed turbulently onward, leaving him stranded upon the banks of a past receding farther and farther away. The fallen minister retired to Coppet in his native Switzerland, and hardly a paragraph noticed the departure of a man whose dismissal eighteen months before had convulsed Paris, and led to the destruction of the Bastile.

Meanwhile the rabid Marat was assuming a portentous importance. That foul and frenzied demagogue, ravening for massacre and blood, had established his paper, *L'Ami du Peuple*. It was a fierce Jacobin journal, devoted to incessant assaults on established orders. Constant and shameless slander poured forth in slimy abundance from its fœtid columns directed against the King, the Queen, and all the royalists. Marat's attacks upon the virtue of Marie Antoinette were of the most foul and cruel character. Every day a column of his paper was devoted to holding up the Queen to the execration of Paris as guilty of all the crimes most detestable in human nature. He accused her of a voluptuousness and harlotry that rivaled Messalina in the past, and Catherine of Russia in the present. He asserted that she was the common mistress of the Count de Fersen, and the officers of her guard. With ferocious and brutal malignity Marat endeavored to discredit the parentage of the innocent little Dauphin, so cherished by his mother with the fondest and tenderest affection. Marat asserted that Louis XVI. was only the putative parent of the Prince, that his real father was the Count de Fersen, and of this he declared he possessed the most positive evidence. No reader can understand the strength and power of the hatred of the French people in 1791 against this unhappy Queen, only as he recognizes *that these villainous falsehoods were largely credited.*

It has taken the most candid siftings of careful and inves-

tigating history to disprove these atrocious fables, and only after irrefutable proofs have modern historians united in full belief in the entire purity of this ill-treated woman. Whatever follies the radiant and high-spirited Queen had committed in the early period of her life, however hoydenish some of her pranks, and defiant of etiquette—they were but the ebullitions of exuberant youth. She had always been pure and chaste, a true wife and devoted mother. The trying experiences of the Revolution rapidly developed all the latent courage, heroism, and sublime nobility of her character, while her dreadful sufferings, shameful treatment, and horrible execution have hallowed her memory for the ages of the future as a martyr.

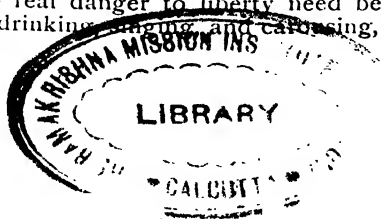
A sensitive, tender-hearted woman, the Queen suffered intensely in her feelings and was mentally agonized by these slanders. Despite her entire innocence, she felt degraded and humiliated by the constant necessity of refutation and self-defense. She finally abandoned the useless effort to stay the deadly poison of falsehood, and endured in silence the unjust prejudices of a soured and angry nation. The King heard these cowardly slanders with profound indignation, but he was helpless; on him they made no impression. He saw in his poignantly anguished wife all that was noble, dignified, pure, and beautiful in an heroic and devoted woman, and he was not deceived. He daily leaned upon her strong nature more and more, as though he was the vine and she was the oak. Nobly, patiently, grandly the Queen and mother met the thronging trials and duties which now like a succession of billows swept over and around her.

In February, 1791, the King's aunts resolved to emigrate from France to Rome. These ancient spinsters had been the neglected daughters of Louis XV., whom in his usual unfeeling and *blasé* manner he had decorated with the rude nicknames of Laque and Graille. They were peaceful, retired, worthy women, devoted to their breviaries and to works of charity. Louis XVI. had always treated them with kindness and respect. Their nerves were shaken by the constant dangers of the hour, and they now sought a calmer region in which to spend the small remainder of their lives.

But the patriots raised a great furor. All France seemed to "screech" over these poor homeless old ladies, on their departure, as though it was a thing fatal to liberty. The

matter of allowing them to go was debated for days in the National Assembly, while the people thronged in tumult through the gardens, terraces, and quays surrounding the Tuileries. Lafayette was compelled to call out the National Guards, and such a "tempest in a tea-pot" was never before seen. Finally the laughter of Europe brought the hysterical French to their senses, the Count de Provence emerged from that cellar in the Luxembourg where he had hidden himself in fear of bodily danger from an unreasoning mob, and the old ladies, terrified and palpitating, were permitted to depart. "All Europe," said a sarcastic deputy in the Assembly, "is on the broad grin that France should exhibit so ridiculous a spectacle over the matter, as to whether two old women shall be allowed to chatter their masses in Paris or in Rome."

On account of the accumulation of criminals in the prisons of Paris, from the changes which had taken place and the imperfect workings of the new courts, it was determined to repair the Castle of Vincennes in order to receive the overflow. But again suspicious Paris was on fire with immediate excitement. It was whispered that the King and Court, by a subterfuge, were preparing a *new Bastille* for *Patriots*. It was alleged also that the Royalists had dug a secret communication between the Tuileries and the subterranean sewer system of Paris, and the Catacombs; and were about to fill those gloomy recesses with gunpowder, and to *blow up the city*. The whole metropolis shook with the throes of this alarm. The Faubourg Saint Antoine rose in wrath. On the 28th of February, 1791, they rushed in large numbers and with great violence to Vincennes. They attacked the drawbridges, they smote off the iron stanchions of the windows with crowbars, and began to despoil that fortress of its furniture. General Lafayette was informed, and quickly calling out the National Guards, followed them. But many companies were then disaffected and would not fire on "the men of the Bastille." When Lafayette ordered Santerre to attack the mob, he did so in a jeering, good-natured way, which was the mockery of a real assault. Lafayette himself became an object of banter, and one ardent and impudent rioter endeavored to pull him off from his horse by one of his boots. However, by patience, tact, and explanation, the rioters were made to understand that no real danger to liberty need be apprehended, and finally, drinking, singing, and carousing, they dispersed.





THE AFFAIR OF THE PONTARIDS.

All this time the Assembly seemed to be indifferent as to the tumult in the streets, and was calmly debating a new law against the emigrants. Mirabeau resisted the proposed decree with vigor and indignation. "Pass it if you will," he cried, "but I swear to you *that I will* not obey it."

At this crisis, strange men with tickets of entry began to appear in the Tuileries. They were dressed in cloaks, wore boots, and aroused the suspicions of the National Grenadiers of the Centre, composed of the old French Guards, who then watched the palace. A grenadier seized one of the strangers and captured a concealed poniard. He raised an alarm. The Guards hunted for men in black. They found several and rushed them headlong down the marble steps of the Tuileries. The excitement soon became great. Among either these victims of suspicion or these conspirators was d'Espremenil, the once popular delegate in the Parliament of Paris. He was rescued from the maltreatment of the constitutional grenadiers by Petion. "And I too, Monsieur," he said bitterly to that now increasingly popular leader, "have been carried on the people's shoulders." Petion turned pale, made no reply, and departed.

Through the winter of 1790 and 1791, Mirabeau was the trusted counsellor of Louis XVI. The increasing violence of speech and the threatening dangers, despite the restraining hand of Lafayette, confirmed the Tribune in his belief that there could be no peace nor real safety for the monarch while he remained a captive in his capital. Already the word "Republic" began to be associated with the denunciations in the Jacobin and other clubs. Mirabeau counseled the King to flee to the South, to rally the loyal sentiment of the nation, and assisted by the army of Bouille to establish himself in Lyons where attachment to his house was strong. There he could perfect the Constitution and organize order, in the midst of devoted partisans and reliable soldiers. The monarch in growing despair began to listen favorably to this advice.

The Assembly and the clubs were not blind in regard to the thinly veiled change which had taken place in the convictions and purposes of this yet great and popular Tribune. Mirabeau was received in its bosom with cold looks and expressions of increasing aversion and distrust. Muttered threats of impeachment again were heard. But shaking his potent locks, the Count met every threat with the mighty



thunders of his defiance. Like the keeper of a den of tigers he wielded the lash of his awful eloquence over the heads of the ferocious clubs, while he charmed and soothed the thinkers and scholars of the refined Assembly, until both were subdued and his power seemed immovable. How long he could have remained in this supremacy is a question upon which history may speculate, but which she cannot answer. The test was not to come. In the hour of the increasing gloom of the shaking monarchy, Mirabeau, its latest hope and prop, was suddenly removed by death. At a moment when he was most needed ; while the Court was turning to him with grateful confidence, and while he yet enthralled and controlled the people, Mirabeau died. The Providences of Jehovah are inscrutable !

Mirabeau had seriously undermined his health by the excesses of many years. He was only in middle life, but his physical constitution was shattered. The tremendous mental and moral strain which constantly rested upon him added to the forces which drained away his life. He became very ill. The King heard of his sickness with consternation. The Queen and Court watched with bated breath the progress of the great commoner's disease. The nation trembled with anxiety and wept with sympathy, and all the fullness of his old popularity was instantly restored. To their affectionate imaginations he was again the Mirabeau of the 23d of June, 1789, the dauntless Paladin of Liberty.

Crowds gathered in front of his residence. Daily messages were sent from the paralyzed Assembly. When it was learned that his case was hopeless, multitudes mourned, as bitterly as David mourned for Absalom. The control of this miraculous man over the French heart was something at that time unparalleled since the reign of Henry the Fourth. The hushed and awed Assembly heard the tidings of his danger with emotion ; even the Jacobin clubs were dumb in the presence of this majestic death, and had a voice in this supreme hour of a great nation's sorrow been heard in Paris against the dying statesman, its possessor would have been torn in pieces. The King and Queen sent solicitous messages. A prayerless nation looked dumbly to a heaven from which it had banished Faith and God, and bowed its head before the shadows that darkened its path, but neither necessity, nor talent, a nation's affection and sobs, nor a

monarch's prayers could stay the decrees of Jehovah, or turn back the iron hand of Death.

Medical science was baffled, for Mirabeau was worn out, and the temple in which dwelt that great soul was about to be shattered into dust. On the 26th of March, 1791, the dying Mirabeau said to his intimate and constant friend Dumont: "When I am gone they will appreciate my value. The miseries I have held back will then burst with rury from all sides upon unhappy France. I know well," he prophesied sadly, as on the 31st of March he conversed with Cabanis, his devoted physician—"I know well that great misery and confusion will follow my death. The factions will destroy the throne and the King, and will tear each other to pieces." This history in its progress will exhibit how exactly that impressive and dying prophecy was fulfilled. "Wrap me in flowers, bathe me in perfumes," said the dying and disbelieving Mirabeau. As the sun arose on the 2d of April, and its brilliant and blessed light streamed into the death-chamber, he fixed his eyes upon the sunbeams with seeming admiration and profound thought. Oh, that he had fixed his faith on that other and more eternal Sun which can rise over every clouded heart and suffering soul, "with healing in his beams!" Presently the gray shadows of death crept over his expressive countenance, and Mirabeau, turning to his physician, uttered the single word "Dormir," "sleep." His eyes closed, and with a smile on his lips he passed away to the judgment seat of Christ. It was half-past eight o'clock on the morning of the 2d of April, 1791. Cabanis, his physician, sobbed out, "His sufferings are at an end."

"A hushed, lugubrious, immense wail," says Von Laun, "resounded through France." Paris covered herself with black and bowed herself in mourning. The King heard with tears of this irreparable loss. The Jacobins in some of the provinces expressed indecent joy, but in the capital itself they were prudently silent. The whole city was covered with sable emblems of sorrow, while the bells tolled solemnly. With one impulse every rank and class seemed to unite in the most imposing and affectionate rites over his remains.

On the 4th of April, 1791, a stately procession moved through the hushed streets of the capital. A hundred thousand persons were in line. The National Assembly

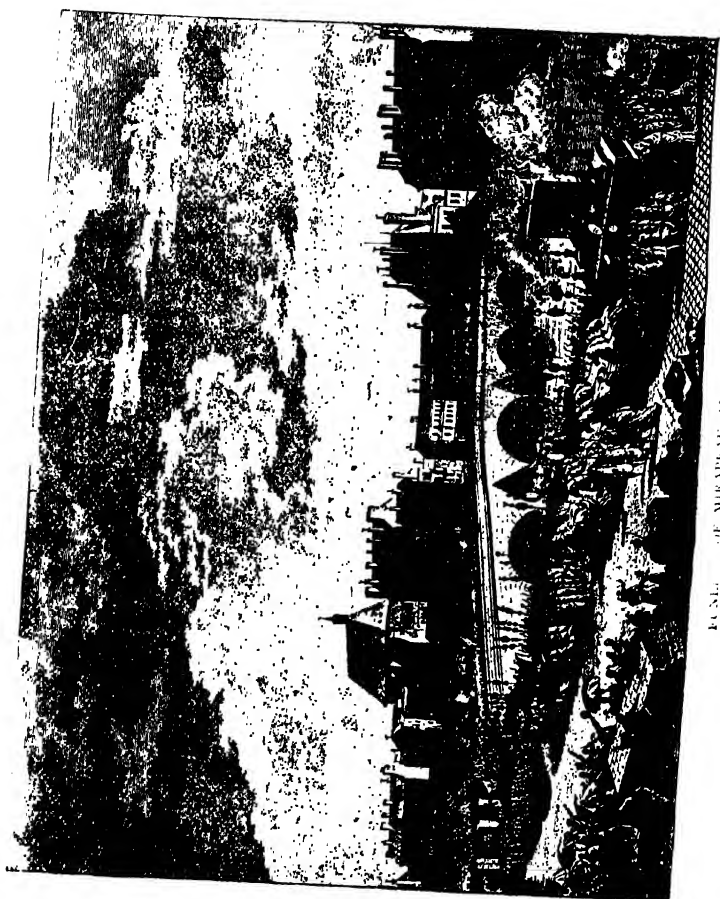


FIG. 1. — OF MIRABEAU, APRIL, 1791.

led the way, and great officers of state and of the army were in the ranks. Amid the sad, sweet dirges of martial music, the booming of cannon, and the mourning of the vast multitude, Mirabeau was borne to his tomb. As his body was carried into the Pantheon and committed to its repose, a great muffled sob and wail went up from the hearts of that hundred thousand men.

"Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes,—  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Europe, the King, the Court, the Assembly and the nation all alike fully appreciated the gravity of this event. Without the guiding and cheering light of the star of Bethlehem, no Christ to uphold him passing through the dark misty waters; without a hope of heaven or immortality to elevate or comfort his soul, the mighty Mirabeau entered into the mysteries beyond the grave, and into the silences of eternity.

The historical student speculates upon what would have been the future of the Revolution had Mirabeau lived. Would there have been a 10th of August with a destroyed throne? Would there have been a massacre of September, 1792?—an execution for the King—the Queen?—a Reign of Terror and a domination of Robespierre? But these speculations are idle. He died, and all these horrors followed. It was not in the mind of God that he should live. The world was to behold the full evolution of a revolt that banished God from its plans and which based the regeneration of society upon human reason, passions, inspirations, and weakness. The lesson is an object lesson to warn humanity and fasten believers yet more firmly on the Rock of Ages. God may be banished from the hearts of men, but his throne in the universe is eternal, omnipotent, and immovable. His laws are irresistible and "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," can be the basilar text of this entire record. France, aspiring for liberty and peace, denied religion, order, and law, without which there is always anarchy, not liberty, and war, not peace.

The storm of revolution, yet partially held back by monarchical and constitutional forms, presently broke forth with renewed power and fury, and shook the Throne and the Constitution to pieces.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE FLIGHT TO VARENNES.

THE story of the Revolution becomes yet more exciting and sad, as we approach the summer of 1791.

Hardly was the body of Mirabeau cold in its untimely grave before his prophecy began to be fulfilled. The "violence of faction" broke forth with renewed intensity. In Mirabeau, Louis had lost his last sensible adviser, and from the King's nature ultimate ruin was his inevitable destiny.

The advocates for the overthrow of the monarchy, hitherto a timid and obscure faction, now became more numerous and more bold. The word "republic" was often heard in the clubs and in the Jacobin debates. The Constitution, at which the Assembly was working so assiduously, seemed for a period to recede into the background, and to be remembered alone by the King, the National delegates, and the more conservative members of French society.

The project of flight, which Louis had not communicated to any one in Paris, except his wife, his sister, and Madame Campan, was now renewed. The Marquis de Bouille still commanded the whole northeast of France, with all its troops and fortresses. He was now intrusted with the secret design of the King. From the death of Mirabeau, Louis XVI. was unchangably resolved on departure from the revolutionary metropolis. He held aloof more and more from Lafayette, while the Queen's abhorrence of the constitutional general seemed hourly to increase in intensity. Early in the year the King had informed Bouille of the possible necessity of his leaving Paris, and seeking a refuge for himself and family among the faithful troops of the north. The Marquis replied, devotedly placing his sword and his command at the monarch's service. He strongly encouraged the King in his purpose to make the attempt to escape from the intolerable captivity and helplessness in which he then existed. At this moment an event occurred which confirmed the monarch's determination to escape from his environments at all hazard.

Soon after the funeral of Mirabeau, Louis, fatigued with the exhausting life of the Tuileries, planned to visit once more the palace of St. Cloud. He sent his household, his dinner was prepared, but at the last moment the National Guards mutinied as they had the year before. They ran again to the gates, and closed them. They presented their bayonets, and loudly declared that the King should not pass. They said that he was the nation's hostage for the preservation of its hard-won liberties. The King earnestly and kindly remonstrated; asserting his fidelity to the free monarchy, and his equal love of constitutional liberty. But the Guards were neither placated nor convinced. Lafayette a second time hastened to the spot. The year before he had resigned his command after a similar outrage, and had only been induced to resume it, on the repeated and humble promise of the whole Guards that he should in future be obeyed. He now reminded the mutinous troops of this promise, but could not persuade the soldiers to allow the departure of the royal family. A vast multitude of people rushed to the Tuileries, crowded into the Carrousel, shouting and yelling, and encouraged the Guards in their rebellious actions. The King and his family were finally compelled to return within the Palace, and to forego the intended visit.

Louis wrote to the Marquis de Bouille concerning this new outrage. The King and Bouille immediately arranged the following plan to escape. The King, in disguise, with the royal family, was to go to the frontier fortress of Montmedy. The Marquis was to station his loyal German cavalry, from immediately beyond Chalons, at successive intervals between that town and Montmedy, and gradually envelop the monarch in their protecting ranks. The cavalry, to allay the possible fears of an excitable and suspicious population, were to pretend that they were about to escort a treasure of gold and silver to Stenay for the payment of the troops. This cavalry was to consist of men carefully selected and thoroughly loyal to the King and their general.

The most courageous and intelligent officers were to be their commanders. The King with his wife was to perfect the details of their disguise, assisted by reliable friends, and to minutely but secretly communicate the arrangement to Bouille.

A few days before his departure, Louis transmitted to the Marquis a million francs, in assignats, which were then

fairly valuable, from his own civil list, that Bouille might reward with liberality the regiments who were destined to take a prominent part in the King's rescue.

Bouille now carefully and thoroughly matured his plans so as to make certain and effectual the assistance that he sent to aid the monarch. All disaffected troops on various pretenses were dispersed to distant points. He concentrated near Stenay his cavalry brigade of the Royal Allemands, consisting of three thousand seasoned and disciplined troops, German by speech and birth. A park of sixteen pieces of artillery was moved to Montmedy. Squadrons of hussars were stationed, ready to advance on Chalons and Varennes upon a signal from the general, and were held carefully in hand. The command of these hussars was given to a dashing and loyal young officer, Count Charles de Damas. He was ordered to station his force in relays from Chalons to Varennes, and to expect Louis XVI. at Chalons.

On the 27th of May, 1791, the King wrote to the Marquis that he would leave Paris on the midnight of the 19th of June; that he would be driven in ordinary hackney coaches to Bondy; that one of his Body-guard would ride before as a courier, and that at Bondy, taking his own vehicles, he would press on as rapidly as possible.

On the 15th of June, however, the King from necessity wrote again. He announced to the anxious Bouille that he was compelled to postpone his journey for twenty-four hours, because a female servant, whom he believed to be a spy upon his actions, waited on the Queen on the 19th, and would not be relieved until the morning of the 20th of June. This most unfortunate delay threw Bouille into the most terrible perplexity, and ultimately was the cause of the disastrous failure of the enterprise. He had matured his plans and arranged their details on the basis of the King's departure on the 19th of June. The monarch was blameless, and Bouille could only so modify his plans with the utmost expedition as to so far as possible arrange for escorting the King upon the 21st.

Through the ingenuity of Madame de Tourzel it was arranged that she should assume the name of the Baroness de Korf, a rich Frankfort Jewess. As wealthy persons from Frankfort of that nationality were known to travel in great state and with independent ways, it was hoped that this

would account for whatever might seem bizarre and unusual in the carriage and methods of the King. The Queen was to take the character of the governess of the Baroness; the Princess Elizabeth was to be Rosalie, a female servant; the King was to assume the garb and position of valet; the Dauphin and his sister were to be children of the pretended Baroness, and her three domestics to ride behind on her carriage were three of the most valiant and devoted gentlemen of the monarch's former Body-guard. A passport was readily obtained, and is yet preserved in the archives of Paris. It read: "*De par le roi. Permet Madame la Baroness de Korf, to return to Frankfort with her two children, her female servant, her valet, and three domestics; Signed by the Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, Montmorin.*"

At this time Lafayette, as a conscientious officer, was watching and guarding Louis with a vigilant activity. Obscure rumors began to circulate in the clubs of Paris, that the King intended to escape, and the people grew more restless and threatening each day. But nothing in the conduct or acts of the royal family, so carefully did they guard themselves, revealed any purpose of flight. The monarch, with renewed affability, calmly received Lafayette, transacted cheerfully the official routine of his duties, and seemed in no way to change the daily order of his life.

The rumors of flight, as they were traced, faded into the air, but they led to new invectives against the King. "We cannot rely on Louis," said Camille Desmoulins. "Kings, having tasted the blood of nations, will not easily cease. We know that the horses of Diomedæ, having once tasted of human flesh, would eat nothing else." At the same time Catharine the Second, the haughty Imperial Autocrat of Russia, wrote to the captive Marie Antoinette: "Kings must pursue their course without caring for the outcries of the people, as the moon rides through the heavens unimpeded by the barking of the dogs." This had been the method of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., but those days of crushing despotism had borne their fruit, and good Louis XVI. was to endure their penalties.

The King had no friends in whom he dared to confide, save his brother the Count de Provence,—who was preparing to fly with him,—and a few devoted females. In this extremity he remembered the Count de Fersen and his devotion and



fidelity. Unaffected by the rumors which had associated this Swedish nobleman with alleged amours with Marie Antoinette, and implicitly believing in the innocence of his Queen and of the Count, he wrote him a pathetic letter, detailed his trials, and summoned him to his assistance. The Count hastened with rapidity from Stockholm, and soon paid his respects to the adored Queen and her husband. He entered with ardor into their plans, and employed all the resources of his skillful and fertile mind to assist the royal family. The Count, however, found his worst impediment, as did the Marquis de Bouille, in the King himself. Louis, while amiable and vacillating, was in some things extremely obstinate. His lack of judgment and his simplicity of character were at times remarkable. It was for the vital interest of himself and all he held dear, that he should make his proposed journey with as little divergence from the methods of ordinary travel as possible. But the infatuated monarch risked all upon a conviction in his own mind that he and his family and guards must travel together in one immense carriage. He ordered a large berlin, an old-fashioned and cumbrous vehicle, such as was rarely used at that time from its great size and unwieldiness. Despite the arguments and remonstrances of the Count de Fersen, who warned him of the risk and danger that he would incur by this unusual mode of travel the King persisted in his purpose. The berlin was rapidly constructed, and was ready at the desired time.

The Marquis de Bouille had earnestly recommended to Louis that he should make his journey to Montmedy by the quickest and shortest route through Rheims. But the King had been crowned at Rheims in 1774; he feared that he would be recognized and discovered, and he resolved to take the route by Varennes, which was but little used, and destitute of posting facilities, such as the relays of horses demanded for his carriages made necessary. It was a fatal determination.

Meantime in the Tuileries, and in secret, the Queen busily prepared for the journey. Madame Campan, her lady in waiting, in her interesting memoirs gives the details of these preparations. The natural pride of the Queen's imperial Austrian blood, led her to resolve not to go away like a pauper. She expected to ultimately reach Brussels, and the court of her sister Christina, the Regent of the

Austrian Netherlands. Madame Campan was sent on many journeys into the shops of Paris. The royal wardrobe was rapidly completed. The astute lady in waiting ordered clothes for the Queen's daughter from the measure of her own child, and for the Dauphin, by employing in the same way her son. Trunks were packed, well-filled, and sent to faithful servants of the Queen's at Arras, there to await her orders. But the Queen was infatuated. She purchased in a blinded way dressing-cases with ivory and other unnecessary appurtenances. She, like her husband, had no adequate idea of the necessities of a "tooth-brush and collar alone," such as General Grant possessed in his Vicksburg Campaign; and rapidity is as essential in flight as in war. Accustomed to inconceivable elegance and splendor, as yet not seriously interfered with by the Revolution, in her toilet and personal arrangements, the Queen, like Xerxes of old, if she escaped desired to carry her palace with her.

The historian writing for the people must reach the people's imagination. Suppose now the female reader of this book to be born an archduchess, accustomed from childhood to the fairy life of Vienna, in imperial girlhood treated with every respect, and possessed of every comfort and every grandeur. Suppose that reader the "Bride of France," and surrounded by an adulation, magnificence, and enthusiasm that yet makes the eye sparkle as the historian peruses its record. Then for years suppose her a Dauphiness and a Queen in the world's most gorgeous palace, and a ruler by wit and royal rank. Suppose her surrounded by terraces, esplanades, forests full of game, magnificent halls, and boudoirs, with the loveliest ladies and the most magnificent men her gladly obedient slaves. Finally let this reader imagine a bloody Revolution marring her life and bereaving her of most of these splendors and yet, leaving a royal position,—despite abuse—full of innumerable and indescribable female necessities and elegances in a royal palace, and then—to suddenly forsake all, and take nothing and flee as from death! The Queen could not endure it, and hence, through all her sense of the importance of every moment, this is the key to what we call her "follies."

The Queen's diamonds and jewelry were carefully packed. They were the ransom of a province in value. The diamonds were discovered by the female spy whom Louis dreaded, and might have led to serious results, but fortunately the danger passed.

The 20th of June, 1791, that eventful day, at length dawned. In the spring of the year, driven to despair, and like Baron Trenck armed with the resources of despair, the King had craftily caused some secret passages in the Tuileries to be made by faithful servants who did not betray him. This was the only way that he could hope to escape.

All those momentous seventeen long weary hours of that June day, the King and Queen were compelled to keep up the appearance of perfect nonchalance, but were all the while in mortal agony and fear.

The Count de Fersen with great skill had perfectly made his part of the arrangements. Night came. The Queen, so lovely and fascinating in person, and so pure and maternal in heart, awaited in dread.

Lafayette had that day been more than usually watchful. That night he had stationed additional sentinels at all the known entrances of the Palace. A vague suspicion filled his mind and those of the people of the city, and many patriots were restless and uneasy. The King received the General and his usual escort with calmness. He conversed with him with a suavity that soothed and charmed Lafayette. The Queen for a moment lent her fascination in a few friendly words. The patriot, though enthralled by the royal Circe, did not relax his vigilance. He doubled the guards of the main entrance and on the Carrousel in a blind effort against any possible misfortune. Proposing to return and examine the guards at a late hour, and when the public audiences had ceased, the General for the present departed.

And now the King and Queen hurried to their private rooms, and but a moment was employed by them in effecting their hurried disguise. Each one was attired in the garments suitable to the parts they were to assume. The sleepy little Prince, when he was aroused, rubbed his eyes, and said as he was clothed in female attire, "Is this a play?"

One by one the fugitives stole out of the secret door; the King leading his son, and the Queen leaning upon the arm of a devoted Body-guard, and holding her daughter by the hand. The public way was safely reached. The occasional loungers did not recognize this trembling royalty. Under the beautiful light of the June stars the King and his son and sister approached the open

streets and reached the waiting carriages. As the still lovely Queen with her trembling child crossed the Carrousel she met Lafayette. The General was proceeding to the Tuileries in a carriage, "blazing with light," in order that he might satisfy himself that all his orders for the safety of the royal family were observed. The Queen smiled upon Lafayette a smile of hate, fear, and joy, hate against him, fear of him, and joy at her escape. The General, absorbed in contemplations of his duties and of possible danger, passed without recognizing her. In her fear the Queen had ran across the gardens of the Palace and sped into a strange street. For several moments she and her escort wandered in terror among the darkly shaded and terrible streets of revolutionary Paris. But fortune assisted her. She timidly inquired the way of a stranger and soon, panting and in tears, she reached the carriages. The delay was most unfortunate. The King, Madame Elizabeth, and her son had been anxiously awaiting the Queen's appearance. The Count de Fersen, disguised as a coachman, kissed her hand and leaped upon the box. The carriages were entered and at last away the captives went to hoped for liberty and power and happiness. Fast flashed the whip of De Fersen. The horses smoked under his lash. He passed by a round-about way the streets of Paris, and reached the Barriers. The guard at the gate read and recognized the passport, and on and on to freedom the fugitives sped with the swiftness of devotion and love fleeing captivity and death.

At Bondy the berlin and a carriage were drawn up, and there Madame de Tourzel met them. De Fersen earnestly besought the King that he might accompany him on his journey. Had he done so it is asserted the royal family would have escaped. The King kindly refused. De Fersen raised the Queen's hand and kissed it, saluted respectfully the monarch, and departed. He escaped easily to Brussels. He was received with distinction by the sister of the Queen, the Regent Christina, and did not again appear connected with French history until Bonaparte at Balse, on his return from his great Italian Campaign, decidedly and contemptuously refused to receive him as a foreign envoy. De Fersen's death was by suicide in Sweden in 1810, while Napoleon was in the dazzling culmination of his immense imperial power.

Bouille had besought the King to allow M. d'Agout to accompany him, and aid him by his advice, but Madame de Tourzel would not give way, and the monarch was most unfortunately compelled to leave D'Agout behind. He was a most astute man, and had he been present, might have saved Louis. And now in the berlin, the helpless and infatuated royal family sped on. The day dawned. Merrily and joyfully to their welcome eyes rose the sun. The escaped captives drank in with delight the perfume of the leaves, and saw the flowers sparkling with dew, and the green grass flashing like diamonds. They rejoiced in the lowing of the herds, the delight of the woodlands and pastures, the wide, wind-swept fields, the birds chanting in the air, the streams, the light, the gentle music of Nature. For a year they had seen the Revolution amid marble and stone; they had gazed upon crowded gardens in the midst of abuse, outrage, noise, and frenzy. Now they saw, with ecstasy, nature, and nature's calm, holy, and beneficent landscapes. Their hearts beat exultingly. Every moment they were farther away from danger and death, and nearer to friends. For the bayonets of the Tuileries they had the vast landscapes of barley and clover, grass and wheat, of vineyards and orchards, under the white clouds and the warm June sun, which was to them as a benediction from God.

The King and his family, as the day wore on thus rapidly and prosperously, were full of confidence.

The relays provided by the Count de Bouille were furnished promptly. The roads were lonely. There was no direct suspicion or vigilance in the towns which they entered and passed, though sometimes a vague uneasiness was manifested. Telegraphs, telephones, and railroads remained to bless or curse the next century, and no tidings of his escape yet followed the King. With these exultant emotions the royal berlin and attendant carriages rolled into Chalons. This was the only large town through which they were obliged to pass.

It was half-past three in the afternoon of June 21. The courier provided had preceded them only an hour, and had passed on again before. A few idlers were standing in uneasy groups. The King expected here to meet the first detachment of hussars from Bouille, and was disappointed and anxious when he could not perceive them. He put his

head out of the carriage window. The postmaster of the village, a loyal man, instantly recognized him, but was faithful to his secret and eagerly assisted in harnessing the horses. There was no excitement, and the berlin rolled along the country road and on toward Ste. Menehould. The royal family clasped each other's hands in rapture, and cried: "We are saved." They were now within reach of the first cavalry of Bouille, if there had been no delay.

M. de Goguelas, punctual to commands, had entered Chalons, and had there anxiously awaited the appearance of the King.

But new fatalities occurred which constantly increased until the monarch was captured. The country was doubtful and suspicious, as for several weeks obscure rumors had spread into those remote sections of an intended escape of the King.

The movement of the cavalry along the road to Chalons was remarkable, and caused widespread, whispered comments among gatherings of excited peasants. The Mayor of Chalons had heard of the confusion and sent to know its cause. M. de Choiseul and Goguelas, who were both at the head of the hussars, saw the disorder, witnessed the agitation of the people, and gave out, as had been agreed, that they were expecting a treasure from Paris.

But when after a long delay the King did not appear, and some person declared that the mail had passed through, and with an unusual load, M. de Goguelas, afraid of detention, said finally: "Then it may be there is no need for us here." He mounted his horse and departed with his cavalry. Almost immediately after, the tardy berlin of the King came lumbering into the town.

Quiet had been restored by the departure of the hussars. The King, alarmed and confounded at being again disappointed, pressed on to Ste. Menehould. But the escort of dragoons which was destined to meet the monarch in that place was stopped by the suspicious authorities, and its captain compelled to go to the Hôtel de Ville to explain the cause of their presence.

The carriage of the King entered Ste. Menehould, and still again he was disappointed. As the relays were being changed, in great anxiety and perplexity he looked imprudently and inquiringly out of his carriage window. It was a fatal act. He was instantly recognized by Drouet, an ardent

Republican and son of the postmaster of the place. Drouet took from his pocket a new assignat, upon which a very truthful likeness of the King was engraved, compared the face upon that with that of the man before him, and his suspicions that the King was present were immediately confirmed.

The relays, however, were furnished, and without interruption the berlin proceeded toward the next station of St. Clermont. As it departed, Drouet reported his suspicions to the officials of Ste. Menehould. It was now seven o'clock in the evening of a long summer day. At this moment the first messenger from the National Assembly reached the village.

It was at once resolved to act. Drouet set off on horseback to raise the Jacobins of Varennes and stop the King.

M. de Damas with a third detachment of dragoons had reached St. Clermont, the station beyond Ste. Menehould, at five o'clock the evening before.

He was ordered to remain there during the following day and until the royal carriage passed through the town, and to then follow in its rear, protecting it. He waited through the day. But when night came and still no carriages appeared, he ordered his dragoons to their quarters. It was nine o'clock at night. The royal vehicle at this moment entered the village and stopped for new relays of horses. M. de Damas, who was anxiously watching, beheld them, and coming furtively up to the berlin held a brief whispered conversation with the King. The berlin again started, and Damas immediately sent his subaltern officers to rouse his soldiers. But, now, excited by the long presence of the cavalry, the passing berlin, and the gathering of the dragoons, as soon as it left the place the town was in commotion. An uproar immediately followed. Damas sounded to horse. The municipality beat their drums to gather the National Guards and appealed to the dragoons. The cavalry sided with the officials and refused to advance. Damas with great difficulty escaped alone from the village, and rode on toward Varennes.

The royal carriage had just left St. Clermont when Drouet on his way to alarm Varennes reached that village. As, on a fresh horse, he sped away on the road to Varennes, a dragoon faithful to the King saw him and suspected correctly his purpose. Leaping on his steed before he could

be prevented the loyal dragoon dashed after Drouet, resolved either to capture or slay him. But the wily Jacobin turning observed his pursuer, divined his object, and leaving the high road, struck into the byways of a country with which he was entirely familiar, and reached Varennes in safety.

The baffled dragoon returned dejected to his companions in St. Clermont. The King was just entering Varennes, when Drouet also reached it. The latter lost no time. He immediately visited the municipality and informed them of his fears and suspicions. It was agreed between them that the carriages should be quietly stopped at the bridge.

Varennes was a post town situated on the little river Aire. It was divided by that stream into two sections, an upper and a lower town. In June, 1791, an archway leading from the lower town to the bridge spanned the river, and was the only means of access to the upper village.

Drouet and several of the municipality armed themselves, and having overturned a wagon in front of the entrance to the bridge, on the side of the upper town, they secreted themselves in the shadow of the arch, and grimly and silently awaited their prey. At this very moment there was a company of dragoons in the upper town under the command of a nephew of Bouille. This young man had waited long. He had finally become convinced in his foolish mind that the King would not appear *that* night, if he came at all, and so young Bouille had dismissed his soldiers to their quarters, and retiring to bed had coolly gone to sleep. Had he been at his post of duty; had he held his cavalry in readiness; had he watched carefully for the advent of his sovereign, and the moment the King and his family entered the village, had he sounded to horse and rallied his force around Louis,—the King might have been rescued from his captors before any considerable body of patriots had assembled, and probably have escaped. The sleep of young Bouille turned the current of European history.



## CHAPTER XII.

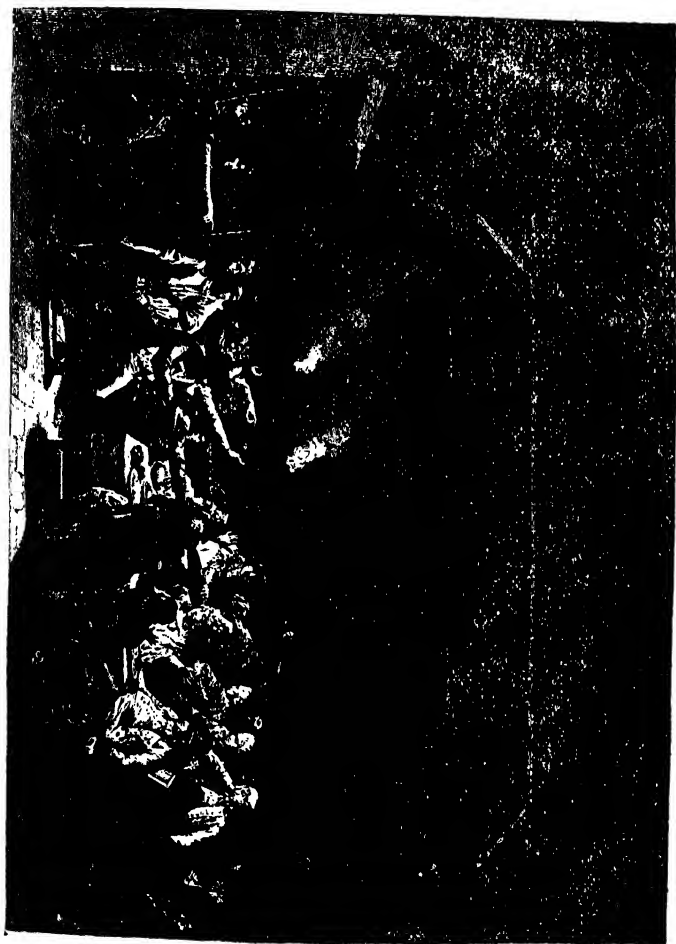
### THE CAPTURE OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AND RETURN TO PARIS.

HAPPILY unconscious of these sinister preparations and fatal mistakes, and yet confident of success despite his chagrin and disappointment at the delay of the rescuing cavalry, and unacquainted with the tumult at St. Clermont, Louis and his family entered Varennes. They were fully expectant that here they would at last find friends and soldiers. The berlin rolled into the lower town and stopped. It was half-past eleven o'clock at night. They were now several hours late. All was silent in the houses and darkened streets of the lower town. The King expected the usual relay of horses to be ready, but to his surprise there were none. His courier had passed on. The King descended from the berlin followed by one of the garde du corps, and knocked at several doors. There was no response. In great anxiety the monarch again entered his carriage, and it rolled aimlessly along toward the upper town. By some mistake, the expected relay had been transferred to an inn on the upper side of the River Aire, and the King had not been informed of the change.

As they approached the dark arch the horses started and reared, frightened by the impediment which Drouet had placed in the way. In a moment Drouet and his companions rushed forth and seized them by their heads. They ordered the King to alight and demanded of him who he was. Louis replied that he was the valet of the Baroness de Korff on her journey with her children to Frankfort. "Possibly," Drouet replied, "but you must accompany us to the Mayor."

At the first cry and gleam of muskets the disguised gardes du corps had leaped to their feet, seized their concealed weapons, and prepared to defend the King with their lives. But Louis forbade bloodshed. The royal family alighted. As they crossed the street to the inn, suddenly they observed a number of dragoons. They were

CAPTURE OF LOUIS XVI. AT VARENNES, JUNE 21, 1791.



the troops whom M. de Choiseul had led by an outer road from Chalons to Varennes. The troops of young Bouille had been drinking in their quarters and were already unfit for duty. At this moment also M. de Goguelas appeared.

Meantime in the dark night, Drouet had rushed to the neighboring belfry and sounded the tocsin. The awakened people rapidly gathered in a wonder which soon became rage. Young Bouille, also awakened, rushed for the hostelry, saw his error when too late, mounted a horse and hurried off to the Marquis. Excited emissaries aroused the National Guards of the surrounding villages, and they came rapidly and confusedly thronging into Varennes. All was tumult, excitement, and confusion. The streets of the village were barricaded, and M. de Goguelas could only with extreme difficulty reach the captive King.

Meantime the royal family had entered the inn. A wondering throng followed, and longer disguise became useless. When one of the judges insisted that it was the monarch who was present, "Well, then," cried Marie Antoinette indignantly, "if he is the King, treat him with the respect which he deserves." Varied emotions at once entered the hearts of these humble villagers. Some were filled with pity, but the majority were firm in their determination to hold the royal family. The King made a speech, explaining his flight and revealing his danger, which had a powerful effect upon his audience. The Mayor, Sausse, was friendly to Louis, but Drouet stormed, raged, swore, and declared that the Assembly would destroy all those who permitted the King's departure.

The sounding of the tocsin, the beating of the drums, the cries of the gathering people filled the night with terror. National Guards were thronging in, while portions of Bouille's cavalry appeared in the lower town. M. de Goguelas and other officers, remonstrating and pressing their way through the crowd, finally reached the King.

"When shall we depart?" said Louis eagerly.

"When your Majesty pleases, but we must cut our way out."

"Will it be hot work?" cried the King.

"Very hot, Sire," replied de Goguelas.

M. de Damas now appeared before Louis. "Let us charge!" he cried vehemently. "To horse, to horse!"

The National Guards had placed a battery of cannon

sweeping the street at its upper and lower extremities. M. de Damas rushed out to the hussars. "Hussars," he cried, "are you for the King or nation?" Tired and disgusted with their long ride and daunted by the scene, the Hussars replied, "For the nation," and began to shout as they sheathed their swords, "Vive le Roi, Vive la nation, Vive Lauzun!" the name of their regiment.

The scene now became perilous and terrible. A squadron of the cavalry of Bouille, under his son, was in the lower town, but could not force the bridge, while there was no available ford. They began sadly to retire, in order to seek a new road.

The Queen, with her children by her side, pleaded with the wife of Sausse, the Mayor, in the most pathetic and affecting language, for permission to depart. "You are a mother, Madame," she said, piteously, "and a wife."

"Madame," responded the wife of the Mayor, "it is impossible. You are thinking of your husband, and I am thinking of mine."

Marie Antoinette was compelled to retire to an upper chamber. Her children, worn and sleepy, were placed on a trundle-bed. The Queen passed a fearful night of grief, rage, despair, terror, and her mental conflict was so dreadful, the thought of returning to the horrors of Paris so unendurable, that in the morning her hair, which had been the night before of an auburn hue, was found turned as white as snow. No fact could more pathetically reveal the sufferings of this beautiful mother and devoted wife.

At six o'clock on the morning of June 22, the commissioners with the decree of the Assembly stopping the King, and ordering him to return to Paris, arrived at Varennes. The members of the Assembly had learned of the departure of the King eight hours after he had escaped. With great dignity they had passed a decree in which they employed the fiction that Louis had been abducted. They sent commissioners to rescue and protect the "captive" on the road back to his "beloved capital." That was sarcasm indeed.

Crowds assembled in Paris. Excited multitudes roamed the streets proclaiming Lafavette a traitor because he had not properly guarded the King. Obscene sketches were handed around among laughing multitudes, portraying the Royal Family as noxious animals. The clubs resounded with invectives, and the National Guards marmured, astoun-

ded. For a moment Lafayette was doubted even by his troops. But Lafayette was innocent. He had placed all his guards in the most vigilant manner, but could not know of the secret passages by which the King escaped. The General at once sent an aide-de-camp in pursuit, and so active and earnest were his efforts for the monarch's capture, that even the most rabid Jacobins soon acquitted him of collusion with Louis XVI.

"General," said Camille Desmoulins to Lafayette, "I have abused you much in my paper; now tell me, are you innocent of the King's escape?"

"As innocent as yourself," replied Lafayette, calmly. The impulsive Camille believed. He embraced Lafayette, and in the club of the Cordeliers maintained the innocence of the General.

The orators of the Jacobins were rude and profane. "Citizens," said one, "if Louis returns to Paris, I move that he be taken by the neck and kicked mile by mile over the frontier." The vindictive and godless assemblage received the low advice with shrieks of laughter and shouts of applause.

The paper published by Freron had an immense sale. In one copy he wrote, "He is gone, this imbecile King, this perjured monarch. She is gone, this wretched Queen, who to the lasciviousness of Messalina unites the insatiable thirst of blood which devoured Medea. Execrable woman! Evil genius of France! thou wast the leader, the soul of this conspiracy." The people repeated these words, and their hatred for the unfortunate Marie Antoinette became yet more terrible. "Louis XVI," howled Marat in the Jacobins, "will come back to steep his hands in our blood."

Let us return to Varennes. At six o'clock the sun is high in the heavens, this 22d of June, and burning the dew from off the grass, leaves, and flowers. The day dawns hot and the roads are dusty. The arriving battalions of National Guards from Ste. Menehould, St. Clermont, and the adjacent towns, as they tramp into Varennes are covered with sweat and dust, and livid with excitement.

Bouille also has been roused at Dun. He has spurred to Stenay, and he has called out his great regiment of Royal Allemands. Three thousand sabres have waved in the dawn of four o'clock in the morning, and stentorian voices have cried, "Hoch der Koenig! Hoch Bouille!" He has

set out in desperate haste over a rough hilly country. He rides furiously in clouds of dust with three thousand Royal Allemands clanging behind him. He urges every dragoon to increased speed by liberal promises of money and wine. He is as a man distraught. He devours the miles, up hill and down. The vast squadrons rattling and clattering and thundering after him, their blue and red uniforms white again with dust, form a martial and stirring spectacle. To reach the King; to save the King; to reach him before he sets out on his return; to slay all who oppose, to tear by force Louis and his precious family from "the vile banditti,"—for so, in his heart, Bouille esteems all patriot guardsmen—this is his full purpose. On, on, in the June heat; on, on, in the dust; glory forever and to all if the King is rescued! The Allemands spur and cry and enter into the race, loyal to the core.

But when those panting warriors reach the heights overlooking Varennes, it is too late. At eight o'clock the King is gone, gone the Royal Family miles away, and only seen by the distant dust on the horizon. Bouille tries a ford—in vain; tries to cross bridges—in vain. They are barricaded by desperate men, and even delay is ruin, and there will be delay. In despair and shedding tears of rage, Bouille finally reluctantly turns and rides back to Stenay. His Allemands are yet faithful, but leaving them to the mercy of the Assembly the baffled Bouille flies into the Austrian Netherlands and to Brussels, where by the Regent Christina he is received with open arms.

In the upper room of the inn at Varennes, at six o'clock of that eventful June morning, the Commissioners of the Assembly, Bayon and Komenf, appeared. Bayon entered by himself the back chamber, in which he found the King. Bayon was of sombre complexion, his hair and dress were in disorder, his features agitated, and his voice broken and panting. "Sire—you know—perhaps at Paris they are cutting one another's throats—our wives, our children, Sire—you will not proceed—Sire, the interests of the State—yes, Sire, our wives—our children"—these were his broken ejaculations.

The Queen, who had entered, seized his hand. "Am I," she said, "not a mother also?"

"What is it you require?" said the King, with dignity.

"Sire," faltered Bayon, "a decree of the Assembly."

"Where is it?" commanded the King. He half opened the door as he spoke, and the monarch saw the Commissioner Romeuf leaning against the window, his face streaming with tears. The King snatched the paper from Bayon, read it with a quick perusal, and cried: "There is no longer a King in France." The Queen, indignant at what she esteemed the gross usurpation by the Assembly, spurned it from her as a vile thing, and said: "I will not have it touch and sully my children."

The little Dauphin had now awakened. In his female dress he looked exquisitely beautiful. His sister said in a low voice to him as he raised his lovely, sleepy blue eyes: "You see, Charles, this is not a comedy." The precocious child replied: "I have perceived that long since."

Bayon had recovered from his emotion, and now loudly ordered the municipal officers to urge the King's instant departure. He was strenuously seconded by Drouet. The clamor outside increased, intermingled with threats and menaces. The desperate people feared the rapidly approaching cavalry of Bouille, and shouted hoarsely for immediate departure. All felt that rescue might come at any moment. "We'll drag the King, if needs be, to his carriage," were words now heard in the frenzy and rage of the people. All the efforts of the King to obtain delay and appease the mob were in vain, and all the Queen's pretenses of a female attendant being taken dangerously ill were useless.

Finally, in despair, and overcome by the unreasoning fury of the people, Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, believing their children and Madame Elizabeth endangered, reluctantly submitted. The King, deeply agitated, carried his son to the carriage. The Queen, pale and dejected, followed. The attendants entered, the body-guard without arms were restored as prisoners to the coupé, and the King set out on his fearful journey to Paris. It was half-past seven in the morning. Could he have secured two hours, Bouille and the Royal Allamands would have freed him. Napoleon said of an event: "Such is the importance of time in war." Of this whole journey, until the King turned his face toward Paris, it could be said: "A lack of punctuality was fatality."

We shall not undertake to describe minutely that long, sad journey. It occupied four days from the slow march

in the heat and dust of the successive relays of National Guards gathered from the adjacent districts on the route. Rage and fury were uppermost until the King reached Ste. Menehould. One loyal friend—the aged Dampierre—dared to show his respect for the King, and was at once ruthlessly slain. At Ste. Menehould a new escort took the safety of Louis under their charge, and a new people lined the route. The frenzied guards of Varennes and St. Clermont, and the partakers in the fury of the King's capture, returned to their homes. The new guards were more moderate acting men, though equally rabid Jacobins. The crowd which lined the road became more respectful and calm, and at intervals exhibited even pity and love. But as the carriage approached Paris violence again became manifested.

There are points in a cyclone when all is calm. So it was for a moment in the King's journey, in the interval between the violence of Varennes and the period when he approached the revolutionary hatred and revenge of Paris. There the fury re-commenced.

The National Assembly had sent three of its members, Petion, Barnave, and Latour-Marborough, to escort the King. They met the sad procession between Epernay and Dormans. They entered the royal berlin. Petion was rude and insolent. Barnave was a violent Jacobin and a republican, whose special detestation was the Queen, but he was a man of sensitive honor, kind heart, and gentlemanly manner. Latour was a Lepidus, that is, a nonentity in this triumvirate of the Assembly's messengers. The rude Petion ate oranges and threw the peelings out of the windows of the royal berlin, seemingly regardless whether they struck the King or Queen in the face or not. He took the Dauphin's hair in his hands, and in his excitement pulled the beautiful curls of the Prince until he cried out in pain. The Queen snatched him from Petion, saying severely: "Sir, my son is used to delicate treatment and not to such rudeness." Finally, as the berlin was crowded and the day extremely hot, Petion and Latour left that vehicle and took seats in the other carriages.

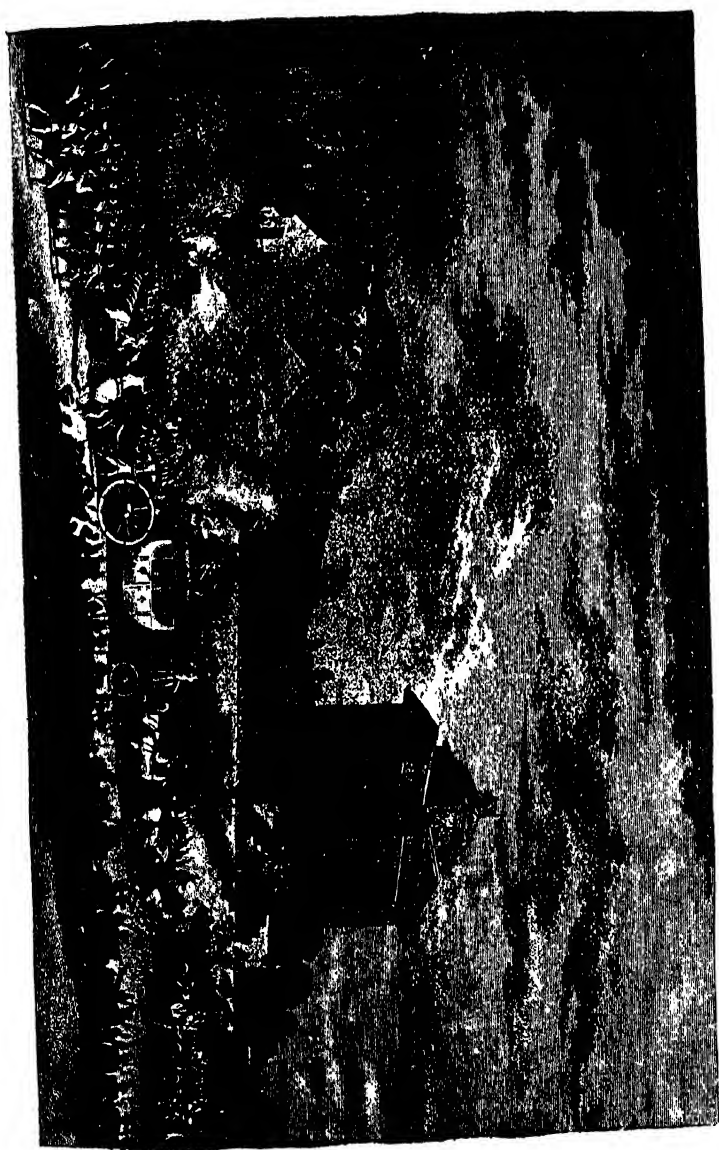
Barnave was now alone with the royal family. His face was beautiful and sad, his voice low, his manner deferential and sympathetic. He took the Dauphin on his knee, addressed him in gentle words, caressed him with great tenderness, and spoke to the grateful mother of his beauty



with the respect of an old courtier at Versailles. Amid the noise, and crowd, and dust, and cries outside of the carriages, the Queen and King commenced a conversation with this gentle tiger. They were acquainted with his rabid hatred and violence, but they saw, to their astonishment, in the fierce Barnave a refined, tender gentleman and a man of culture and noble heart. The King explained his ideas, plans and purposes, his sufferings and trials, and both convinced the reason and captivated the heart of Barnave. The Queen addressed him with respect and candor, spoke of the calumnies heaped upon her, the scandals democratic license had circulated, her sufferings as a pure woman, her fear of anarchy, and her loyalty to France and its interests. The Princess Elizabeth added a few words, low and sweet, from angelic lips. Barnave was enthralled. He heard, he believed; all his Jacobinism and fury and prejudice and hate were totally dissolved as the ice by the sun. He entered that carriage a gentlemanly Jacobin. He left it as a devoted Royalist, infatuatedly consecrated to, first, the Queen, then Madame Elizabeth, and finally the King. It was one of the most sudden and remarkable political transformations in history. This whole romantic conversation took place in a carriage amid dust, heat, and the loud execrations and constant curious gaze of infuriated thousands. It was a drama of the Revolution. The Queen, King, and Madame Elizabeth saw how the republican heart of a true and noble man was captured when the citadels of his mind were illuminated by truth. The Dauphin clung to him tenderly.

On June 25, as the carriage amid revolutionary cries approached Paris, a man stepped forth and saluted the King. He was seized by the mob. He would have been torn to pieces. Barnave, indignant, pushed his head so far out of the carriage in which he sat with the royal family that he was in danger of falling. The sedate and modest Madame Elizabeth hurriedly seized him by his coat, clung to it with energy, and prevented the catastrophe. "Frenchmen," cried Barnave, indignantly, "will a race of heroes and noble people become a nation of tigers?" These words saved the victim, and the procession moved on.

At the last stage of the journey to Paris, Petion and Latour-Marborough had returned to the berlin. Nine persons were now in the royal carriage, and the day was dry, dusty, and excessively warm. The sun blazed like fire in



the heavens, and the sweet little Dauphin and his delicate sister drooped like flowers in a sirocco. There was a crowd of a hundred thousand men shrieking invectives and abuse—there were bayonets, cannons, a burning sky of awful clearness above, and trees, fields, streets covered with dust, but no shadow.

The royal family greeted the evening of the 25th, despite its torture, with joy. As they entered Paris in the midst of an immense multitude, there could be observed on the walls of the city numerous placards bearing the inscription: "Whoever applauds the King shall be beaten. Whoever insults him shall be hanged." The National Guard, in full force and in profound silence, lined the streets, their arms being reversed as at a funeral. The mournful and afflicted royal family, amid clouds of dust, were driven slowly along between its sombre ranks. The way was through the Avenue des Champs and past the gardens of the Elysée, where three hundred thousand spectators stood in silence.

It was twilight, and the first bright star twinkled out to light in the blue above. The Queen and all within the berlin were in a state of suffocation. The little Dauphin's face streamed with perspiration. Marie Antoinette trembled for the life of her child. She let down a window and appealed to the National Guards who lined the road: "See, gentlemen," she cried pathetically, "in what a state are my poor children; they are almost choking." Several brutal voices responded, "We'll choke them in another way." At length the Tuileries were reached, and the long crucifixion ended. M. Hué, the faithful domestic, forced his way to the berlin and received the half-dead little Prince in his arms. But, of a robust constitution, the child soon revived in the coolness of the wide halls of the Tuileries, and forgot all his cares in refreshing slumber.

The rest of the royal family entered after the child. They were covered with perspiration and oppressed with fatigue. While in her bath, Marie Antoinette, through one of her most faithful female servants, dictated a letter to Madame Campan. Louis explained his purposes to the deputies sent by the Assembly. They received his statements with respectful incredulity. When the Queen had dressed, Lafayette appeared. The King heard his advice and protestation. "It seems," said Louis, "you are now more the master here than I." This Lafayette declared

was not the fact. Marie Antoinette, to show her undying hatred against the Constitutional General, approached him and indignantly handed him the keys of her wardrobes and private boxes.

"Your Majesty knows that I shall not take them," said Lafayette, insulted and hurt.

"But you are our jailer," replied the Queen with biting sarcasm, "and to you belongs our keys."

"I certainly will not take them, your Majesty," rejoined Lafayette, controlling his feelings.

"Then," said the Queen, scornfully, "I will find those who will."

The inexorable hatred of Marie Antoinette to Lafayette did that great man and true patriot infinite injustice. To be despised by a Queen, and one so beautiful and good, even if proud, as Marie Antoinette, was to Lafayette a constant source of mortification. We remind our readers again that Lafayette was in reality one of the truest and most unselfish friends of the Constitutional Monarchy. He was willing to perish in order to maintain it. But he was constantly met with the distrust of Louis XVI., the hatred, unreasoning and unchangeable, of Marie Antoinette, and the detestation of the only nobility that the Queen loved,—namely, those who would have murdered Lafayette and restored every tyranny and bastille of the old monarchy. This was one of the most potent causes of the coming and greater misfortunes of the royal family, which were only to be ended by the guillotine.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE KING AGAIN IN PARIS, AND THE MASSACRE OF THE CHAMP DE MARS.

UPON the flight of the King the Assembly had passed a decree suspending him temporarily from the exercise of his entire royal authority and functions. They assumed or usurped for a season the whole power of the government. They did not neglect to decree also that a guard should be given to Louis upon his return, which was to be under the absolute command of General Lafayette. This guard was taken from the most patriotic and reliable of the national militia, and was to be posted in its positions by Lafayette and was to receive its watchword only from him. Hitherto the watchword of the sentinels had been given by the King.

The celebrated Malouet was the only member of the National body who opposed these rigid and actually usurping decrees. He earnestly remonstrated against the captivity of the monarch. "It destroys," he said, "the inviolability of the sovereign and the Constitution, and it should never be forgotten that we have now united the legislative and executive powers. What harm has Louis done? Has he not the right to go to one of his armies? Is he a slave? Can he not leave Paris for a day?" Alexander Lameth replied to these truthful and just remarks, maintaining the right of the Assembly to exercise in such a crisis a temporary dictatorship, until the complete revision and completion of the Constitution had assured stability and tranquillity to the State. He freely admitted that the form of a monarchy was essential to the unity and order of France, and affirmed that such a method of government would be fully restored, when the Constitution was finally signed.

The King keenly felt the humiliating change in his position. He was now indeed a prisoner. When the royal family retired to their rooms at night, guards were placed before their doors, and mattresses stretched in the same place upon which the sentinels might rest. It was impossi-

ble to pass from one room to another without stepping over the bodies of these soldiers.

One day, in order to test his captivity, Louis XVI. approached a door leading to an outer garden. The guards stationed there instantly, though in a respectful manner, crossed their bayonets in front of the King. "Do you not know me?" said Louis. "Yes, Sire," replied one of the guards, "but we cannot let your Majesty pass without authority from the General." The King smiled and returned to his private chamber. There, in its solitude, his smile turned to the deepest dejection and to tears.

During the daytime and at night the doors of the King's apartments and those of the Queen and her children were constantly kept open. They were seldom free from surveillance, and could only at intervals snatch any tender interviews. All they did or said was spied and noted. Even female modesty was offended by the intrusion of an armed sentinel, who occupied the Queen's room after she had retired.

An officer of the guards was stationed behind the Queen's apartments, in a dark corridor which was lighted by a single lamp. He occupied his station for twenty-four hours, and then was relieved by a successor. The post, because of its dimness and the fatigue endured in performing its duties, was shunned by the King's enemies, but was eagerly sought by the soldiers who were his friends. In this way the devoted St. Prix, an actor of the Théâtre Français, afforded to the royal captives many stolen and hasty interviews which were unseen by others.

One night, after Marie Antoinette and her attendant lady had retired to her couch, the sentinel in the chamber, when he believed the Queen's companion asleep, softly approached the troubled and sad Marie Antoinette. She was awake. Sorrow now gave her many sleepless nights. In a respectful voice the sentinel addressed her, giving her in a low tone both information and advice. The conversation awakened the Queen's attendant, who would have cried out. But the Queen hindered and reassured her. "Do not alarm yourself," she said "this is a good Frenchman, who is mistaken as to my intentions and those of the King, but whose conversation betokens a sincere attachment to his master."

During the suspension of Louis XVI, though the minis-

try and royal and civil officers were absorbed into the bosom of the Assembly, yet the State maintained its governmental and social activities without a shock. But the learned and able men in the national legislature looked askance upon the increasing violence of language, the threats and invectives which characterized the debates of the Jacobins, and began more decidedly to lean toward the King. The people also, when the heat of their indignation had subsided, showed a reactionary feeling of compassion and sympathy for their abused and captive sovereign and his family.

Pitying groups gathered in the garden of the Tuileries, and words of affectionate loyalty began to greet Louis and the Queen as often as they approached the windows of their palace. When they went forth under the espionage of the National Guards to take the air, many of the most respectable inhabitants of Paris greeted them and gave ardent evidence that they yet possessed hearts that loved them.

But in the Jacobin clubs throughout France, and in a host of papers, pamphlets, and books, a continuous agitation went on against the monarchy, and now boldly in favor of a republic. The violent radicals were incessant in their assaults on the Constitutional throne. They used every weapon of calumny that could be successfully, as they believed, hurled at the Tuileries. They continued to spread abroad the most cruel slanders against the Queen, and strewed in her darkening path many grievous thorns.

We have intimated that the King was an excellent mechanic. He possessed an intense love for tools, and was an expert locksmith. It will be remembered that in his happier days he loved to retire, with an assistant in whom he confided and who afterwards basely betrayed him, to the little shop which he had fitted up in the Palace of Versailles, and there, for a moment relieved of the hateful restraints of royalty, toil contentedly at the forge and with the hammer. He now once more sought recreation and diversion from his gloomy anxieties and the constant perplexities of the hour, in this harmless labor. This innocent occupation was whispered abroad. The furious Jacobins immediately declared *that the King was forging keys with which to renew his attempts at escape.*

Amid all these excitements, the *Moniteurs* reveal to us that

the theatres were crowded with gay multitudes, that the gardens were full of pleasure-seekers, and that dancing and revelry, and all the jocund life of a great capital was carried on just as if in a time of profound peace and as if unconscious of a Revolution in its midst. Such are the volatile French ; such was that unstable "tiger-monkey populace," as one of their own most distinguished writers stigmatizes them.

The monks and nuns, who had for so many ages inherited and enjoyed the beautiful edifices which mediæval devotion had reared through Paris and France, were now scattered by the confiscation of the religious estates. The nuns were married, or they engaged in secular work, while the monks returned to civil life and adopted such labors as were suitable to their education or ability.

The convents and monasteries were secularized and became hospitals, colleges, or public buildings, dedicated to the National use. The Jacobin, the Feuillan, the Cordelier clubs of Paris were all established in such buildings, and from this occupancy these baneful clubs received those names which, except the "Feuillans," became soon so terrible. Many nuns and monks, seduced by the dominate infidelity, soon degenerated into fierce atheists, and during 1793 and 1794 were some of the most bloody agents of the Jacobins.

The Assembly carried on its work in as dignified a manner as was possible in the constant presence of the people and their clamor. The Constitution now began to rapidly approach its completion, and was anxiously awaited by the whole of conservative France. This Constitution recognized a King, increased his civil list to thirty million francs, constituted a Legislative Assembly, and bestowed on Louis XVI. the command of the army and navy, and also a responsible ministry and the power of the veto. It was an excellent, patriotic, and wise document, and had it been obeyed by the French people, the Revolution at this date would have ended and an orderly and constitutional monarchy have supervened. The author has read it in full as printed in the *Moniteurs* of 1791.

But the radicals of France had now advanced to Republican aspirations. The influence of Madame Roland from her elegant *sâlon* as a center began to be strongly felt in political circles, and the continued agitations of the Jaco-



bins threatened to increased the disorder of the public mind. On the side of the purposed Constitution were the best of the National Guards of Paris, most of the regular army, all the patriotic bourgeois, and the entire conservative portion of France. On the side of a Republic were the violent Jacobins and, Cordeliers, the Sans Culottes of the Faubourgs, and the Jacobin clubs scattered throughout the nation. To these revolutionists must be joined all those who as Girondists soon afterwards entered the Legislative Assembly. To their numbers might be added also the whole vast half-starved proletaires of civilization living in the dens and cellars of Paris and of France, who welcomed every change that brought disorder or plunder, as a benefit to their own base condition.

It was these men who determined by every effort to resist the settlement of the Constitution. They clamored for the permanent dethronement of Louis XVI., now temporarily suspended. They affirmed that the royal family should be reduced to the rank of citizens; that a republic, one and indivisible, should now be established; and that the executive and legislative authority alike should be in the hands of the Representatives of the People. When, however, the Republicans beheld with baffled rage how small as yet was the influence of these new sentiments against the power of the Monarchy and Constitution: aroused by hate and guided by craft they resolved through a subtle movement to inflame the minds of the Parisian populace.

On the 16th of July, 1791, the commissioners appointed by the National Assembly to report upon the flight of the King appeared before that body, and made their answer. They declared that there was nothing in the actions of Louis *per se* in going to Varennes, that constituted a case worthy of causing his dethronement. They calmly affirmed that he was as King inviolable and ought to be so treated. They said that only his abettors and advisers should be held to account. They had based their labors upon the absurd fiction, so eagerly embraced by the Assembly, that the King had been carried off against his own will. The legislators listened to the report, and after a vehement debate, it was finally sanctioned.

It was Robespierre who made the most determined effort to prevent this action upon the part of the national body, but

the time of his power was as yet in the future, and his words had little influence, but on the contrary additional articles were prepared and by a large majority were placed in the new Constitution. These articles greatly strengthened the monarch's inviolability, but, alas! they were totally disregarded within a year. Such is Revolution!

In the great space of the Champ de Mars stood the "Altar of the Country," which had been erected in July, 1790. It towered on an elevated base called the Glacis, in a pyramidal form, many feet high, and was approached by a series of steps built in imitation of similar edifices of antique construction. The stairs ascended to a platform placed upon its summit, and upon this platform stood the "Altar of the Country." The steps and the base of the altar were made of wood.

The Jacobins and Cordeliers of the new school of sedition were furious on learning of the failure of Robespierre in his attempt to seduce the National Assembly. The disgruntled conspirators resolved to write a petition and to pretend to present it to the Assembly. Their real motive was to create an insurrection in favor of a republic. The petition was to be signed by the people, and was to urge the instant dethronement of Louis XVI. and the establishment of a government destitute of monarchy. The instrument of sedition was written. It was determined by the Jacobins to proceed in imposing numbers to the Champ de Mars, and placing the petition on the Altar of the Country, to call upon all patriots to ascend its steps and to sign it on that elevated summit.

On the 17th of July, 1791, a crowd of innocent sight-seers and of conspiring Jacobins alike gathered upon the Glacis and filled the adjacent greensward. It was a soft, beautiful, cool, and clear summer day. "The fields were emerald and the skies were blue." Above the multitude towered the "Altar of the Country," and on its top was placed the petition, and adjacent were convenient instruments of writing. Many of the people climbed the height and affixed their signature to the instrument. Their names can yet be read, for the document is preserved in Paris, in the library of the Louvre. Upon its fatal pages can be seen the signatures of men, then obscure, but soon to acquire a terrible fame in the bloody progress of the Revolution.

A successive stream of gayly attired and laughing women

ascended the steps, and after affixing their signatures to the Petition, they gave place to the men and even to the children who followed. Suddenly a cry was raised. An excited throng peered into the dimness of the interior of the altar, and there observed two men from the Corps of the Invalides who seemed absorbed in boring holes in the steps. The suspicious multitude believed that they were about to blow up the Altar of the Country, and a multitude of persons with it. Livid with fury they seized these men and dragged them forth. An effort was made to convey them to the Hôtel de Ville. The people, yelling with rage, pursued the victims and captured them. The two Invalides shrieked aloud with terror and declared that their motives were only vile. They denied that they were guilty of any purpose to injure the altar or the people, but they were disbelieved. The infuriated mob surged around the trembling wretches and seized them. They were instantly torn to pieces; their severed heads were raised aloft on pikes; and the bleeding trophies were carried by a shouting mass of men, women, and children toward the Elysée. A company of National Guards stationed by the altar was at the same time assaulted with mud and stones, and irritated by the foulest abuse. The guards remained calm, and exhibited a high degree of discipline.

It was unfortunately believed, when these tidings reached them, by both Bailly and Lafayette that a formidable riot had commenced. The Mayor of Paris, always austere and stern, immediately as required by law hung out the red flag from the Hôtel de Ville as a token of insurrection. General Lafayette beat the *rappelle* and summoned the full force of the National Guards. Fifteen thousand men soon responded. The troops at this time were, more largely than before or after, composed of conservative persons, mostly belonging to the comfortable middle classes, and a number were possessed of property and even wealth. Fifteen thousand bayonets in close array soon filled the whole space of the Place de la Grève and rested in part on the Quays. The soldiers received the report of the crimes and *alleged* insurrection in the Champ de Mars with cries of "Vive le Roi! Vive l'ordre." The troops were immediately formed into marching columns. Bailly rode at their head and Lafayette by his side. The red flag announcing a revolt was carried in front. Astonished throngs of people soon filled the roofs

and windows on the line of the advancing soldiers. The constant and sinister roll of four hundred drummers in front, sounding forth the terrible *pas de charge*, preceded the long, stern columns of law and of the Constitutional Monarchy.

After a rapid march the soldiers filed into the Champ de Mars. Fifty thousand men, women, and children, garbed in holiday attire, were laughing and singing upon the Glacis. Their temporary excitement had totally disappeared, when the ruffians who were carrying their victims' heads along the Elysée Gardens had departed. The inflammatory orators of the day, possessed by fear of the possible movements of Lafayette and his army, had slunk away. Robespierre, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, Brissot, and other men, who were afterwards so famous in the Reign of Terror, had all prudently hidden themselves safely out of the reach of harm and danger, and left the victims of their demagoguery to suffer the consequences of a riot. Thus their dupes had no real leaders. Yet when they saw the flash of the bayonets and heard the increasing roll of the drums; when, standing upon the platform of the Altar of the Country, and blackening its pyramidal sides, they observed the Red Flag unfurled and the severe Bailly approaching, with Lafayette riding, his sword drawn, at the head of the National army, then—at first they were astounded, and instantly amazement giving way to natural indignation and rage, they began to cry out with fury, and prepared for resistance. The people did have, like every free community, the right of petition. They were now peacefully exercising that right, and behold! a vast armed force was marching against them to interrupt and close their harmless exercises. The immense masses were totally innocent of any part in the recent tragedy, and in their anger they began to hurl stones and mud at the National Guards.

Bailly unfurled the Red Flag. When they beheld it the people cried aloud, "Down with the Red Flag! Shame to Bailly! Death to Lafayette!" Stones rattled against the muskets of the soldiers, and one violently struck the white horse of Lafayette. The General, calm and stern, sat in silence upon his steed. The soldiers advanced on three sides and stood in line, in front of the pyramidal glacis and before the Altar of the Country. That spot was thronged with a hooting and aggressive multitude, while many below continued their assaults upon the troops with



NASAVAL OF THE CHAMP DE MARS, JULY, 1791.

stones and mud. Bailly stepped forward and amid hurtling missiles he read the riot act of the Assembly. The Mayor commanded the people to disperse; but they only answered with groans and anathemas.

Crowded together and inflamed by the reckless voices of the brewer Santerre and by the snaky Hébert, the indignant multitudes stood their ground and continued their vociferations. At length, his patience worn out, Bailly turned to Lafayette and gave him the terrible command to fire. The General raised his sword. Fifteen thousand muskets were pointed at the people, and when he cried "Fire!" an awful flash and roar of musketry assailed that living mass. A storm of bullets followed and at once the glacis, the altars, the ground below, were covered with dead and dying men, with gayly dressed women, lovely little children, and even babies, all in mortal agony or dead. The steps, the altar, flowed with blood, and the hideous stream even polluted the glacis and soil beneath. Immediately the most horrible screams arose from the wounded and dying, and through the mist of the gunpowder could be seen a shrieking multitude, some staggering, others imprecating, yet some immovable in defiance; but the great mass dispersing and scattering on every side, with their hearts full of fury yet palsied by panic. It was a gruesome sight. Another volley was fired upon this palpitating throng by the excited soldiers, and yet another; while the cannoniers of the Guards unlimbered their guns and would have discharged those fearful weapons point-blank into the scattering crowds had not Lafayette, white-faced and sad, instantly rode in front of their muzzles and prevented the enormous massacre which must have ensued. The petition was seized by some of the anarchists as they fled, and its marks of blood yet attest the sanguinary character of the scene. Leaving upon that field of destruction the dead and dying, who numbered at least five hundred, and some declare even a thousand, the National Guards returned: their faces were sad, their gaze sombre, yet their march steady and serried, to the Hôtel de Ville.

The tidings of this awful massacre had preceded their homeward march. They were greeted all along their route by the impatient shouts of vengeance from an angry people, by fists shaken from innumerable windows, and by the imprecations of a multitude of sans culottes and revolu-

tionists. To all the insults which they received, the Guards made no response.

But Paris trembled. The anarchists shook with fear and rage, as they discovered that there was yet a power which, when obedient, could hold back discord and throttle insurrection.

The National Assembly called to its bar Bailly and Lafayette ; heard with sorrow the details of the massacre, but justified the authorities, and thanked both the General and the Mayor. Yet it cannot be denied that this terrible event shook to its very foundations the popularity of Lafayette. Many shuddered as his name was mentioned, and his influence was soon permanently overwhelmed and destroyed. It could not escape from the injustice and horror of that useless massacre. It *was* really a massacre and not a battle, and it had no good results. What the insurrection might have become had there been a revolt cannot be prophesied. As a matter of strict historical truth, a multitude of men and women, in the quiet exercise of their undoubted rights, because interfered with and incited to fury by a sense of bitter wrong, had been ruthlessly shot down and had been slain. This event has descended in history and will ever be justly known as "The Massacre of the Champ de Mars." It was neither forgotten nor forgiven by the people of Paris. It was the last great effort of the middle and conservative classes to maintain order and vindicate the regular laws. But its rashness was so evident that its effects were brief, and for only a moment were they potent.

The many dead bodies were soon gathered and cast into the Seine, while the wounded disappeared in the homes or hospitals of the city. From that dreadful hour, Bailly was the object of the ferocious hatred of the people of Paris. Look forward two years only. See in 1793, in November, and in the metropolis, Bailly dragged half-naked behind a cart. See him whipped in the face with a red flag dripping with mud ; behold him tortured, fainting, shivering with the cold, and his agonies jeered at by the rejoicing mob ; hear the fearful shout as his head falls under the knife of the guillotine, and we can discern how terrible was the vengeance taken upon him by the populace of the capital.

Meanwhile within the Tuileries the King heard the firing. Though he understood its cause, his humane disposition and

hatred of bloodshed caused him to tremble with emotion and pity. A devout Christian, a patient and pious-hearted prince, and willing to endure much rather than to battle, while he believed with his mind the event was justified because as yet he did not possess the true details, he was overwhelmed with sorrow on account of the wounded and the slain. But the autocratic Queen heard the news of the massacre without a word, and with indifference. Such is the hardening influence of a political antagonism or hatred upon even a naturally gentle and tender female heart.

The royal family were yet in captivity. The long and irksome hours within the palace made the little Dauphin thin and pale. One day he said to the Queen: "Mamma, what makes your hair so white?" "Hush, my dear child," replied Marie Antoinette, "we have greater sorrows than this." She had caused some of that hair, prematurely snowed by mental agony, to be wrought into a ring, and had sent it to the Princess Lamballe with the brief inscription, "*Bleached by sorrow.*"

Many anecdotes might be related of the amiable Dauphin. The Abbé Devoix was acting at this time as tutor to the Prince. One day, as they were pursuing their studies in the presence of the Queen, the Abbé said to the Prince: "If I remember rightly, our last lesson had for its subject the three degrees of comparison. But," he added, in a teasing way, "you doubtless have forgotten all about them." "No, indeed," said the little Charles Louis, "and listen to the proof. The positive is when I say, 'My Abbé is a good Abbé.' The comparative is when I say, 'My Abbé is better than another Abbé,' and the superlative," he added, looking tenderly at his mother, "is when I say '*My mamma is the best and most beloved of all mammas.*'" The Queen clasped the affectionate child to her heart and was melted to tears.

Some days afterwards, when the royal family were again free, the Dauphin and his tutor went to the galleries of the Louvre. The artists were busy then, as now, copying the works of the great masters. The extreme beauty of the child, whose face was as sweet as one of the cherubs of Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," fascinated the students, and they gathered around him. He exhibited an extraordinary precocity of mind. Passing a *chef d'œuvre*, painted by a distinguished Italian artist, "Can you tell me what that depicts!" asked his tutor. "I should think," replied the



child, "that it represents Pyramus and Thisbe, but I see *no* lioness, though I see the blood-stained veil." "Gentlemen," said Nève, the celebrated artist, to the admiring artists standing grouped around, "Monsieur's observation is very just. More than one critic has made the very same remark."

One day, while Bertrand de Molléville was conversing with Marie Antoinette, the Dauphin, "beautiful as an angel," was singing and jumping about the room in the happy glee of childhood. A wooden sword was in one of his hands and a shield in the other. Just at this moment the palace supper was announced. The Dauphin merrily skipped away. "How, my child," said the Queen reproachfully, calling him back, "are you not going to bow to M. de Molléville?" "Mamma," he replied charmingly, "M. de Molléville is one of our friends. Good-night, M. de Molléville," and at once disappeared. "He is a lovely child," the Queen pathetically said, when the Dauphin had gone. "It is well for him that he is so young. He has not our griefs, and his gayety is some consolation to us."

One day the little Prince said to his tutor: "I would like to be like the Chevalier Bayard." "Why so?" asked Abbé Devoix. "Because," replied the Dauphin, "he was without fear and without reproach."

These anecdotes may seem somewhat puerile to the reader, but they are authentic, and in those days of anguish and captivity illustrate how precocious and amiable was this gentle child, and what a comfort he was to his afflicted parents. The most fearful storms of revolutionary hate were soon about to pitilessly descend upon his devoted young head, and such cruel usages as since him few children have endured.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE CAMP AT COBLENZ.

WE must now survey the fortunes of the emigrant nobility, and the feelings of the European powers and princes, who were to be such mighty factors in the destinies of the French Revolution. From the commencement of the popular movement Marie Antoinette had possessed two strong supporters; at first in her eldest brother, the Emperor Joseph the Second, and on the death of that gifted Prince, in his successor, also her brother, the second Leopold. Joseph felt the most profound interest in his sister's welfare, while the Emperor Leopold was yet more pronounced in her favor.

A constant and secret correspondence was kept up between these successive monarchs and brothers, and the threatened Queen. They felt all the indignation of blood relatives; recognized their immense military resources; and were ready to aid Louis XVI. to extricate himself from his troubles; but they also realized that in a great and fevered Revolutionary city, so governed by mobs and so insubordinate, a revolt might openly break out upon any declaration of war, and result in either the massacre of the royal family, or in their imprisonment and execution. That their fears were not unreasonable the events of 1792 and 1793 made fully manifest, when war was finally declared, though by France itself. Each of these emperors was held in check by such considerations, and for a season they were paralyzed. The actions of Joseph and, after his death, of Leopold, his successor, were guided by the utmost caution.

Early in the year 1791 Joseph the Second suddenly died. He was almost as broken-hearted as his sister, but from an entirely opposite cause. Marie Antoinette suffered because the French were determined to be free. Joseph the Second suffered because his German and Bohemian provinces scorned all his efforts for reform, and were entirely content to remain under the rule and customs of past ages. No

more singular sarcasm of destiny can be found in the annals of mankind. A more humane, true, and liberal sovereign never occupied an imperial throne than Joseph the Second. He hated the Jesuits and all injustice ; but he was a fearless and resolute, as well as a kind, prince. Had the providence of God placed Joseph the Second on the throne of Louis XVI., and that monarch on the throne of Joseph, no French Revolution, in its extreme violence and terror, would have been possible. The determined Joseph would have established, even by bloodshed if indispensable, a constitutional monarchy ; and the amiable Louis would have been the best and the kindest of absolute monarchs. Joseph before his death greatly deplored the danger, through the anarchy and discord in France, both to his sister and to his own outlying provinces of the Austrian Netherlands.

When Leopold the Second succeeded, he possessed the same honest love for his sister Marie Antoinette, and fear for his territory lying adjacent to the Revolutionary French. The Austrian Netherlands became the Belgium of modern times. In the eighteenth century it was called "the cockpit of Europe." There Marlborough had humiliated and almost ruined the splendid monarchy of Louis XIV., and made the victories of Ramilies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet to resound throughout Europe. There Louis XV. had seen an English army retreat from Fontenoy before the genius of Marshal Saxe and the furious valor of the Irish brigade ; and there the first great triumphs of the Revolution were to be won, and the fatal Waterloo of Napoleon to be fought.

In the summer of 1791 the Emperor Leopold largely strengthened his forces in those provinces, and placed in command the most celebrated generals of his Empire. The Netherlands became a menace to the liberty of France and its army a threat of coming invasion.

The Queen, amid all her trials, at Versailles and during the storming of the Bastille, the defection of her nobility, the terrors of the removal to Paris, and her capture at Varennes, had maintained a close and full, but secret, correspondence with her imperial relatives and the various princes of Europe. Her epistolary efforts describing the outrages and abuse endured by the royal family were not in vain, and the summer of 1791 saw a correspondence begun between the sovereigns of Russia, Prussia, Austria, and the Queen

of Naples,—who was the sister of Marie Antoinette,—which promised a tremendous gathering of armies and a march to Paris in order to rescue the imperiled royalty of France.

Caroline of Naples was a fierce but gifted woman, and entered into the plans formed to protect her sister with the greatest energy. It was her inspiring voice which roused the sovereigns to assume a threatening attitude against constitutional France. But while the monarchs debated, they hesitated, being haunted by the abiding fear that an invasion of France might be the signal for the slaughter of the King and Queen. Nevertheless, preparations looking to war were constantly but secretly pressed forward in all the Austrian states. New regiments were enlisted, military stores and arms were accumulated at Mons, Ghent, Brussels, and Antwerp; and those stupendous citadels, which had resisted the genius of Marlborough and of Prince Eugene, were placed in complete order. The whole Flemish border was prepared for future conflict.

Every effort was made by the beautiful and high-spirited Regent Christina to encourage Marie Antoinette. She received at Brussels with distinction and pity the Count de Provence, who had escaped from Paris the same night that Louis XVI. set forth; and she warmly welcomed and harbored the loyal but ruined De Bouille.

The emigrants had mostly concentrated at Coblenz, in the government of the Elector of Metz. The Elector of Metz was a Prince-Bishop of the old Holy Roman Empire, which yet existed. A descendant of the great champions of the Reformation under Luther, he was himself a degenerated scion of a noble race, being a kind but a timid and feeble sovereign. But he was a severe and haughty aristocrat in his feelings and purposes. He received the French nobles with warm sympathy, and revered them not as selfish deserters from their troubled monarch, but as heroic and chivalric gentlemen who only sought a point of advantage, where they could organize into an army of rescue, and march with the aid of foreigners upon France.

The Elector of Metz was, like all the German princes of that time, totally independent in his own territory. No power in Germany dared to interfere with his actions within the limits of the Electorate of Metz, and hence at Coblenz the emigrants were not only safe, but, for purposes of assault on Constitutional France, they were powerful. It is to be

remembered that the Germany of 1791 was a widely different country from the Germany of 1889 or even 1848. It is only by comprehending its loose political internal relations, its multitude of petty sovereigns, and feudal lords, over whom the emperor possessed only a shadow of nominal power, that the philosophic historian of the French Revolution can understand that while one part of Germany, or a fraction of the fatherland, might be engaged in a fierce foreign war, yet the rest of its territory might continue in profound peace.

Germany is to-day a real, compact, mighty empire. Bismarck's word until lately has been law. Germany in 1791 was a conglomeration of jealous and antagonistic states, where the rulers spoke French, imitated the French splendor of the old Versailles court, and reveled in French literature. Even Frederick the Great, while in war and politics a thorough German, was in letters and in feelings a Frenchman. His court had been filled, from 1740 until his death in 1786, with French scholars and wits. German names at San Souci and amid the elegancies of Potsdam were rare. It was Voltaire or Maupertuis, Diderot or Jourdan, who shone with fluctuating power or splendor at the court of a King whose armies had scattered the French soldiers at Rosbach, as they had hurled into defeat the Austrians at Leuthen and the Russians at Zorndorf. The German capitals were invaded by French wit, French licentiousness, French infidelity, and everything French but French liberalism and liberty. The enthusiastic Germans studied the poetry of Voltaire's "*Henriade*" and enjoyed the blasphemy of his "*Philosophic Dictionary*." Schiller and Goethe were yet to appear, and the Teuton in 1791 thoroughly despised that magnificent tongue, in which a few years later was to be embalmed the wonders of Faust, the sorrows of Werter, and the splendors of Wallenstein, Don Carlos, and Marie Stuart. But when the drums of war rolled, then a German life, literature, and spirit were slowly developed, which—after years of military disaster, both through the invasions of the Republic and the triumphs of Napoleon—were to produce the uprising of the Teuton, the glories of Leipzig, the songs of Arndt and Körner, and the vast and splendid German literature of the nineteenth century.

With a clear understanding, then, of the heterogeneous Germany of 1791, in which England yet ruled in Hanover,

and Austria near the Rhine, we can appreciate the position of the threatening array of French nobles, six thousand strong, organizing to unite, at the first approach of war, with Prussia and with Austria.

The emigrants formed themselves into regiments; and elected commanders. Joined by the King's brothers, the Count d'Artois and the Count de Provence, they drilled, they labored at military fortification, and, as privates, counts and chevaliers, endured all the stern discipline of such a service both with fidelity and patience. In the camp at Coblenz a noble of the bluest blood could be seen splitting wood, carrying water, cooking his own meals, and engaging in all the trying routine of military life.

The knowledge of this camp, these warlike preparations and menaces, and a fear of secret encouragement being given by the King and Queen, tended in the autumn of 1791 to greatly irritate the French people, and led in 1792 to the most decisive results. But there was yet something of patriotism and pride of country among the French exiles. A rabid royalist noble joined the Russian army of Prince Potemkin. The Prince took him to witness a military review. At its close Potemkin said: "These are the men who will sweep before them the barbers and shoemakers of Paris." The French nobleman immediately replied: "Prince, I do not think you could do it with the whole Russian army." Potemkin foamed with rage and threatened the speaker with Siberia, but the next day, in his generous and changeable mood, he embraced the offending officer, and declared that he was right not to demean his own countrymen.

With the states of Germany, the vast Russian empire, the powers of Italy and Spain against it, the constitutional monarchy began in 1791 its existence on the basis of law. As yet there was peace; but placed between the threats and gatherings of disloyal nobles and foreign armies, and the danger of democratic violence and anarchy, the vessel of State rode with difficulty on waves of trouble which presented either a Scylla of despotism on one side or a Charybdis of republicanism, or anarchy on the other, and presently in total wreck and ruin went down into the abyss.

England was as yet friendly, but already in the British Parliament old and cherished friendships were rent asunder, and the orators who had stood shoulder to shoulder in

the House of Commons, in advocacy of the freedom of the American States, now with bitterness and resolution began to arrange themselves on opposite sides. While Fox maintained the cause of French liberty even amid its approaching excesses, Burke brought all the resources of his masterful, rich, and eloquent mind and tongue to the denunciation of what he soon termed a "Regicide State."

Gustavus II. of Sweden was the sovereign who took the first open step against the French Revolution. He urged a conference of monarchs, and with the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Germany, late in the autumn of 1791, met in session at Pilnitz. In this Convention those sovereigns formulated a document, in which they declared that Louis XVI. and his Queen were held in captivity in their capital by a revolted people, and in which they announced their readiness to march to the rescue of the French King and once more to establish him upon his throne.

This "Declaration of Pilnitz," as it was termed, was received in France by the factions with scorn and increasing rage, and by the Assembly with contempt. But it jeopardized the stability of the Constitutional Monarchy, caused increasing distrust of Louis XVI., and awakened a still more profound hatred for a Queen whom the people believed to be its inspirer.

When at this date the bloody massacres at Avignon in the South occurred, and disorder began to multiply throughout that section of France, the sovereigns of the adjacent States became yet more confirmed in their attitude of hostility and menace. The massacre at Avignon was a terrible event. A number of royalists, men and women, were dragged from their homes, hurried into prison, and there butchered. They endured every species of outrage and torture before death came to their relief. This massacre sent a thrill of horror throughout all Europe and into insular England. Many former friends of the Revolution now became its enemies, and the future loomed up yet more dark with the gloom of the coming and gigantic strife.

Meantime the French army itself had become greatly deteriorated. The Assembly had reorganized that force as it had endeavored to reorganize the State. The old designations by provinces, by commanders, and by cities were abandoned. The line regiments began slowly to be num-

bered, but they were still the ancient Bourbon army, and many regiments had not discarded the white uniform. Some corps adopted the new military designations and some still clung to the old ; discontent and ambition festered in the minds of the soldiers, and the heroes of the New France had not yet appeared.

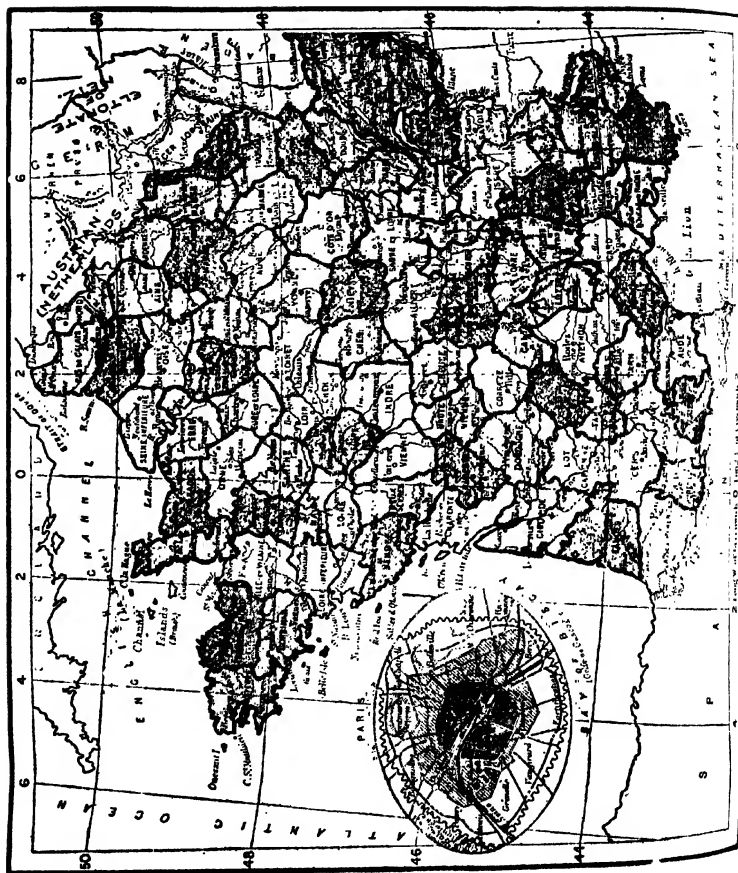
All that mighty line of commanders who were to carry the tri-color banners of the Republic over the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees, were yet unknown. Except Dumourier, none were above the rank of a captain. Of those warriors who soon filled Europe with their fame,—Kleber and Dessaix, MacDonald and Ney, Hoche, Moreau, Bonaparte, and Massena, were all men of the future, and, at this moment, lingering in obscure positions. There was a belief among foreign sovereigns that the French army was so completely shattered and demoralized that it would not fight, but scatter when it was brought before the stern, disciplined, and united troops of imperial and royal despotism. But those kings and emperors learned presently that there were thousands of volunteers who *could* fight ; men who in the coming year were to entirely change the life, spirit, and character of the French soldiers.

The sovereigns after the declaration of Pilnitz moved cautiously. They were yet restrained by fears for the personal safety of the King and his family, and nearly six months were to pass before the tocsin of war was sounded.

We have thus given a rapid picture of the Europe of 1791, without disturbing the unity of our history, in order that the reader may clearly view the dangers threatening the Constitutional Monarchy from without the boundaries of France.

We shall, for the present, be largely confined to the work of describing the various parties in Paris, the events in that city, and the legal establishment and temporary existence of the Constitutional Throne.





## CHAPTER XV.

### THE INAUGURATION OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL MONARCHY.

**I**MMEDIATELY after the sanguinary massacre in the Champ de Mars, parties became separated by new lines.

All the moderate members of the Jacobin and Cordelier clubs withdrew from those bodies, and formed an entirely new organization to which, from their place of meeting in the late Feuillant Monastery, they gave the name of "The Feuillans." Thither came Lafayette, Barnave, Latour-Marbourg, and many others, and from that place they rallied their forces. The Feuillans appealed to the intellect and moderation of the wealthy or conservative elements of society, and exhorted them to expect and maintain the coming Constitution.

The old Cordeliers, as the radicals in that club were termed, accepted the leadership of Danton and Camille Desmoulins, both of whom were now looming up into an increasing and threatening prominence. The extreme Jacobins began again to belch forth, under Robespierre and Marat, their bloodthirsty and seditious harangues, and day after day appealed to the most violent passions of the mob. At first, terrified by the discipline which they had received in the Champ de Mars, they were more moderate in their language, but presently in their nightly gatherings, as the impression of that tragedy wore away, these agitators became more unrestrained and furious than ever.

In September, 1791, the Constitution was finished. Although exhibiting some faults, it was a document worthy of the legislators of a great people who were resolved to be free. The Assembly, with a species of imitation of the self-denying ordinance of the Puritan army during the English civil war, had decreed, on the treacherous motion of Robespierre, a law which was to have the most baneful effect on the immediate future of the new Code. They were about to dissolve. Instead of making it possible for a new Assembly to be leavened by a controlling majority of their own number, men governed by wisdom and experi-

ence, they passed the foolish decree that no member of the National Assembly should be eligible to the new body about to be elected.

By this act, all the great men of the National Assembly ceased to have any voice in the carrying out of the Constitution, at a time when their conservative prudence and direction were most needed. This decree opened a way to an abyss of discord, and ruined the constitutional power of the Monarchy even before that Constitution had commenced its operations. France now became greatly excited over the selection of new names and new men for the new Legislative Assembly. The National body at once lost its influence, and was viewed as an heir views a dying man. But before it dissolved it proceeded to complete its labors with an imposing dignity and grandeur worthy of a Roman Senate in the plenitude of its power.

During the whole of August the legislators were employed in the arduous work of revising the code of future royal rule and national rights. Finally, all being ready, on the 3d of September, 1791, a deputation of the National Assembly, in stately procession, left the halls of legislation to inform the King. It was one o'clock at night. Escorted by a detachment of National Guards, drums beating, tri-color banners unfurled and accompanied by a guard of honor composed of gens-d'armes, the deputation crossed the gardens of the Tuileries under the alternate light of its lamps and shadow of its trees, and amid the loud plaudits of the great multitude assembled, it entered the royal palace. The council chamber was a blaze of light. The King stood surrounded by his ministers and a great number of other officials. Thuriot, a deputy, stepped forward, and addressing Louis XVI., said: "Sire, the representatives of the Nation come to present to your Majesty the constitutional act which consecrates the indefeasable rights of the French people, which gives to the throne its true dignity, and regenerates the government of the Empire." The King received the Constitutional Act with emotion, and replied earnestly: "I receive the Constitution presented to me by the National Assembly. I will convey to it my resolution with as little delay as its examination will render possible. I have resolved on remaining in Paris. I will give orders to the Commandant of the National Parisian Guard for the duties belonging to it." As the King said this, his face

beamed with a happy expression of great satisfaction. Louis hoped once more that the dark clouds of revolt and discord were rolling away, and that light and day, the light and the day of peace and contentment, were possibly about to dawn on distracted France.

Thuriot reported to the Assembly the gracious reception of the Deputies by their Sovereign, and also his acceptance of the Constitution. The Assembly with gratified pride responded to this good news with loud cries of "Vive le Roi! Vive la Nation!"

The next day Lafayette removed the Guards who for three months had held the royal family in captivity. Entire freedom was restored to the King and Queen, and he was given the watchword of the outer troops stationed at the gates.

Louis spent several days in carefully and conscientiously examining the Constitution. On the 13th of September, 1791, he signified by messenger his approval of the document. "I have conceived," he wrote, "the project of assuring the happiness of the people upon a permanent basis, and of subjecting my own authority to settled rules. Unquestionably I see several points in the Constitution which might be perfected, but *I will obey it, and rule faithfully by it.* I will swear to the Constitution in the very place where it was drawn up, and I will present myself to-morrow at noon to the National Assembly."

This communication was received with extreme joy by the National body, and with loud plaudits. The King demanded a general amnesty for the past, including all those who had emigrated, and those also who had assisted him in his recent efforts to escape. In the transports of the moment, and in the hope of a stable government, and of assured peace, the enthusiastic Assembly adopted motions consenting to the monarch's demands, without debate and with vehement applause. When the vote was announced to the King, the Queen, affected, and for a moment reconciled, held up her son before those who brought the glad tidings, and pointing to her daughter she said: "Here are my children; we all agree to participate in the sentiments of the King."

The next day Louis walked to the Assembly between applauding ranks of people, who seemed to vie with each other in manifesting all the ancient love of the French for their kings. The monarch was plainly attired in purple velvet, and wore upon his breast but a single order of chivalry.

The Assembly received the King with profound respect, all rising and standing. In the midst of a hushed silence, in which a man could almost hear the beatings of his heart, the King took the oath to the Constitution. He *swore* to be faithful to its decrees and spirit, and employ all the power it delegated to him to carry out its behests.

"May this great and memorable epoch," he said with emotion, "be that of the re-establishment of peace and the happiness and prosperity of the people." At that moment these were sincere words, and were uttered from the depths of the monarch's heart. The Assembly received the oath and speech of the King with confidence and shouted, "Long live Louis XVI., the restorer of liberty!"

The President of the Assembly in replying to the King said: "Sire, the attachment of Frenchmen decrees to you the crown, and recognizes in this act the need of a stable hereditary power. How sublime, Sire, will be in the annals of history this regeneration which gives citizens to France, to Frenchmen a country, to the monarch a fresh title of greatness and glory and a new source of happiness."

The scene in the Assembly now became indescribable. Many shed tears of emotion. When Louis XVI. arose to depart, the whole National legislature sprang to its feet and accompanied him as an escort. The enthusiasm seemed even more intense than the temporary delirium of July 15, 1789. The immense masses without the hall cheered and cried in a species of loyal frenzy, "Vive le Roi!" These shouts were mingled with "Vive l'Assemblée Nationale." Bands of music filled the air with their rejoicing melodies, while salvos of cannon shook the city and trembling heavens with their deep reverberations. All in Paris were for the moment subdued except the irreconcilable Anarchists of the Cordelier and Jacobin clubs.

Exultant and conservative Paris believed that her fierce days of struggle, insurrection, and discord had passed away forever, and that concord, stability, and peace were now assured.

All France partook of this delirious illusion of transport and hope, and celebrated with magnificent fêtes the inauguration of the Constitution. Bordeaux in the south, and the opulent manufacturers of Lyons, under the shadow of the snowy Alps, sunny Marseilles, historic Orleans, ancient and Norman Rouen, Protestant Nantes and half-German

Strasbourg, Rheims, and Metz, and, in a word, all the people of the length and breadth of France expressed by fireworks,—cannons booming, music playing, balloons ascending, and innumerable orators venting their eloquence, their appreciation of that day of days when Louis had formally sworn to be a Constitutional King.

But the center of this rejoicing was in Paris itself. That proud capital was filled with dancing, laughter, fêtes, theatrical entertainments, and all the possible ways and methods by which the gay French could attest their joy. St. Antoine, the scene of so many revolts, was itself like a savage child lulled into a moment's rest.

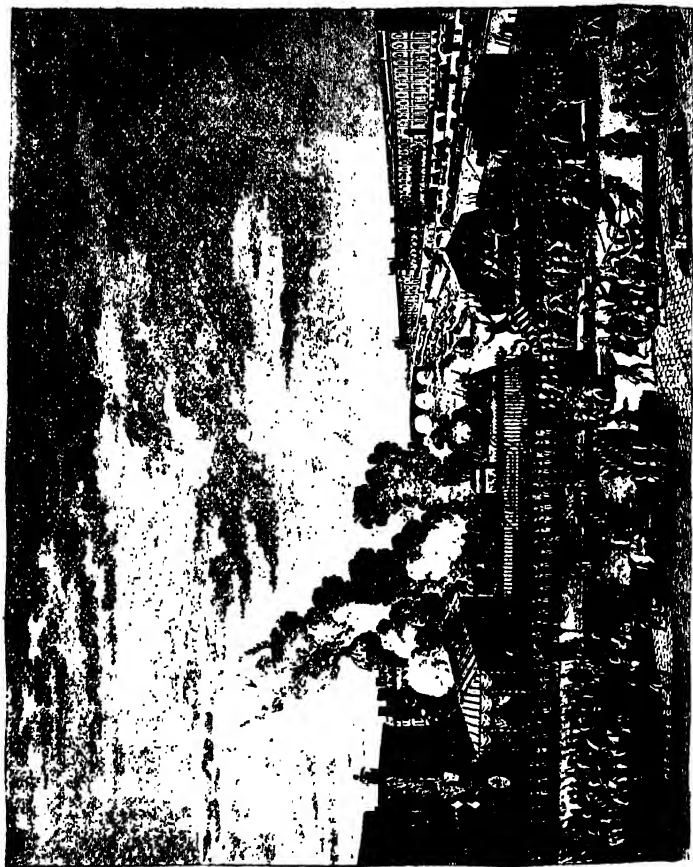
Robespierre and Danton, the fierce Marat, and the vile Hébert shrank into a momentary background. France was happy, and save in the south it was tranquil. Despite the storms which I have described as threatening the nation from without, for an hour it rejoiced. Alas! as this history has already shown, it was but for an hour; but while that hour lasted it was devoted and loyal.

On the 18th of September, 1791, the Constitution was publicly proclaimed in the Champ de Mars. Bailly the Mayor and the officials of the city and of the nation stood before the Altar of the Country, so recently bespattered with blood, and in the presence of a vast multitude took the necessary oath. Cannons roared, tri-colored banners waved, while one immense cry of "Vive le Roi!" and "Vive la Nation!" seemed to shake the very earth on which they stood.

The joyous French rushed into each other's arms. They wept, they danced, they sang, volatile, delirious, happy, the true sons of France. Balloons ascended and threw out fireworks. As Bailly, Lafayette, and the whole National Army took the oath, the enthusiastic thousands responded: "Yes, so do we."

At night Paris was gayly illuminated. All the windows on the Rue St. Honore, on the quays, and in the Tuileries were ablaze with waxen candles. The trees and statues of the gardens around the palace and in the Champs Elysées were embellished with lights. Even the disgruntled Duke of Orleans dared not oppose the universal enthusiasm for the King.

The Seine was covered with gondolas, and the bridges decorated with lines of resplendent fires, Garlands of



FÊTE GIVEN IN HONOR OF THE ACCEPIANCE OF THE CONSTITUTION, SEPTEMBER, 1791.

lamps looped from tree to tree in the gardens of the Tuileries and along the Boulevards formed a sparkling avenue their whole length. Crowds of enchanted citizens thronged the streets, admired the brilliant display, and kept up a constant cry of "Long live the King!" Orchestras of skilled musicians placed at intervals delighted to play the melodies of Weber, the friend of their Queen. It was a beatific hour. The French were like men intoxicated with wine, and like such men they shortly awakened to quarrel, fight, and anathematize as recklessly as in the past.

At eleven o'clock at night, the royal carriage containing the King and Queen rolled up the illuminated avenues. It was surrounded by rejoicing and loyal throngs, who flung their hats into the air and shouted in ecstasy, "Vive le Roi!" and "Vive la Reine!" The little Dauphin, radiant with his sweet beauty, was held in his mother's arms and was greeted with fervent and affectionate cries of "Vive le Dauphin!" Only two months before the royal group had passed over that very spot, amid hostile, stern, and silent multitudes. Now hosannas echoed along their way and flowers strewed their path.

The King appeared to rejoice, and the prejudices and determinations of Marie Antoinette to be dissolved in the sunshine of the popular love. The rapture of the multitude touched the Queen to the heart. As they returned to the palace she said: "They are no longer the same people." She went forth with smiling face upon the terraces, holding her son in her arms, and as she presented him to the happy masses assembled there, the manifestations of loyalty were more abundantly renewed than ever.

A week of joyous days and nights rolled by, and Paris appeared happy. A service was held in the hoary cathedral of Notre Dame, with Court, Assembly, and people all present. The grand hymn of Ambrose rolled and swelled in its majestic and affecting melody, through the dimness of the groined and arched roof above, and once more, for a moment, religion seemed to consecrate the inauguration of liberty under law.

Finally, on the 30th of September, 1791, the King with his ministers, amid cries of "Vive le Roi!" entered the Assembly. The speeches which were progressing immediately ceased. "Gentlemen," said Louis, "after completing



the Constitution you are resolved to-day to terminate your labor. It might have been desirable, perhaps, that you should have prolonged your session in order that you yourselves might prove your work. But no doubt you have wished by an act of dissolution, and a new Assembly, to mark the difference which exists between a constituent body and ordinary legislators. I will exercise all the powers you have confided to me in assuring to the Constitution the respect and obedience which is its due. When you, gentlemen, retire to your various homes, be the interpreter of my sentiments to your fellow-citizens. Tell them that their King will always be their first and most faithful friend, that he desires to be loved by his people, and that in them, and by them, he can alone be happy." After an appropriate response from the President of the National Assembly to this noble and affectionate language, the King retired amid renewed acclamations.

The great moment of dissolution had now arrived. The National Assembly, despite all its audacities and mistakes, had performed a stupendous work. When it first assembled on the 5th of May, 1789, it found an absolute King upon a feudal throne, surrounded by the prestige and power of a proud nobility, while France, in its corruptions and slavery, was chained by starvation and misery to the very earth. It had destroyed the absolute throne; it had scattered to the winds the tyrannies, jurisdictions, class separations, and taxations of a cruel despotism which had oppressed the nation for three centuries; out of the *seignior* it had created a *citizen*; it had made him equal before the law; it had abolished feudal ranks and titles, and, finally, it had opened to virtue and talent the offices of the State, without distinction of riches or blood. Through errors of its own and in the midst of many conspiracies from abroad,—with storms, convulsions, and anarchical efforts at home,—it had pressed on. It had created a beneficent Constitution, and given a constitutional throne and King; while it left a people to be governed by the decrees and laws of that noble, if imperfect, Code. And now with dignity and calmness it was about to lay down that scepter of authority it had wielded so long and with such potent results.

About five o'clock on the afternoon of that memorable September 30, 1791, Target, then its President, arose. The whole National Assembly also arose and stood in silence.

The spectators were hushed, realizing the importance and grandeur of the scene. "*The National Assembly*," said Target majestically and in a loud voice, "*declares that its mission is ended, and that at this moment it terminates its existence.*"

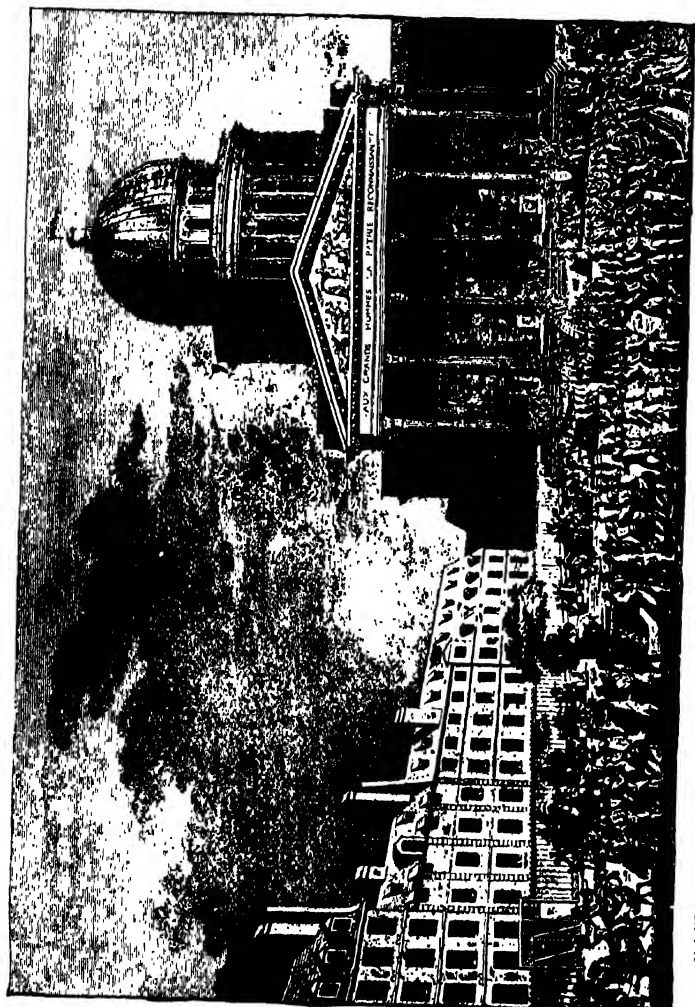
The people who crowded around showed how quickly they had forgotten their loyal delirium of the previous weeks, and that the temper of the former time of discord and hate was returning.

The royalist deputies, being no longer possessed of power, were insulted as they retired. They met with abusive language, but when Petion and Robespierre appeared they were received with vehement acclamations. Oaken chaplets were placed on the brows of the popular favorites, and the people with great enthusiasm dragged their carriages to their homes.

The venerable and conservative members of the dissolved Assembly witnessed these sinister scenes and separated with sad and foreboding fears as to their future. They realized when too late the great mistake that they had made in surrendering in this crisis, to a people so changeable and to uncertain men, the destinies of a Constitution they had just promulgated, and those of the monarch whom they had restored to power.

In God alone is wisdom. In Christianity is stability, but houses built on the sands of infidelity fall in the first storm of caprice or of passion. Infidelity was the foundation of the constitutional life promised to France. There was, it is true, a pious if unstable and weak Christian King to lead, but a people turned from Christ to placate and control. The inevitable consequences followed, anarchy and ruin.

A short time previous had occurred the superb fête to the great infidel Voltaire. The wit and genius of that extraordinary writer had been employed, not alone in history, drama, and poetry, by which he will ever be remembered as a master, but it had also been used in assailing the Bible and the Institutions of Christianity. Whether his affirmed frequent ejaculation against our Saviour, "Kill the beast," be true or slander, his "*Philosophical Dictionary*" and diatribes are utterly antagonistic to *all* revealed religion. His influence had penetrated, with that of Rousseau, into French life and thought, and made half of



CELEBRATION OF THE RIGHTS OF MAN AT THE PANTHEON AND FUNERAL OF VOLTAIRE,  
12TH OF JULY 1793

France infidelistic ; yet he claimed to believe in a something which he called God.

Voltaire had died in 1778. His bones were now removed and conveyed with great pomp and reverence to Paris, that they might be deposited in that Westminster Abbey of Atheism, the Pantheon. On the 12th of July, a brilliant and beautiful day, his remains, followed by an applauding multitude, were placed in a sarcophagus. The National Assembly surrounded the bier, and the authorities of Paris preceded or followed the body of the dead Voltaire. The scholars from the lyceums, and philosophers and professors, lent youth, age, learning, and secular genius to the magnificent ceremonies.

The long procession marched to the sound of muffled drums which beat melancholy time. Cannons reverberated. When the Pantheon was reached the body was carried into the temple amid the silence of half a million people. The sarcophagus was placed in its final rest. The busts of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Mirabeau, profusely and tastefully adorned with flowers, were deposited in niches of honor, while music filled the place, and deistic or atheistic eulogies and benedictions were pronounced. Finally the services ended, and he who was termed the champion of the rights of man was left to what he believed was an "eternal sleep." By such a funeral was the Constitutional throne preceded, and the same spirit was manifested when its reign was inaugurated.

Let the Christian and free-thinker alike ponder over this fact. It occurred on the eve of a new outburst of revolutionary frenzy and discontent, which in a few months was to kindle the flames of a ten years' war and to bring on that Reign of Terror, that Bröcken Feast of infidelity, which will ever amaze while it horrifies mankind.

On the monument of Voltaire could then be read : "To the Manes of Voltaire—Poet, Historian, Philosopher. . . . He defended Calais, Sirven, de la Barre, and Moutbailly. He combated the atheists and the fanatics. He inspired toleration. He proclaimed the Rights of Man against servitude and feudality." The "fanatics" were all those who accepted the Holy Bible as inspired of God, who believed that the laws of Sinai were the code of the Almighty, and who accepted Jesus Christ as the Saviour of the world.

The sarcophagus of Rousseau, in the same august temple, bore a hand as if issuing from it, with a torch upheld and burning, and the inscription : "Here reposes the man of Nature and of Truth." And yet this very Rousseau, whose revolutionizing "Contrat Social" achieved so much to disorganize French society and bring upon France the Reign of Terror, and who refused to be a Christian, wrote one of the most powerful eulogies upon Jesus in any language, and declared, "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY AND COMMENCEMENT OF WAR.

BEFORE the National Legislators had retired, the new Assembly had been elected. In its formation it was immediately observed that to the former elegant, refined, famous, conservative, and historic Constituent Assembly a body of undisciplined revolutionists had succeeded, who were of the most democratic character. The majority of the legislature just dissolved were men of experience and age. The majority of the new Assembly were young men. New names and new faces now appeared, and new hopes and mighty and radical determinations. In this body were present for the first time those deputies of the Gironde who were to make it famous forever. The majestic and beautiful Barbaroux; the noble Vergniaud; Buzot with his wisdom, and Brissot with his Republican sentiments; the fiery Lanjuinais, and the severe Gaudet,—all these leaders occupied, from the very commencement of its sessions, a foremost position in the councils of the Legislative Assembly. The most prominent man, however, at this moment in the councils of the Gironde was Petion. This popular leader was excluded from the present body because he, like Robespierre, had been a member of the National Assembly. Petion soon became Mayor of Paris, and won great popularity. Under the disguise of a disinterested love for liberty, he was a selfish, ambitious demagogue. He was constantly flattered by the hope of being a second Mirabeau, and intoxicated by the fumes of the incense of adoration which he received each day from the rebellious people of Paris, he acted so vainly and so autocratically that even then he received the sobriquet of "*King Petion*," with which his enemies most satirically dubbed him. Vergniaud was a man of heroic ideals—a great orator, but personally selfish and absorbed. He was an American federalist, if such a term can be applied to a French legislator. His eloquence was fervent and continuous, and his language chaste and elegant. It flowed along like a mighty river, flashing indeed on its



PETION.



BRISSOT.



ROLAND.



GAUDET.



GENSONNE.

CELEBRATED GIRONDISTS.

surface with scintillations of light, but possessing a deep, strong current of wisdom below.

The Jacobins occupied high seats in full view of the Assembly, and from this circumstance they were nicknamed "the Mountain." The majority of their most vehement and prominent orators, Robespierre, Marat, Camille Desmoulins, and Danton, were not members of the Legislative Assembly.

It was from the Jacobin and Cordelier clubs that these radical leaders inspired the counsels and directed the votes of the Mountain. In those clubs, as centers of Revolutionary intrigue, was heard night after night their stormy eloquence.

Danton ruled the Cordeliers. He was an obscure barrister before the Revolution, but his influence had slowly increased as its frenzy advanced. His thunderous eloquence had often shaken the club of the Cordeliers, and aroused the wrath of the masses against feudalism and despotism. Danton was gigantic in stature and his voice rivaled Mirabeau's, while his audacity was that of a man willing to *venture* all to gain all. He did not love blood, but he would shed it freely when he believed a necessity had arisen. He was naturally of a generous disposition, and his power of self-control was very great. He could be cold and calm when occasion demanded, or on the other hand, if needed, stormy as a thunder-cloud discharging its lightnings and floods. Danton was a thorough materialist. He believed in neither God nor immortality. His mental view of the universe was embraced in two words, "Fate and Chance." Venal as well as patriotic, these two traits alternated in his existence. He had no pure love for true freedom. Immoral in life and reckless and cruel in crises of the nation, he could order a September massacre; could establish a Revolutionary tribunal; but could soon tire of bloodshed.

The Cordeliers had their club upon the south side of the River Seine, and more than a mile from the Menage, in which the Assembly then met. The Jacobins possessed the advantage of being almost in proximity. They were just north of the legislative hall. There Robespierre and Marat daily inspired the actions and speeches of their colleagues, who occupied the benches of the Mountain.

Robespierre was cold and calm. His person was thin,





ROBESPIERRE IN HIS TRIUMPH.

his eyes of a steel gray, his voice harsh and squeaking; but despite these disadvantages he was an eloquent and logical speaker. Beneath a pretence of incorruptible virtue, Robespierre concealed a selfish, daring, and vast ambition. Jealous, subtle, treacherous, and unforgiving, he yet won the respect of the radical element by his affectation of stern probity, his simple life, and his immense capacity for work. He was called the "incorruptible Robespierre." An idealist and a Deist, he justified bloodshed in order to sweep away treachery, to destroy greatness, and level all above himself down to his own position. He was callous to suffering, and ordered to death thousands without a regret or sigh. This dreadful and inhuman being began even now to gather the strings of power into his own hands.

Marat was the *sans culotte* of the Jacobins. Robespierre was elegant in dress and refined in manners. He always appeared attired with the most fastidious and scrupulous neatness. He wore a sky-blue coat, ruffled sleeves and bosom, a yellow vest, nankeen breeches, and top boots which were always carefully polished. On the other hand Marat was a sloven. He usually had a handkerchief bound around his head. Dirty and foul, unkempt and uncombed, with a shrunk form and a large, hideous head, he was the *nightmare* of liberty. His thirst for blood was that of a wolf ravening after its prey. He had once been a physician, an author, and a man of some literary ability; but now his brain was intoxicated by the delirium of the times, and he was in a constant state of revolutionary frenzy. His look was haggard and exhausted, he affected the squalor of the lowest mob, and soon became known among the rabble as the "divine Marat." In his paper, the *Ami du Peuple*, he constantly slandered the monarchy, the constitutionalists, the King, and the virtue of Marie Antoinette.

At the moment of the initial session of the Legislative Assembly, upon October 1, 1791, and before the Constitution had been fully put into action, the forces of the Revolution were either secretly or openly arrayed against it.

The Girondists were Republicans biding their time; the Jacobins were anarchists detesting all Kings. The majority of the Parisians, corrupt, ignorant, excited, destitute, ferocious, and fickle, were awakened in a moment from the loyalty and delirium of September, and were as unreliable as before that sentimental outburst.

On the side of the court, Louis tried to be sincere. He wished to carry out faithfully the terms of the Constitution, could he be treated as a free man and King. But he was a *man*, with all the sensibilities of manhood despite his peaceful and virtuous disposition. He had been for fifteen years an absolute monarch. He had been outraged, insulted, held a prisoner, and seen his wife the victim of the grossest abuse. Still greater outrages he was immediately to endure. The allied powers professed to be his friends and desired to be his liberators. It was not in even the King's human nature not to sigh, it may be unconsciously, for better times and freedom and more power.

The Queen, disbelieving in the possibility of moderation, had from the flight to Varennes looked abroad for help,—for her temporary confidence during September in the loyalty of the people was soon rudely dispelled. But in her correspondence with her brother Leopold, and the other princes of Europe, she was often thwarted by the emigrants at Coblenz. "The cowards," she cried, as one day news of additional follies reached her, "they are the first to abandon us, and then to require us to think only of them and their selfish interest."

The Legislative Assembly convened, as we have said, on the 1st of October, 1791. The trees were now russet with the fires of decay, and dead leaves strewed their path as the new lawmakers proceeded over the garden of the Tuileries to their hall. An immense crowd of people witnessed the imposing opening of the legislature. The most careless observer, as he surveyed the scene from the galleries above, must have been impressed with the striking change. The gray-heads were mostly gone. Young men hardly over thirty were in the majority. The elegance and courtly refinement of the National Assembly had given place to democratic tendencies, and to representatives who in their speech and dress showed that they were of the People. Sixty deputies were under twenty-six years of age.

Scarcely was the Assembly formed when that contest commenced, between men devoted to the constitutional monarchy and those laboring to create a Republic, which was to mark its whole existence. A puerile deliberation took place, as to how the deputation sent to Louis XVI., to announce to him the opening of the legislative body, should address their sovereign. After a stormy debate it was finally agreed

that it should be by the words, "Sire, the Assembly is formed, and has deputed as to inform your Majesty." The King's reception of the deputies offended some, and discouraged others. It was by a refusal to see them at that moment. When they returned to the Assembly and reported that the King could not see them before Friday, a tumult instantly broke forth, and a revengeful excitement was manifested.

"I demand," one deputy said spitefully, "that the terms 'Sire' and 'Majesty' be no longer employed in addressing Louis. He is but the first servant of a free people. Let us abolish all titles which remind us of our past slavery." Couthon added loudly: "There is no other majesty but that of the people and the laws." The piqued Assembly rashly voted the suppression of these ancient and regal titles, and also that the King should sit on a platform beside the President of the Assembly, and that he should be treated with the same honors as that dignitary, and no more. Two chairs were provided, exactly the same in size and style, for the Monarch and President, and to witness the equality between them the chairs were placed together and on the same level.

These decrees humiliated the King, spread consternation amongst the constitutional party, and agitated the people. A strong reaction of sentiment immediately sprung up in favor of Louis. The mercurial populace believed that the acts of the Assembly were unjustifiable. The King was filled with anger, and refused to attend, on these humiliating terms, the legislative body. Statesmen reading the disposition of the new Assembly, and observing how they violated both the letter and the spirit of the Constitution in their initial legislation, sadly declared "that all was lost and discord triumphant." The Assembly for a time hesitated to rescind these unpopular decrees, but orators of conservatism appealed to its sense of expediency. At length, despite the strong opposition of the Jacobins, the obnoxious laws were repealed. But the war had commenced between Royalist and Republican deputies with renewed bitterness. "See," said in derision the Royalist journals of Paris—"See how this contemptible Revolution gives itself the lie within two days; how conscious it is of its weakness."

On the 7th of October, 1791, the King repaired to the Assembly. He was pale and agitated. As he entered the

hall the whole body arose and some cried out "Long live his Majesty!" as though they desired to atone for the insult offered by decrees happily now repealed. The King took the oath and seated himself. His gilded chair, as had been decreed, was placed exactly upon the same level with that of the President of the Assembly. When all were seated the President arose to address the body, but perceiving that the King remained seated he again immediately took his seat. At this new and unexpected insult the King became more agitated than ever. Marie Antoinette was in a private box overlooking the Assembly. The disrespect with which she saw her husband treated filled her heart with dismay and grief. She was pierced to the soul and deeply affected. She almost wept.

On her return to the Tuileries the Queen was so stricken with a stupor of sorrow that she could not speak. When the humiliated monarch entered his wife's presence he was pale with agitation. He threw himself into his chair and placing a handkerchief before his eyes to hide his tears, "All is lost," he sobbed. "Oh, Madame, and you are a witness to this humiliation; you came into France to see—" here his sobs interrupted his speech. The Queen threw herself upon her knees before him and pressed him fondly in her arms. Madame Campan was present, who in her *Memoirs* has recorded this and many other affecting scenes. "Oh, go! go!" cried Marie Antoinette in anguished tones to her; "do not remain to witness the dejection and despair of your sovereign."

This cruel change thus manifested in the treatment of the King, occurred within thirty days after the adulation and affection which we have just described. The King now full of grief and despair turned yet more earnestly, in secret, toward obtaining succor from the foreign powers. Hope forsook him. These insults and decrees revealed to him that the Revolution could not be reconciled to a monarchy. But outwardly he became calm and endeavored to fulfill his constitutional obligations, while permitted to do so.

On the day of the opening of the Assembly, the palace of the Tuileries was brilliantly illuminated. It was before the King had presented himself to that body. The populace greeted him with loud expressions of joy. A prodigious crowd was present and filled the gardens. The King and Queen were requested to take an airing in the Champs

Elysée, escorted by the aides-de-camp and officers of the Paris National Guards. He did so. Many shouts of "Long live the King!" were heard; but when there was a pause, a man who never for a moment quitted the King's carriage would cry: "*No! don't believe them! Long live the Nation!*"

"These ill-omened words," says Madame Campan, "struck terror into the Queen; she thought it not right, however, to make any complaint, and pretended not to hear the isolated croak of the base fanatic and hireling."

The Queen and Madame Elizabeth, about the middle of October, 1791, visited several theatres. One evening they entered the Theatre Italienne. The pit was full of Jacobins. When Madame du Gazon, an actress of celebrity, in the course of the play sang, "Oh, how I love my mistress!" the Jacobins howled out with fury: "No! no! no! no! No mistress! No master!" The Royalists in the boxes and on the steps replied by shouts of "Long live the Queen! Long live the King!" The Jacobins, thus defied, became perfectly ungovernable. One of them arose and threatened to instantly flog Madame du Gazon if the loyal sentiment was again uttered. Then looking fixedly at the astounded Queen he cried out "that she also should be *flogged*." At this detestable insult the Royalists, mad with wrath, rushed down into the pit, which immediately became a complete pandemonium. The Royalists and Jacobins fought furiously. The Queen turned white and red between terror and shame at the outrage and threat received. The Royalists won the battle. Tufts of the black hair of the Jacobins, who had discarded powder, flew about the stage. Meantime a strong body of the National Guards had arrived, and under their protecting escort the Queen and her sister returned home. They were never seen in a theatre again, save at a single performance. Then the theatre was crowded with their friends, and their reception was kind and loyal.

It was amid such abuse and such sinister scenes that the new Constitution commenced its career. But from the beginning it was not obeyed and it soon became almost a dead letter. The Assembly and people followed their own impulses, and were a "law unto themselves," while the abused monarch and his insulted wife began to plot for a real power and a real freedom. The letters of Marie Antoinette to her imperial relatives and to the Princes of

the Holy Roman Empire became increasingly urgent. The movements of hostile troops toward the Netherlands continued, though veiled, and proved that Leopold of Austria was not in vain reading his sister's pleading epistles.

The Assembly had but little confidence in the King's sincerity. Realizing what human nature is, they believed that a monarch, situated and treated as he was, would, at the first favorable moment, rend his gilded chain. They affirmed that confidence in Louis was impossible.

The legislative body, with increased energy, now gave itself to radical changes. It should be remembered that emigration was still going forward. Many members of the late National Assembly, which had achieved so much for liberty, now began to despair of the monarchy and to forsake the country. Officers were constantly deserting their regiments and departing to Belgium or Germany. Landed proprietors, terrified at the spectacle of approaching anarchy, were abandoning their homes and property, and fleeing with those they loved across the Rhine, or into England. Discontent was openly manifested by La Vendée and Brittany, caused by the savage decrees against their beloved priests. Stormy scenes were occurring in the hot-blooded South, in which section the royalist sentiment was strong. Lyons and Toulon were restless and sullen, and Bordeaux was seething with hatred against the Assembly and the Jacobins.

The first attack made by the Assembly was upon the emigrants. Decrees were passed calling upon the Princes and emigrants to immediately return to France, and declaring that if they did not obey by January 1, 1792, that their property should be confiscated, and they themselves be placed under sentence of death, if *after that date* they were found upon the territory of the Constitutional Monarchy.

These decrees were a direct abrogation of that amnesty which was one of the last acts of legislation performed by the Constituent Assembly during the previous August. The King was compelled to write to his brothers and to the exiled nobility at Coblenz, commanding them to return. But they considered him a prisoner and refused to obey. In December, 1791, the Count de Provence wrote to Louis XVI., that his letter was received. "The Count de Vergennes," so ran the Count's epistle, "has delivered to me,

in the name of your Majesty, a letter, the address of which, notwithstanding my baptismal names which it contains, is so unlike mine, that I had some thought of returning it unopened." Louis had addressed his brother by the constitutional title of "French Prince." "The order which it contains," continues the Count, "to return and resume my place by your Majesty, is not the free expression of your will; and my honor, my duty, and even my affection, alike forbid me to obey."

A similar letter from the Count d'Artois reached the King. The messengers with the decrees of the Assembly visited the camp of Coblenz. They were received with refusal, contempt, and insults, and even some of them were threatened with death. On learning of this result of their efforts, the Legislative Assembly presented the decrees to the King for his signature. That signature, according to the Constitution, was indispensable in order to make them legal. Louis signed the decrees relating to his brothers; but refused to sanction such severe penalties against the emigrant nobility. A stormy scene ensued, and the separation between the executive power and legislative authority became yet more pronounced.

The Assembly also decreed several radical laws against the non-juring clergy. These recusants were forbidden to preach or administer the rites of the Roman Church; they were deprived of their salaries, and threatened with imprisonment if they persisted in their disobedience. These unjust decrees aroused the West and the South, where the non-juring clergy were greatly esteemed and beloved because of their "fidelity," as it was termed, to the throne and church. The constitutional priests in La Vendée were deserted. The people in vast throngs flocked to the woods, the plains, the river-sides, and the hills, to hear their beloved and faithful pastors. It was the spirit of the Covenanters over again, but exhibited in a Catholic land. The malcontents were devoted priests and servants of the Roman Church. The utmost indignation was felt by the enraged Vendéans and Bretons toward the new Assembly, but as yet no outbreak occurred in either Brittany or La Vendée.

And now the course of events rapidly tended towards war. In October, 1791, Lafayette had resigned his position as commander of the National Guards, and accompanied by many expressions of esteem from the Assembly, had



retired to his rural and beautiful château of La Grange. There he found the seclusion and rest that he so much needed. The guards were greatly modified. A law was passed placing their command in the hands of twelve officers, each of whom held his position for a month. Its ranks yet contained a large number of conservative and wealthy citizens, but gradually many violent Jacobins crept into the regiments. They were radicals and violent Republicans, and soon largely changed its political complexion, and undermined its loyalty. The most faithful battalions were the regiments of Fille St. Thomas. These conservative troops remained faithful to the constitutional monarchy even when insubordination and defection controlled all the other parts of this great force.

Bailly had ceased to be Mayor of Paris, and had retired followed by the sullen and vengeful murmurs of those who remembered with implacable anger his part in the tragedy of the Champ de Mars. Petion the Girondist had been nominated to that influential position by the Assembly, and had been elected. Thus all the leading actors in the eventful scenes of 1789, 1790, and 1791, save a few exceptions, such as Robespierre and Marat, were removed from the active work of the Revolution; and this history now begins to deal with new forces and new men. More and more the conservative men who inaugurated the Revolution retired into the background, only to reappear as victims of the guillotine, while the violent elements came more and more to the front. The State itself was now rapidly drifting toward war and bloodshed.

The Girondists, infatuated by their illusions, were sometimes influenced toward the Constitution and sometimes against it, though to the King personally they were kind and conciliatory. They maintained his right to the civil list and to his new guard.

The Constituent Assembly had dismissed from the Tuileries the old National Guards which had so long been its military force, and on the King's signing the Constitution had organized as household troops a Constitutional Guard. This corps was composed of 1500 tried and loyal soldiers, and were commanded by the Marquis de Brissac. A regiment of Swiss infantry had also been added. The soldiers were attired in red uniforms. They wore on their heads great bearskin shakos and presented an appearance very

different from that of the displaced National regiments. For a period the Girondists in the Assembly favored their retention at their full strength, but the Jacobins loudly called for their dismissal. It was only after the events of the spring of 1792 that the Girondists changed their views and advocated the withdrawal of a portion of this force.

And now the clouds betokening the coming storm of war loomed up darker as the new year 1792 dawned on agitated France. The Assembly, through the legal machinery of the King and his ministers as executives of the State, sent demands to the Emperor and foreign monarchs asking for an explanation of the threatening movements of their forces.

Meantime they resolved to immediately place the nation in a condition of defense. Count de Narbonne was sent on a mission of inspection along the northern and eastern frontiers. He visited all the great garrison towns, Sedan and Stenay, Longwy, Verdun and Metz, Strasbourg and Belfort. He acted with vigor and military genius. He increased the garrisons, perfected defensive military works, added cannons and munitions of war, and accumulated provisions.

The Assembly decreed the formation of three armies of defense, which were to be stationed along the northern boundary. General Lafayette was appointed to the command of the first of these armies. He accepted the position offered, and in the spring of 1792 he reluctantly quitted his home, and after visiting Paris, where he was received with respect, and some enthusiasm, he proceeded to his corps. The Count de Rochambeau, the hero of Yorktown, was appointed commander of the second army, and the aged Luckner was placed over the third. Rochambeau had 48,000 troops stationed between Dunkirk on the North Sea and Phillipville. Lafayette with 52,000 occupied the country from Phillipville to Latourbourg, while Luckner with 40,000 warriors was encamped from Latourbourg to Basle. Thus the entire Northern and Eastern frontiers were covered by a line of troops numbering in the aggregate 140,000 men. The able General Montesquieu with a fourth army watched the passes of the Alps.

All these armies were in a bad condition. They were disorganized and undisciplined, and many of their officers were ill-disposed toward the Assembly. Several of the fortresses also, despite the efforts of Narbonne, were without cannons, and their arsenals empty.

At length all parties rallied for war. "Let us tell Europe," said the fiery orator Isnard, in the Assembly, "that if cabinets engage Kings for war upon the people, we will engage the people in a war against them."

Every party in France seemed by a strange perversity of hope to look toward *war* for deliverance or success. The Queen beheld in it an inevitable necessity if the Emperor and European Princes were to march to her rescue, and that of the King and royal family. The King, despite his horror of bloodshed, recognized the inevitable, and saw no way out of the harassing troubles caused by the Revolution, except in the success of the forces across the Rhine and on the northern borders. It was Prussia and Austria moving to his deliverance in whom he now really but secretly hoped. The Girondists believed war a certain path to the Republic, and the Jacobins beheld in it the kindlings of a triumphant anarchy. One prominent man alone resisted its declaration, and that man was Robespierre. Thus all urged on the moment when that fatal step should be taken, fatal to the monarchy, and through the frenzies which it excited fatal to the freedom of the nation also.

Where purposes are formed by imagined interests pretexts are never found wanting. In January, 1792, a demand was sent to the Emperor Leopold to dismiss the emigrants from his dominions and to drive them out of the Netherlands.

Just at this moment, in the prime of his life, and to the inexpressible sorrow of Marie Antoinette, the Emperor Leopold died. His successor was the Queen's nephew, Francis II. But Francis warmly partook of the sentiments of his deceased father, and refused to comply with the French demands.

The Assembly next addressed the Elector of Metz, ordering him to dismiss the army of Coblenz. The Elector likewise refused. Had he possessed the will, yet with his feeble forces the increasing emigrant army could have laughed at any effort he might make against them. But the Elector was their resolute friend. Failing in all these efforts and in the many negotiations carried on by General Dumourier, the Assembly finally resolved upon war.

Amid the factious contests of the Legislative Assembly the Girondists had rapidly advanced in influence. The sage of the party was Roland. His wife, beautiful, young,

learned, and patriotic, was the Aspasia and Cornelia combined of the Revolution. Lovely with the light of genius, imbued with the literature of antiquity ; a student of Plutarch and Tacitus ; saturated with ideas derived from the best days of the Athenian and Roman republics,—Madame Roland brought into the frivolities and frenzies of Paris the soul of a hero, the mind of a Socrates, and the fascinations of a woman. Her home became the *sâlon* of moderate Republicanism. Roland, an austere and honest old man, was at heart a Constitutionalist, but was somewhat influenced by the Republican ideas of his wife. Madame Roland had forsaken religion. She had given herself up to a philosophic Deism, which veiled God in mist, and looked alone to the nobility of human nature for the regeneration of society and the State. Her republic was impossible and Platonic. This remarkable woman, when, in November, 1793, she mounted the scaffold of the guillotine, learned then how delusive was her confidence in fallen humanity ; and how terrible the crimes and anarchy following a nation whose hand is wrested from the guiding Providence and wisdom of *God in Christ*.

In her delightful parlors, the Revolutionists of Paris nightly assembled. All parties were charmed by her beauty, and affected by her wisdom and eloquence. Young and gifted, married to a venerable thinker, the mother of an only daughter, whom she fondly loved (the *Eudora* of her letters) the Revolution seemed to Madame Roland's intoxicated mind a fragrant and glorious path ; leading through present shadow and strife, storm and conflict, out into a near and entrancing future of federal liberty, happiness and peace.

Amid the evening radiances of her *sâlon* and seated at her refined and bountiful tables could be seen for a season men of the most opposite views. There gathered Vergniaud and Robespierre, Danton and Brissot, and indeed all the principal orators and leaders of the Assembly and the clubs. Madame Roland was a Girondist. She aspired with them to the establishment of a Federal Republic, and looked upon the United States of America as the model for her efforts and the efforts of the Gironde.

After changing his ministers many times since the opening of the Assembly, at last Louis XVI. in a kind of despair turned to the Girondists. It was now March, 1792. The

King believed that the Girondists were at least gentlemen and friends of order as against threatened anarchy. Though they were inclined to a republic, yet there might be hope for the Monarchy if they could be placated. In this, however, Louis was only partially correct.

In the ranks of the Gironde was Dumourier, now fifty years old ; a great general, a wise statesman, and a successful commander in the East of a military department of France.

The Girondists were really *conspirators* for a republic. Lifted to power they soon proved unfaithful to the Constitutional Monarchy. But as yet, under the forms of a florid eloquence and a refined manner, by respectful allusions to the Queen, and a deferential treatment of Louis which soothed his sensibilities and deceived his fears, the Girondists guilefully advanced toward the realization of their purpose. As the cloud of war darkened, a temporary union of parties took place, and even Marat was peaceful under a Girondist ministry. The Girondists by accusing Delessart, one of his agents, had terrified Louis with the possible rancor they might exhibit if they were made enemies. They now won his confidence by their attitude of moderation and friendship. A Girondist ministry was formed. Roland was made Minister of the Interior ; Servans was given the portfolio of War ; and Dumourier appointed Minister for Foreign Affairs.

The new ministers assumed office on the 24th of March, 1792.

The most vehement of all the Girondist orators who favored war was Brissot. He accepted strife as the bloody path leading to a republic. He hated the Queen, distrusted Louis, and scrupled at no deceit and no subtle effort to accomplish his purposes. Isnard, Vergniaud, and Dumourier gave him the entire assistance of their magnificent abilities. As early as the 29th of December, 1791, Brissot had made a fierce assault upon the foreign powers. "If any foreign state exists inclined for war," he said, "we must get the *start* of them. If they are making a *pretence*, we must unmask them, and proclaim to the world their impotence. War is now a *vital* necessity. The honor of France is imperiled, and she will be forever disgraced, if she cowers before a few thousand emigrant rebels. *War will be a public blessing*. By it you will crush the insolence of the rebels. Until you take that decisive step, diplomacy

will never cease to deceive you by its falsehood. It is not with tyrants and governments that we must treat, but with their *subjects*."

On the 17th of January, 1792, Brissot was yet more pronounced. He bitterly denounced the Emperor of Germany; he asserted that the despotisms of Europe would never tolerate a limited monarchy on their frontiers; and that the Constitution of France was "an eternal anathema against absolute thrones."

By every possible method the Girondists inflamed and aroused France to war. As intoxicated by their illusions as Alexander was by wine, when he burned down Persepolis, these infatuated dreamers fanned the flames of a fire which was destined to rapidly enswathe in its destructive folds every people upon the continent, and to create that frenzy and terror in which, either upon the battlefield or by the guillotine, both they themselves and millions of others were to perish.

War was now assured. Dumourier managed the foreign affairs with a firm hand and constantly in the interests of strife. "Detested," says Von Laun, "by the Feuillans, allied to the Gironde, loved by the Jacobins, Dumourier promised to be the main-stay of the new ministry, and he began by taking Louis's affections by storm, through the firmness of his character, his boldness, his deliberate way of acting, his infinite resources, and by persuading the King that he sought popularity merely to save the throne." All the foreign efforts of the General were only calculated to make war inevitable, and he succeeded.

On the 4th of April, 1792, the King, accompanied by all his ministers, appeared in the Legislative Assembly. The deputies were solemn and silent. The King was sorrowful, but wore a firm look, and at least an imitation of patriotism. Dumourier as his mouthpiece gave a succinct and lucid statement of the cause, progress, and result of his negotiations with the German and Austrian monarchs. "Louis XVI.," says Thiers, "then spoke with rapidity and with a faltering voice."

"Gentlemen," he said, "you have just heard the result of the negotiations in which I have been engaged with the Court of Vienna. The conclusions of the report have been unanimously approved by my Council. I have myself adopted them. Having previously, as it was my duty,

employed all possible means to maintain peace, I now come, agreeably to the terms of the Constitution, to propose to the National Assembly war against the King of Hungary and Bohemia." This was the gauntlet of the Revolution, which the reluctant hand of its victim cast down at the feet of the nephew of a wife whom the king so much loved.

The proposition of the monarch was received with storms of applause. Cries of "Vive le Roi!" rose from the deputies, and re-echoed through the crowded courts and streets. The Assembly replied to the King that it would deliberate, and the monarch sadly returned to the Tuileries. A heated discussion immediately followed, which continued with vehemence until late at night. The orators of the Gironde and Mountain united in favor of war, and overwhelmed the moderate men of the Assembly. Finally by a large majority the solemn step was taken, which was to result in convulsing Europe for twenty-three years : *war was declared* against the Emperor Francis, not as ruler of Germany, but as King of Hungary and Bohemia.

Thus, amid public joy as manifest as that of France in 1870, the Constitutional Monarchy in May prepared for battle against its foes.

It is a remarkable peculiarity of this deluding event, that the most antagonistic parties considered it the cutting of an inextricable and unmanageable gordian knot. From wide's different motives and with different objects in view, that conflict originated which led the French armies, either under Republican or Imperial control, from Cadiz to Moscow, and which in its long results and complications was destined to give a crown to a Corsican hero, and to bring Europe and Asia in hostile triumph to the gates of Paris itself.

So blind is man, and so terrible are the judgments and chastening of God.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### DUMOURIER AND THE GIRONDIST MINISTRY.

**B**EFORE we commence the delineation of those tremendous military events, which were to present such mighty battle scenes and heroic efforts to a gazing world, in the strife for liberty of the French Nation, it will be well, in order to preserve the unity of our history, that we group together in successive chapters the transactions from April until September, 1792; at which time the Constitutional Monarchy gave place, amid conflict and massacre, to the terrible French Republic, one and indivisible.

When Roland, the new Minister of State, presented himself in that capacity before Louis XVI., he came attired like a "Philadelphia Quaker," in plain snuff-colored garments, and with his shoes tied by strings. For two centuries and up to that moment, and even despite the convulsions which I have related, no state servant had ventured to appear before any monarch who ruled France, except in the full dress and buckled shoes which royal etiquette so persistently demanded. This democratic innovation of Roland was immediately noticed. "By his tacit insolence," says Lamartine, "Roland thought that he would flatter the nation and humble the monarch." He failed in the first, and he should have blushed at the last purpose. It was not in good taste for him to stand before his Sovereign in a brown coat, round hat, and shoes covered with dust. Men are not less free because they are decent. An American of 1899 does not lose his dignity, because, at an evening party in New York, he appears in full dress. The previous ministers of Louis XVI. had been courtly gentlemen, and had always appeared before the monarch in complete ministerial dress. Roland undoubtedly aped Franklin. That Sage, when at Versailles in 1773, was garbed in very plain clothing; but Franklin was an American, and he conformed, as our ministers do to-day, to the assumed simplicity of republican institutions. Roland was a moderate and good man, but, O vanity! thy name is French! The King was mor-



tified and his courtiers indignant. "All is lost," said Dumourier satirically, when he heard of the circumstance. "Since there is no more etiquette, there is no more monarchy." These words, uttered so carelessly, had a profound undercurrent of truth. "The divinity that doth hedge a king" is etiquette; and without going to the extreme of Deoces the Mede, still it is respect and costume that give influence and glamour to kingly power. The jocoseness of Dumourier, however, placated the anger of Louis and the court, and removed all the effects of Roland's Spartan simplicity.

Meantime the defense of the Allied Powers, clothed in pungent and plain language, had been presented to the Assembly. It was received before the legislative body had issued its declaration of war. In this document the German Emperor justified his course and that of the other Teutonic princes. In that strong document, the Austrian Court asserted that, "when France gave to Europe the spectacle of a lawful King, forced by atrocious violence to fly, protesting solemnly against the acquiescence a tyrannical legislature had forced from him; and a little after when they stopped and detained him as a prisoner,—yes, it then *did* concern the relatives and allies of the King to invite the other powers of Europe to join with them in a declaration to France that they would view the cause of His Most Christian Majesty as their own, and demand that the King and his family be set free to go where they pleased; and now they require for these royal personages inviolability and due respect. They affirm that they will unite to avenge in the most signal manner every further attempt that may be committed, or may be suffered to be committed, against the freedom, honor, and safety of the King, the Queen, and royal family; and finally, that they will not acknowledge any laws as constitutionally or legally established in France, which do not have the acquiescence of its monarch, while enjoying *perfect liberty*." This bold indictment of the Revolution, and the threat that "they would in concert employ all the means within their reach to put a stop to the scandalous usurpation of power by the Assembly and people," with the causes we have before mentioned, stung to the soul the proud patriot French, and led to the unfurling of the flag of war. Another event had led to complications. For many centuries, the city and territory of Avignon had belonged to

the popes of Rome. The gift in the twelfth century of a pious prince of Provence, Avignon had been occupied by the pontiffs in the schism of the fourteenth century, and in the time of Petrarch had been the center of the papal power, and of the literary culture of southern France. For five hundred years it had displayed the flag of St. Peter, and had been governed by officials sent from Rome. When France was divided into departments, it became an anachronism by its existence, in the plans of a reconstructed nation, and in 1792, in the early spring, by a decree of the Legislative Assembly, despite the protest of the Pope and Catholic Europe, it had been annexed to France. The flag of St. Peter was hauled down, and, amid vociferous cries, the tricolor reared in its place. This aggressive act led to a still more rapid gathering of the Imperial forces, while even the Protestant King of Prussia denounced the annexation. It was in this moment of the inauguration of war, and these defiant aggressions by the Assembly, with marching and hostile armies on the borders of his kingdom, that Louis XVI. commenced, seemingly aided by the Girondist ministry, to strive anew to guide the vessel of State through the stormy breakers she was now about to encounter.

The King, no longer treated with discourtesy, met the Girondist ministers with a seeming confidence which for a season disarmed and touched them. "The King," confessed Roland, when he returned to his wife, "is not known. He is a weak prince, but one of the best of men; he does not lack good intentions, but he needs good advice. He does not like the aristocracy, and has strong feelings for the people. His mind, without being superior, is expansive and reflecting, and in an humble position his abilities would have provided for him. He has a general knowledge, knows the details of business, and is persuasive, affectionate, and confiding. He likes work, is a great reader, and never idle for a moment. He is a tender parent, a model husband, chaste, and naturally upright and sincere. Circumstances have influenced his mind. The Revolution has convinced him of its necessity, and we must convince him of its possibility. In our hands the King may better serve it than any other citizen."

Madame Roland listened to her husband with a smile of incredulity. An ardent Democrat, she contested for a future republic. She decried the monarch, and refuted the state-

ments of her husband. "Louis XVI.," she said, "half dethroned by the People, cannot love the nation that fetters him. He may feign to caress his chain, but his constant secret effort will be to break it. The Constitution is the forfeiture of the King, and patriot ministers are his superintendents. Fallen greatness cannot love the cause of its fall; no man likes his humiliation. Trust in human nature, Roland, that never deceives." Such language stupefied the Minister in the very commencement of his work. Brissot, Condorcet, Vergniaud, Gensonne, and especially Buzot, the confidant and intimate friend of Roland, at their evening meetings strengthened the mistrusts of the Minister, which had been fomented by the words of his wife. Roland armed himself with sternness, but as soon as he saw the King, the frankness and kindness of Louis charmed his heart. Thus he became a waverer. At home, and in his *salon* amid the Girondists, he felt their subtle eloquence and influence. In the King's cabinet he was softened and subdued. He wavered as to the decrees against the emigrants, the non-juring priests, and even as to the war itself. But Dumourier was a different kind of man. The secret of that general's conduct was revealed in a remark he made to Montmorin: "If I were King of France I would disconcert all parties by placing myself at the head of the Revolution."

Dumourier was affected by his personal intercourse with Louis. The King's patience, kindness, his benevolent sentiments and upright mind, touched and fascinated the General. Dumourier spoke in a perfectly frank and unreserved manner to Louis of the threats and dangers of the hour. "Think, Sire," he said earnestly, "of the terrible enmity which surrounds your throne. It can only be consolidated by the confidence of the Nation in your sincere attachment to the Revolution." The King replied, much moved, "I like your frankness and I know that you are attached to me." Dumourier informed the King that he had prepared four dispatches for the Ambassadors of France, in such language of resolution as was not often heard by foreign courts. These were to be presented to the Allied Powers. "If the King *sanctioned* them," the General said, "then he would send them; if not, he was ready to resign his position and give place to a counselor in whom Louis could more fully confide." "Go," said the King, "and do what your heart

desires, according to the best interests of the nation, which are also mine."

The Queen sent for Dumourier to come into her most secret boudoir. The General obeyed, and found Marie Antoinette pacing the floor to and fro, her face flushed with emotion, and her eyes aflame with anger. He stood near the fire-place in an attitude of respect and commiseration; and full of sympathy for a Queen so august, so beautiful, and so miserable. "Monsieur," she said, "at this moment you are all powerful. It is through popular favor, which soon destroys its idols. Your existence," she continued, "depends on your conduct. You must be aware that neither the King nor myself can bear these novelties, nor the Constitution; I tell you this frankly, so take your side." "Madame," replied Dumourier in respectful tones, "I am confounded by these dangerous revelations which you make to me. I am placed between the King and my country, and I belong to my country. Permit me to appeal to your Majesty! Your safety, that of your children,—nay, of the King, and the throne, are all bound up in the Constitution. You are surrounded by enemies who delude and sacrifice you. The Constitution alone can secure your safety and happiness. "It cannot last long," said Marie Antoinette menacingly. "Beware of yourself." Dumourier flushed, and in his excitement he intimated, forgetting himself, that perhaps he might be poisoned by his enemies. "Ah," cried the Queen, in horror, "this calumny was alone wanting! You think I am capable of having you assassinated." She shed tears, and Dumourier was greatly moved. "Far be it from me, Madame," he earnestly replied, "to offer you so cruel an insult. Your soul is great and noble; and the heroism you have displayed under so many circumstances of extreme peril and trial, has forever attached me to you." Marie Antoinette was conciliated by these words, and laid her hand on the arm of Dumourier in token of her restored confidence. Dumourier spoke earnestly to the Queen as to the condition of the State, and described with fidelity the situation of the city and the strength of the factions disturbing the monarchy. He said that he lived in the center of parties, and therefore was well placed to judge facts. He declared that the Revolution was not simply a popular movement, but an almost *unanimous insurrection of a great nation, against the intolerable tyrannies of the past.*

He said that mighty factions fed the flame, and that in all of them there were scoundrels; and, "Madame," he affirmed, "whatever tends to separate the King and nation will ruin both. I seek," he declared, "to unite these two, and it is for you, Madame, to aid me in so necessary a work. But if," he continued mournfully—"if I am an obstacle in the way of your designs, tell me, and I will retire from my ministry, and lament in obscurity the fate of my country, and your own." The Queen was captivated by these words. She had faith, and with reason, in his honor and frankness. She believed that she saw the firmness of an upright man, and the sword of a general ready to be devoted to the royal service, and she promised to support his efforts. For a brief period Marie Antoinette was faithful to her pledge, but the *facts* of her position, and the frightful outrages and insolence of the people, soon awakened her to a conclusion that the only salvation for her husband, and for her children, was in the success of the enemies of Constitutional France.

Madame Campan is authority for the following scene. The Queen one day went to her palace window, attracted by a great shout from the people who were gathered in the Gardens of the Tuileries. The vile populace had assembled around a hideous wretch, who was nearly nude. When the ruffian saw the Queen, his attitude and actions were of such a character as this pen refuses to describe. The people gleefully yelled, and the Queen, on fire with outraged modesty, ran weeping away. This awful scene speaks volumes of the causes of the desperate, if despairing efforts of Marie Antoinette, to hasten the advance of the allied armies and obtain surcease from such dreadful insults and bondage. On another occasion the abused lady poured her sorrows into the pitying ears of Dumourier. "In this frightful garden," the Queen said, "I observe and experience every outrage. Not long since, a sentinel, perceiving me at the window, approached to where I stood, shook his fist in my face, and cried, 'I wish, Austrian woman, that I had your head here, upon my bayonet.' I see on one side," continued the unhappy Marie Antoinette, "a man mounted on a chair and vociferating the most odious insults against us, while by his gestures he threatens the inhabitants of the palace; on the other side, I behold ruffians dragging to the basins of the Gardens some poor friend, or officer, whom they overwhelm with blows and abuse; and in the

midst of all these terrible outrages, I see other people calmly playing ball, or walking about in the alleys. My God! what a residence! what a life! what a people!" Dumourier lamented with the Queen this terrible condition of affairs and could only exhort her to patience, and to hope. "But," says Lamartine, "the endurance of the victim is exhausted sooner than the cruelty of the executioner. How could it be expected that a courageous and proud Princess, who had been constantly surrounded by the adulations of the Court, should love a Revolution that was the instrument of her humiliation and torture, or see in this *hardened and inhuman* nation a people worthy of liberty."

At this date the red bonnet began to appear on the heads of the sanguinary populace, and in the streets of Paris. It was in imitation of the old Phrygian cap of freedom, and its crimson hue was prophetic of the blood so soon to be shed. Dumourier, impelled by patriotic motives, determined to try and reconcile the King and extreme factions, and being personally popular, he appeared in the Assembly. That body had donned the red bonnet. Dumourier, influenced by the cries of the radicals, placed the red cap for a moment upon his head, and then spoke so eloquently, that even the fierce Jacobins greeted him with applause. David, Collet d'Herbois, and Robespierre all were affected. "I do not despair," said Robespierre, "of a Minister of the King being a patriot." When that cruel demagogue left the tribune, he embraced Dumourier. This hollow truce, however, lasted but for a day.

Petion, though hungry for popularity, had a moment of indignation when he saw the folly of the legislators in endeavoring to conciliate the people by wearing the red cap in their public sessions. He recalled them to their dignity and duties by a rebuking and scathing address. He pointed out as the standard of the Constitution not a red bonnet but the tri-colored cockade, and shamed those fickle men to that extent that every crimson cap instantly disappeared from the heads of the ashamed deputies.

The extreme wing of the Jacobins was the Mountain. Its members now began with increasing malevolence to criticise the actions of the Ministers and the conduct of the war. They inaugurated a conflict with the King by demanding the release of those Swiss soldiers of Metz, who, as a punishment for their revolt, had been sent to the galleys at

Brest. This infamous request was resisted, strange to say, by the Girondists. A death-grip ensued for a moment, and the Mountain conquered. The forty Swiss soldiers were freed, and the patriot society of Brest welcomed them with embraces. Their shackles became relics, and Paris and Brest ardently contended for the chains. "Such a goose," writes Carlyle in his dyspeptic way, "is man, and cackles over plush, velvet, Grand Monarchies and freed galley-slaves, over everything and nothing, and will cackle with his whole soul merely if others cackle." When the mutinous Swiss reached Paris, they were mounted on triumphal chariots, and were received as heroes, rather than as revolted troops. With clang of cymbals and roll of drums, they were paraded, attended by vociferous crowds, through the streets of the city, and were presently sent away rejoicing.

The Legislative Assembly, eternally urged on by the clubs of Paris and the constant pressure of the Jacobins and Cordeliers, passed two decrees which still further aggrieved Louis XVI., and, despite his best intentions, at length entirely separated him from the radicals in that body. Dumourier found himself powerless to prevent the passage of these fatal acts, but not to rebuke the Assembly. The decrees were originated by Servans, the Minister of War. The first decree was leveled at the King's most devoted servants, the non-juring priests. The Assembly enacted that any non-juring priest who was denounced by twenty citizens, should be instantly banished from the kingdom. They also decreed that a camp of twenty thousand men should be formed under the walls of Paris, to protect the patriotic population. They disbanded the King's guard of eighteen hundred loyal troops, and at this threatening crisis left him totally unprotected in his palace. The decrees were passed in the middle of June, 1792, and sent to Louis for his approval. For him to indorse the first was to inflict a cruel outrage upon his religion; while the second was aimed at the very foundation of the royal power, and placed the monarch, bound and helpless, in the hands of the factions of Paris. It was purposely designed, by this decree, to create additional barriers between the King and the rescuing armies, which now under the Duke of Brunswick were on the march toward France.

Eighty thousand Prussians and Austrians, with the emigrant French forces of Coblenz had reached the borders.

As the allies approached shameful disorders had marked the army of Luckner. Cavalry, artillery, and infantry, almost before they saw the flash of the foreign bayonets, had fled in cowardly panic. In some cases they murdered their officers during their terrified flight; crying, as they did so, "Treason! Treason!" Confusion ran riot. The camps of Rochambeau and Lafayette also were greatly agitated, while the terrors of the people were awakened by the cowardice of the national armies.

At this moment, despite the white heat of fear and frenzy which surrounded him, the King took the conscientious step that resulted in destroying his throne. True to his religious convictions, and determined to risk all, rather than violate them, on the 16th of June, 1792, Louis XVI. vetoed both decrees of the Legislative Assembly as being unwise and iniquitous. In vain Dumourier plead and protested, warning the monarch of the certain consequences to follow; in vain Roland argued. The obstinate conscience and convictions of Louis were thoroughly aroused, his moral nature touched, and he was as resolute and firm as though made of adamant. Patient and long-suffering, conciliatory and gentle, he had been tortured and spurned on to a point where he would endure no more, as long as he possessed any power to resist. There was in his veto a weapon of resistance, and he at once employed it.

The King's veto was received by the Assembly with tumult, and by the people with the most vehement anger. The Revolutionists were no longer satisfied to govern under the Legislative Assembly merely, and they distrusted the National Guards, whom they believed to be a body as yet royalist, and whom they bitterly remembered for their agency in the massacre of the previous summer. Both Jacobins and Girondists called with furious persistence for the establishment of the camp of twenty thousand federates. The Paris Federates, in order to aid those bands whose formation into a camp the King had opposed by his veto, now openly instigated by the Jacobin Club, and even indorsed by the treacherous Petion, began to organize bodies of pikemen, in defiance of the monarch. These troops were gathered from the scum of the population. Desperate and degraded men, raving after violence, and thirsty for blood, their cries and footsteps began to be heard and seen in the streets of Paris. Inflamed by the tidings of disaster on the frontiers, and



wearing the red bonnet, these fearful bands soon terrified and quelled even the Legislative Assembly itself.

Society was rapidly falling into disorganization, and the Constitution, despised and hated, was trampled under the feet of these sanguinary *Sans Culottes*. Squalid, ferocious, half inebriated, they rapidly became a mighty power in Paris, and were quickly multiplied in the provinces. When they obtained cannons, they became, under the coming Commune, a sanguinary weapon of death and massacre. With hideous faces and furious yells, they surged through the streets and rejoiced in the name of "Ragged Breeches."

Servans, the Minister of War, had purposed a celebration of the Federates on the 14th of July, and the establishment of a camp in the suburbs of Paris, in order to place a force in the hands of the Gironde. His design had been to protect the Girondists against the possible treachery of the Jacobins, with whom they at this moment began to affiliate, and also against the possible attack of the National Guards.

The unhappy Louis saw the abyss of strife and anarchy yawning on every side; he experienced little but treachery and villainy from his counsellors. "What!" said the Queen, "an army of twenty thousand brigands govern Paris!" Still the King was not left entirely alone in his struggle. The National Guards were hostile to the Federate camp, petitioned against it, and upheld the monarch's veto. It was at this juncture that Roland wrote to the King an insolent letter full of rebuke and reproach. The King, greatly angered, took the decisive step of immediately dismissing Roland, Servans, and Claviere from his ministry; but Dumourier still remained. The General was greatly oppressed by these sudden and sinister events. He had exhausted every effort to induce Louis to sign the decrees, and he had failed.

Dumourier had separated some time before from his colleagues. His sympathies had gone out more and more toward the King and Marie Antoinette, as he beheld how rapidly anarchy and discord advanced. Profiting by his ascendancy over the Jacobins in the Assembly, he had demanded six million francs as secret service money. The enemies of Dumourier now accused him of employing a part of that vast sum upon his own pleasures. They demanded an explanation, which he haughtily refused to give; but such was the conviction among even his most bitter antagonists of the indispensability of his sword and

talents, to resist the coming invasion of France by the allied powers, that the inquiry was suffered to drop. In vain Madame Roland said vehemently: "The hour has come to destroy Dumourier." He triumphed.

And now the King's veto had roused France to an almost insane fury. Paris was on fire with rage and indignation. In defiance of the monarch's restraining hand, Barbaroux, the Girondist, summoned a determined body of Federates three thousand strong from Marseilles. It was June, when they commenced their march toward Paris. They sang the great Marseilles Hymn, now heard for the first time, that wonderful breathing of a patriotic people determined to be free. As this swarthy band advanced, their ranks constantly increased. Their warlike chorus thrilled all hearts and even set cold natures aflame:

"Aux armes, citoyens : formez vous bataillons.  
Marchons, marchons, abreuve nos sillons."

"Arm, citizens, form ye battalions.  
"March on, march on, all hearts resolved, on liberty or death."

As they passed through the cities on their route to Paris, that tremendous Te Deum of the Revolution shook French society. Its melody was at once rousing, mournful, warlike, and pathetic. Those burnt sons of the south, red capped, sinewy, with their fiery black eyes and bronzed countenances alive with enthusiasm, were coals of fire from the altars of freedom. They kindled, they enthralled, they subdued by their mighty hymn all who heard them. As with voices loud and deep they chanted its verses, and as their drums rolled in accompaniment, the very genius of the Revolution seemed present:

"Come, children of your country, come,  
The day of freedom dawns on high,  
And Tyranny has wide unfurled  
Her blood-stained banner to the sky.

Shall foreign tyrants, mischief breeding,  
With hireling hosts : ruffian band,  
Affright and desolate the land,  
While peace and liberty lie bleeding.  
To arms ! to arms ! ye brave !  
The avenging sword unsheathe !  
March on, march on, all hearts resolved, on liberty or death.